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**THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY**

**WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES**

VOL. XII

JULY—DECEMBER, 1910

**WILLIAM ABBATT
141 EAST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK
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JULY, 1910

WILLIAM ABBATT

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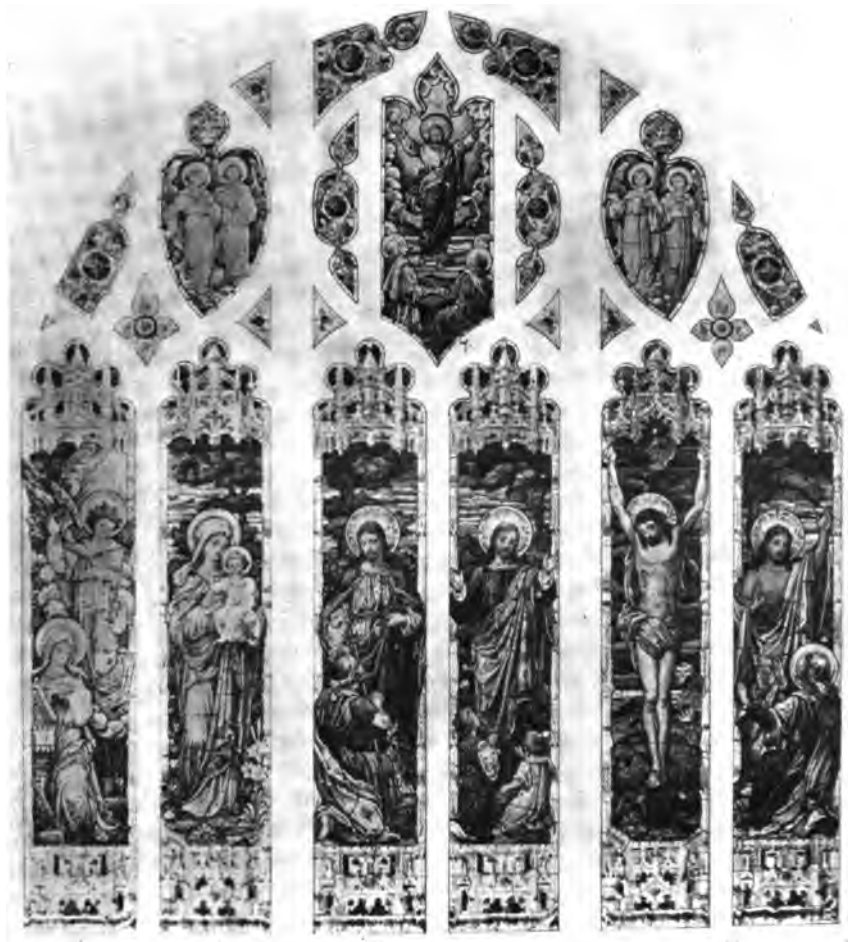
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THE MEMORIAL WINDOW IN THE DARTMOOR CHURCH

To the Glory of God and in Memory of the American Prisoners of War who were detained in the Dartmoor War prison between the years 1813 and 1815, and who helped to build this Church, especially of the 218 brave men who died here on behalf of their country. This window is presented by the National Society United States Daughters of 1812.

DULCE EST PRO PATRIÂ MORI.

Lowell fund

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XII

JULY, 1910

No. 1

THE MOHAWK TRAIL

(Concluded)

WE have now connected with that part of the trail first described; this portion were Dr. Thomas Williams to go over it again to-day, would appear to him as it did in August, 1746, when he with fourteen soldiers marched over it for supplies and to deliver to his brother, Captain Ephraim Williams in Deerfield, Sergeant Hawks' letter telling that signs of the enemy had been discovered. To-day, as then, the hills of Savoy and Hawley to the south are covered with forests. To the north the soft haze of a September sun would obscure the remote and occasional farmstead in Rowe and Heath, so he would see only forests there. Beneath his feet the path buried in dead leaves is untrodden by soldiers and horses, but he would see the footprints of the deer as numerous now as then, and now as then making of the trail a runway; and he would see to-day, as then, where bears had clawed off from the bushes the dead ripe blackberries of early autumn. But the screech of the locomotive along the Deerfield River, what sound like that had Dr. Thomas Williams ever heard!

At the junction of Cold River and the Deerfield the trail crossed the latter stream by a ford, and its course through Charlemont is to-day followed by the public road, bordered with maples, which you see on the north side of the Deerfield. Captain Moses Rice, first settler in Charlemont, in 1743 built a house upon the trail, near the north end of the covered bridge which joins the two sides of the Deerfield near the railroad station. The buttonwood nearby under which Captain Rice made his first camp still stands. His was the most westerly habitation in the

northwest quarter of the province. His nearest neighbor was in Colrain and to grind his corn he had to go over the trail to Deerfield, twenty-two miles away. The house was of logs, of course, of one or two rooms with a stone chimney at the center or end and overhead a loft reached by a ladder. The location was midway between Deerfield and Fort Massachusetts. Setting out in the morning from either end of the line, travelers reached the Captain's at nightfall. He recites in a petition to the General Court in 1752 "That his living was of great service, as he humbly apprehends, to the Publick, as being the only House where People could be supplied, and as soldiers were often Travailing that way as well as small Partys on Scouts, it was very Expensive to your Petitioner, who often supplied them at his own cost." You will recall that Chaplain Norton describing his journey from Fort Shirley says "We went to Pelham Fort and from thence to Captain Rice's, where we lodged for the night. Friday we went from thence to Fort Massachusetts." The surrender of that fort yielded small returns in plunder and captives when distribution was made among the horde of invading Indians. So sixty of them, to repair the deficit, came over the trail, stopping at Captain Rice's, where they burned his buildings and the harvested hay and grain, and slaughtered his cattle and hogs; and then proceeded to Deerfield, where, near Stillwater, they secured one captive and five scalps. This sanguinary visit, five days after the surrender of Fort Massachusetts, is known as the "Bars Fight." Captain Rice and his family escaped, as providentially they had learned from Dr. Williams, nine days before, that there were signs of trouble at the fort and they had taken refuge in Deerfield.

The trail crossed North River by a ford near its entrance to the Deerfield whence it proceeded on the east bank of the latter stream to Salmon Falls, now Shelburne Falls, where in early days the red man with his spear and the white man with his scoop net captured shad and salmon in their run up stream. Through Shelburne, as in Charlemont, the course of the trail is marked to-day by the public roads which have followed it:—From Shelburne Falls to Shelburne Center, thence by the Solomon Fisk place, by Brimstone Hill, by Dr. Bull's, by Ballou's, down the hill to Amasa Jones', then to the ford of the Deerfield at the foot of this lane, up the lane to Ensign Shel-

don's tavern, or Jonathan Hoyt's tavern, or David Hoyt's tavern in the old Indian house, or Salah Barnard's tavern in the Frary house, or to Sexton's, according to the year of arrival in Deerfield. For the traveler on the Mohawk trail, be he soldier, scout or husbandman, there was joy as from the Wisdom hills he saw before him in the meadows the long Deerfield street, with midway the pitched roof of the meeting house of 1729, surmounted by the gilded weather-cock ball and diamond proclaiming then as to-day peace and good will. Here was safety from the perils of the wilderness, together with entertainment for self and beast, society as good as could be found in the Connecticut valley, craftsmen in the principal trades, and merchandise and stores for the times varied and sufficient.

The war with France that began in 1744 was officially ended in 1748 by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle. The cessation of hostilities awoke the thirst for new lands to the west. The Taylors, the Severances, the Fisks, the Wellses and the Wilsons are looking towards the country which became Shelburne. Moses Rice returns to Charlemont and rebuilds. Othniel and Jonathan Taylor settle on the trail at East Charlemont, and their two houses, joined by a stockade and surrounded by pickets become Fort Taylor. Three Hawkeses, Gershom, Joshua and Seth, settle two miles up the Deerfield from Rice's and their houses likewise develop later into Hawks' Fort. Fort Massachusetts had been rebuilt of double its first dimensions and on its walls were cannon. Though there have been six years of comparative repose, it has been a period of disquietude and anxiety. In 1754 the dogs of war are again loose. On the border the Indian resumes his burnings and pillagings, his killing and scalping. Captain Rice, while plowing his fields was slain and his grandson taken captive. Such was the end of the sturdy pioneer who for eight years, at his halfway house on the Mohawk trail, had furnished food and shelter to the traveler.

It had become manifest from repeated wars with France that there could be no permanent peace so long as the French held dominion in Canada. Crown Point was the center of immediate menace along the upper Hudson and the western quarter of Massachusetts. The British government determined that Crown Point should be taken from the French and

General William S. Johnson was, in September, 1775, at the head of Lake George in command of the army charged with the undertaking. In this force was Col. Ephraim Williams with his Hampshire regiment.

To-day is a memorable anniversary. September 8, 1755, 154 years ago, a French army, under Dieskau, was on the march towards Lake George. Col. Williams was sent out to find the enemy. He fell in the front of the fight that followed, which was so disastrous in numbers slain, that the reconnaissance is known as the "Bloody Morning Scout." The day, disastrously begun, ended in the defeat of Dieskau but mingled with rejoicings for the victory was mourning for the fallen.

Col. Williams was of a gentler type than John Stark, but he had, like Stark, qualities that awakened in his soldiers loyalty and devotion. His military service, until he joined Johnson's command, consisted in guarding our western frontier, his headquarters at first being at Fort Shirley and later at Fort Massachusetts. Between these two posts his duties as commandant required him to pass frequently. Knowing that his old soldiers would, many of them, when peace was declared, settle on the fertile intervals of the Hoosac valley and resolving in his long journeys over the old mountain pathway that his comrades in arms should be remembered by a benefaction in which all might share he provided in his will for the establishment and maintenance of a school near Fort Massachusetts. This school became Williams College. The inspiration that founded Williams College had its origin on the Mohawk Trail.

During the successive campaigns against Ticonderoga and Crown Point the trail was an active thoroughfare. Deerfield and Fort Massachusetts were centers of rendezvous between which troops were going and coming on the way to and from the front. The shortest line of communication between the army and Boston was by the trail, hence it became the path followed by couriers with despatches and letters.

Two journals, kept by soldiers in compliance with military regulations of the time, have come to my notice, and they furnish an insight into local occurrences associated with the war and with the trail. The first is the journal of Captain Nathaniel Dwight of Belchertown. Here in Deerfield, September 25, 1755, his company and that of Captain William

Lyman of Northampton came together on the march to join General Johnson's army at Lake George. The soldiers of the two companies, in all 124 men, were billeted on the street. Supplies were issued to them from the Old Corner Store, powder, lead, flints, blankets, knapsacks, bullet bags, worming wires, camp kettles and hatchets. Captain Dwight's former pastor in Belchertown, the Rev. Edward Billings, then settled in Greenfield, came over to Deerfield. Captain Dwight records: "After prayer to Almighty God for preservation in our journeyings through the wilderness and victory over the enemies and a safe return, performed by Mr. Billings, I marched out of Deerfield." Sheldon gives a thrilling description of the scene: "Captain Dwight calls, 'Attention.' The resounding drum beat stirs the air; the piercing note of the fife stirs the blood. 'March' and the two companies file past the Old Corner Store, down the Albany road and wade the Pocumtuck River at the 'Old Ford.' The measured throb of the drum grows fainter and more faint and is lost on the listening ear as the soldiers climb the hill and disappear on the heights beyond 'Little Hope.' With these ominous words on their hearts those who had followed to the river for a very last word joined those who had lingered at the corner store, and all soon scattered to attend as best they could the imperative call of duty to labor and to wait."

The day's march from Deerfield ended with nightfall at Hawks' fort in Charlemont. The day following the river nearby is again forded and in single file the soldiers wind up the mountain side, over the mountain top, and down again until another nightfall finds them near Fort Massachusetts, which they approach, the drum and fife, Sheldon mentions, making martial music to lighten the weary footsteps. In November the Massachusetts troops at Lake George were dismissed for the winter and marched home, arriving at Fort Taylor in Charlemont at the end of the sixth day's march, and at Deerfield at noon the day after, December 3, a distance in all of ninety miles. In Capt. Dwight's company was Sergeant John Hawks, now Lieutenant, the heroic defender of Fort Massachusetts, and since twice a traveler to Canada, once as a prisoner of war and again as an envoy received with distinction.

The other of the two journals is Hawks'. It begins March 23, 1756, the day he was placed by Col. Israel Williams in command of the line of forts between Northfield and Hoosac mountain and ends July 1, 1757. His duties were numerous and various, providing supplies, settling accounts, billeting soldiers, receiving and forwarding despatches, going from fort to fort and inspecting the garrisons, scouting when there were rumors of Indians, enlisting and equipping men for the front, among them rangers from Deerfield and Colrain for the intrepid Rogers' famous corps. In August Williams sent for him, the journal records, to learn what he knew of the unexplored country between Crown Point and No. Four. In November he was on the Black River and Otter Creek tracing out a path which developed into a military road, built in part by Hawks himself, used by Amherst in the contest with Canada and by Stark in 1777 in the Bennington campaign. I wish Hawks was less reticent in his records, that he had put into them some of the dash and detail that captivated the lad, Epaphras Hoyt, as he listened to the old soldier in the Indian house when it was the Hoyt tavern. We can get some idea, however, of the hazard and caution involved in the journey over the mountain. July 29, Hawks records, orders came at night to transport under guard from Deerfield to Fort Massachusetts province stores. Thirteen horses were laden with military supplies and with an escort of sixteen men proceeded to Charlemont. There five soldiers detailed from Fort Taylor and two from Colrain were added to the convoy which lodged for the night at Rice's; the next morning which the lieutenant notes was the Sabbath, there was a further re-enforcement of the party by three men from Rice's and two from Hawks', making in all thirty-two men for guard over the Hoosac. "Got safe to the fort" is all the blunt lieutenant records of the last part of the journey. Two days are required for the return to Deerfield and the third day report is made in person by Hawks to his official superior, Col. Israel Williams.

The conquest of Canada in 1760 relieved Western Massachusetts from the Indian raids which had been the frontier torment for a century. The expectations and the hopes of Col. Ephraim Williams were realized. His old soldiers became the founders of Williamstown. The timbers of Fort Massachusetts became the frames of some of their dwellings. The trail over the mountain, heretofore a warpath, became a path of peace.

Over it from eastward went settlers, themselves and their scanty belongings on horseback, to start in new surroundings. One instance will suffice as well as many. Four families from Hardwick and two from Amherst, twenty-two persons in all, consisting of men, women and children, joined themselves into one company in their journey over the mountain, and taking up lands on Bennington Hill, they left children who grew to prominence in that region. The trail gradually for most of its length developed into highways and town ways but one portion over the Hoosac was never more than a foot-path, too narrow and too mountainous for traffic.

We have recounted three wars, King Philip's and the two French. There remains a fourth, the Revolution. May 6, 1775, seventeen days after the fight at Lexington, there rides up to Major Salah Barnard's tavern, the house now known as Frary house, a young officer with a servant. Both are covered with dust for they have ridden hard. The servant takes the officer's horse to the blacksmith's to be shod, and a messenger is dispatched to the north end of Deerfield street for Thomas Wells Dickinson, who is soon at the tavern. The officer makes a quick trade with Dickinson for fifteen oxen, ordering them delivered forthwith at Ticonderoga, and leaving directions for the enlistment of men, he hastens to Charlemont and thence over the mountain by the Indian trail to Williamstown, where he puts up at Nehemiah Smedley's tavern. The officer bears with him a commission, three days old, issued by the Massachusetts Committee of Safety appointing him Colonel and commander of troops on an expedition to Ticonderoga. His name is Benedict Arnold. Four days after the hurried stop of Arnold at Deerfield the renowned fortress of Ticonderoga is taken by a squad of resolute men. Among the first is Arnold, but the name is rarely associated with the capture. Thomas Dickinson, his brother Consider assisting him, drove the oxen over the trail to Williamstown and then to Ticonderoga and he was paid for them £171, 13 shillings, 4 pence lawful money, but for his own services he received, says a veracious chronicler, "only that drink in a Deerfield bar-room."

With the advance of Burgoyne from the north in 1777 the mountain pathway becomes again a busy thoroughfare. Burgoyne takes Ticonderoga; an army half starved and disheartened is retreating before him.

George III exultantly tells the queen all the Americans are beaten. There was gloom and despair among our countrymen. But Washington never lost faith. Through Bunker Hill he had become acquainted with the New England temperament and it improved on acquaintance. He realized that on Burgoyne's flank eastward was a yeomanry, who once aroused, were tenacious, determined, fearless, and he foresaw that as the British with their Hessian allies and their Indian followers neared the firesides of the Hampshire Grants and the Massachusetts border, there would be an uprising. It came, immediate, impetuous, spontaneous. Stark and his men of New Hampshire were in it. The men of Berkshire had a part. Nearer at hand, from Charlemont, Heath, Rowe, Colrain, Bernardston, Deerfield, Greenfield, Sunderland, Whately, singly, by squad, company and regiment, on foot and on horse or riding and tying, youths of sixteen and veterans of the French wars, of every age between, in the heat of an August sun, rushed over the mountain trail, armed men. Bennington is the result.

Burgoyne's soldiers as prisoners of war marched to Boston, part by the Indian trail, part by the southern route, dropping by the way, because of escape or illness, occasional Hessians who settled and exchanged America for Germany as a home. A turnpike over the mountain turned travel from the ancient pathway and its story ends.

No apologies or excuses are offered for transcribing history to you familiar. The glorious annals of this valley cannot be too often told to the ingenuous youth of to-day. Time has given the true perspective and proportion. Our historians have made the paths luminous.

JOHN A. AIKEN.

GREENFIELD, MASS.

THE INDIANS IN THE CIVIL WAR

NO State in the Union was more prompt and vigorous in taking issue on the question of Secession than were the larger and more civilized of those Indian tribes that had been removed, under Federal direction, from the east to the west of the Mississippi.

At the opening of the Civil War, these emigrants, victims of economic advancement and of the States'-rights doctrine, occupied extensive reservations immediately beyond Missouri and Arkansas and formed collectively a very considerable portion of the population of two superintendencies, the Central and the Southern. Within the Central were practically all those that had come from the Free States, such tribes, for instance, as the Sacs and Foxes of Missouri, who were in Nebraska, and in Kansas the Kickapoos, the Wyandots, the Munsees, or Christians, the Delawares, the Shawnees, the Sacs and Foxes of Mississippi, and a variety of small tribes that had come from the region of the old Northwest Territory.¹

The southern line of the Central Superintendency ran north of the New York Indian Reservation. South of it was the Southern Superintendency, which consequently embraced southern Kansas as well as the whole of the old Indian Territory, or the present state of Oklahoma. The Indian emigrants within it were the New York Indian families, insignificant in number, the five great slaveholding tribes that had come from south of the Mason and Dixon line: viz., the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, and the Seminoles; also some remnants, as they were called, of Wichitas, Quapaws, Caddoes, Shawnees, and Senecas, together with certain Indian exiles from Texas. These last occupied the "Leased District," on the False Washita River, of the Choctaw and Chickasaw country.

¹ The confederated Weas, Peorias, Kaskaskias, and Piankeshaws, the Pottawatomies, the Ottawas, the Miamies, and Chippewas. Within the Central and Southern superintendencies were a number of indigenous tribes also, the more prominent, as far as the scope of this paper is concerned, being the Kaws of north-central Kansas, the Osages of southern Kansas, and some of the Indians of the Plains.

—Reprinted from the *Am. Hist. Review*, 1909.

On the very day, January 5, 1861, when the famous caucus of Southern senators adopted resolutions advising immediate secession,² the Chickasaw legislature showed itself fully cognizant of the fact that a crisis had arrived in American national affairs by suggesting an intertribal conference to secure co-operative activity of some sort on the part of the Five Civilized Tribes should a political separation occur between the North and the South.³ Cyrus Harris, the governor of the Chickasaw Nation, duly communicated this plan to the authorities of the other tribes but it drew forth a very unfavorable comment from John Ross, principal Chief of the Cherokees, who felt that the quarrel between the states was no concern of the Indians. Other leading Indians seem to have been of a contrary opinion and the Creek chiefs, being invited to decide upon a date for the conference, named the seventeenth of February.

Meanwhile, the Choctaw Nation, in general council assembled, took an even more pronounced action and committed itself unequivocally to the pro-slavery cause. This was done on February 7 by a series of resolutions of such a tenor that no one can doubt that motives of self-preservation inspired their passage.⁴ Texas and Arkansas were so close to the Choctaw country that the Choctaws could not venture to ally themselves with the North or even to remain neutral. Moreover, as slaveholders, they firmly believed that their "natural affections, education, institutions, and interests" bound them "indissolubly . . . in every way to the destiny" of their "neighbors and brethren of the Southern States."

The work accomplished by the convention of February 17 can best be described by quoting the report of the Cherokee delegates to it, men who had been appointed by John Ross that they might use their influence on the side of discretion and moderation.

The undersigned respectfully report to you that they attended the proposed Conference between the Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles, and Cherokees at the Creek Agency. Neither the Choctaws nor the Chickasaws were represented. The Creeks and Seminoles were. We were very kindly received by them and had a free and friendly interchange of opinions with them in

² Nicolay and Hay's *Lincoln*, III. 180, note.

³ Indian Office General Files, "Cherokee, 1859-1865," C. 515.

⁴ *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion*, series I., I. 682.

regard to our present condition and duty in view of the pending difficulties in the United States. Our opinions were harmonious and the conclusion that we arrived at in view of our Treaty obligations, was simply to do nothing, to keep quiet and to comply with our Treaties. Mutual expressions of good feeling were given and whatever may be the exigencies of the future, if any should arise, we will be found acting in concert and having a common destiny. The course pursued was submitted to the Creek Council and was fully approved.⁵

While these events were in progress, the conduct of the Arkansas authorities, as viewed from the standpoint of loyalty to the Union, was most reprehensible. Months before the state passed its ordinance of secession, the governor, Henry M. Rector, and the man in charge of the Indian affairs of the Southern Superintendency, Elias Rector, both brought strong influences to bear upon John Ross to induce him to abandon his proposed policy of friendly inactivity; but all to no purpose.⁶ John Ross was too shrewd a man to jeopardize the welfare of himself and his tribe by venturing prematurely upon a scheme so hazardous.

The very position of the Indian Territory, however, made a long continued neutrality absolutely impossible. At the outset of the war the country was in an almost defenseless condition. As early as March, 1858, Secretary Floyd had planned a general withdrawal of troops from the Indian frontier.⁷

In May, 1860, several forts were completely abandoned and others weakened. Moreover, when hostilities finally broke out, the Union troops surrendered their position at the first approach of the Texans, leaving the bewildered tribes entirely at the mercy of the pro-Southern agents and Confederate emissaries.^{7a}

⁵ William P. Ross, Thomas Pegg, Lewis Downing, and John Spears to John Ross, dated Fort Gibson, March 16, 1861. General Files, "Cherokee, 1859-1866," C. 516.

⁶ General Files, "Cherokee, 1859-1865," C. 515; *Official Records*, series I., XIII. 490-492, and I. 683; Moore, *Rebellion Record*, II., doc. 114.

⁷ Indian Office General Files, "Miscellaneous, 1858-1853."

^{7a} The author seems not to have read the history of that epoch. If the regular Army in Texas had not been victims of the treason of General Twiggs, results might have been different. In any event, the innuendo that they tamely surrendered is entirely unfounded.
[ED. MAGAZINE.]

Southern sympathizers among officials and ex-officials in the Indian Territory were very numerous. Foremost stood Douglas H. Cooper, the Choctaw and Chickasaw agent, an appointee of Buchanan. His untrustworthiness was notorious, yet was well matched by that of men placed in office during the early days of Lincoln's administration. Some of these refused to give the Indians any assurance of the continued interest of the United States government in their concerns. Others, like John Crawford, Cherokee agent, William Quesenbury, Creek agent, Samuel M. Rutherford, Seminole agent, and Matthew Leeper, Wichita agent, trusted that the inaccessible character of the Indian country would prevent a report of their doings from reaching Washington and worked openly for secession. Most of them were citizens of Arkansas.

The South seems from the first to have appreciated the importance of the Indian Territory as a possible storehouse for provisions, as a highway to and from Texas, and in some slight degree, no doubt, as a base for securing Colorado Territory and the new state of Kansas. Rumor represented Colorado as thoroughly indignant at the short-sightedness of the federal government in withdrawing its troops from the frontier and thus leaving her exposed to the merciless ferocity of the wild Indians of the Plains; and Kansas as controlled by poor, worthless, starving Abolitionists who were still dependent upon charitable donations from the Eastern states and who might be easily overcome by the pro-slavery element could an effective Confederate force be brought from the southward.

In consideration of some of these things, the Confederate government, May 13, 1861, appointed the Texan ranger, Benjamin McCulloch, brigadier-general of its Provisional Army, and assigned him to the command of the Indian Territory. Three regiments of white troops were ordered to report to him and, if they could be raised, two Indian regiments. McCulloch took charge of his command with the expectation of making its headquarters at some point in the Cherokee country,⁸ which lay immediately south of Kansas, but John Ross objected and, on May 17, issued a proclamation of strict neutrality.⁹ McCulloch, thereupon,

⁸ Snead, *The Fight for Missouri*, pp. 229-230.

⁹ *Official Records*, series I., XIII. 489-490.

retired to Fort Smith in western Arkansas and proceeded to muster his forces. On the same day that he had received his appointment, the Confederate Secretary of War, Leroy P. Walker, had instructed Douglas H. Cooper "to raise among the Choctaws and Chickasaws a mounted regiment to be commanded by" himself "in co-operation with General McCulloch"; and had signified that it was designed to raise two other similar regiments among the Creeks, Cherokees, Seminoles, and other friendly tribes. The duty of raising these additional regiments was entrusted to David Hubbard, the Confederate Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

At a considerable time before this, the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States had laid down the lines of a definite Indian policy. It had created a Bureau of Indian Affairs and had attached it to the War Department. It had, moreover, taken some steps towards opening negotiations with the great tribes, but it was not until May 21 that it formally enacted a law providing for the assumption of a protectorate over them.

At this point a most interesting figure appeared upon the scene in the person of Albert Pike, a New Englander, who had emigrated to Arkansas and had settled at Little Rock. To-day, he is chiefly remembered for his prominence as a Mason and it was the Masonic Order that erected the statue to his memory in Washington; but, in his own day, he was known as a great friend of the Indians, his poetic sensibilities having been deeply stirred by a consciousness of the great injustice that had been done them ever since the first coming of the white man. As soon as war broke out between the states, he avowed himself an extreme secessionist and promptly volunteered his services to the Confederacy in effecting an Indian alliance. Admittedly he was the man best fitted, by reason of his known interest in the cause of Indian rights, to draw the great tribes of the Indian Territory away from their allegiance to the federal government. This the Confederacy recognized and forthwith commissioned him to negotiate treaties of friendship and alliance,¹⁰ without giving him,

¹⁰ President Davis has been authorized by resolution of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, March 14, 1861, to send a special agent to the Indian tribes west of Arkansas. See *Journal of the Confederate Congress*, I., 105.

however, any definite instructions as to what the terms of the treaties should comprehend. Apparently the object was to gain the support of the Indians at all costs.

When Pike set out upon his mission in the latter part of May, 1861, he had great hopes of securing the Cherokees by taking advantage of a certain dissatisfaction that was slowly developing against the neutral policy of the Principal Chief. In this he failed. He then passed on to other tribes and met with considerable, and yet with no flattering, success. The Choctaws and the Chickasaws were the only Indians that, at this early time, went over to the South as nations and they, it will be remembered, had been the nations most ready for action in the beginning. Some of the tribes split into two factions, as for instance, the Comanches, the Seminoles, and the Creeks. Usually, when this was the case, the half-breeds constituted the disloyal faction and the full-blooded Indians the loyal. Sometimes only a single band, or perhaps two bands, in a tribe supported secession. Such, for example, was the case with the Tonkawas of the Wichita tribe and the Black Dogs of the Osage.

Of the more insignificant tribes of the Indian Territory, the remnants in the northeast, weak, unorganized, and influenced by their agent, Andrew J. Dorn, yielded to Pike without much persuasion. In individual cases they were most probably taken by surprise and intimidated. Among these detached bands, the Quapaws were the only ones that remained unqualifiedly loyal. The Caddoes from the interior country were loyal also, as, indeed, were most of the tribes north of the thirty-seventh parallel. Kansas seems to have been beyond the scope of Pike's operations; and its Indian inhabitants, when not indigenous, being emigrants from the Free States, were generally not familiar with or attached to the institution of slavery. They were in the Central Superintendency, of which it was reported that "with scarcely a single exception" the tribes "remained firm and true to the Government," several of them furnishing a liberal quota of troops to its military forces. More than one-half of the adult male Delawares regularly enlisted as volunteers, and they were highly esteemed as soldiers by their officers.¹¹

¹¹ *Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1863, House Ex. Docs., 38 Cong., 1 sess., vol. III., p. 149.*

Meanwhile the Chickasaw legislature, with the sanction of the governor, Cyrus Harris, took definite action May 25, 1861, and declared outright for the Confederacy, at the same time urging all the neighboring nations to form a defensive and offensive alliance against "the Lincoln hordes and Kansas robbers." Their reasons were expressed in the following preamble to a series of resolutions:

Whereas the Government of the United States has been broken up by the secession of a large number of States composing the Federal Union, that the dissolution has been followed by war between the parties; and whereas the destruction of the Union as it existed by the Federal Constitution is irreparable, and consequently the Government of the United States as it was when the Chickasaw and other Indian nations formed alliances and treaties with it no longer exists; and whereas the Lincoln Government, pretending to represent said Union, has shown by its course towards us, in withdrawing from our country the protection of the Federal troops, and withholding, unjustly and unlawfully, our money placed in the hands of the Government of the United States as trustee, to be applied for our benefit, a total disregard of treaty obligations towards us; and whereas our geographical position, our social and domestic institutions, our feelings and sympathies, all attach us to our Southern friends, against whom is about to be waged a war of subjugation or extermination, of conquest and confiscation—a war which, if we can judge from the political partisans of the Lincoln Government, will surpass the French Revolution in scenes of blood and that of San Domingo in atrocious horrors; and whereas it is impossible that the Chickasaws, deprived of their money and destitute of all means of separate self-protection, can maintain neutrality or escape the storm which is about to burst upon the South, but, on the contrary, would be suspected, oppressed, and plundered alternately by armed bands from the North, South, East and West; and whereas we have an abiding confidence that all our rights—tribal and individual—secured to us under treaties with the United States, will be fully recognized, guaranteed, and protected by our friends of the Confederate States; and whereas as a Southern people we consider their cause our own: Therefore Be it resolved, etc.¹²

In view of this stand and of that taken somewhat earlier by the Choctaws, it was not surprising that Cooper raised his Indian regiment with little difficulty. On June 14, George Hudson, Principal Chief of the Choctaws, issued a proclamation calling for seven hundred troops who were to serve as riflemen and for an additional force who were to serve as Home Guards. These latter were to be selected from men unfit for regular duty or exempted by reason of the age limit of forty-five years. Soon after the middle of July, McCulloch was able to report to Walker

¹² *Official Records*, series I., III., 585-587.

that the Choctaw and Chickasaw regiment was assembling at Scullyville in the extreme northeastern corner of the Choctaw country, about fifteen miles from Fort Smith, where he intended to keep it as a check upon the Cherokees. The latter were to be further checked by Arkansas on the east and McCulloch on the northeast, that is, on the Missouri line.

Although the Union troops had been obliged to vacate the Indian Territory at an early day, Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Emory having been ordered April 17, 1861, to withdraw them all to Fort Leavenworth,¹³ the United States government was soon urgently called upon to regain the lost position and to rally the loyal Indians. Senator Lane was the organizer of this movement. Meanwhile, Albert Pike was insisting upon a more aggressive attitude on the part of the South; for he rightly prophesied that "the enemy's government" would not permit the Indian country to belong to the Confederate States without a severe struggle. Writing on the eleventh of May, he said:

I foresaw some time ago that the regular troops would be withdrawn, as too-much needed elsewhere to be left there inactive, and that they would be replaced by volunteers, under men actuated by personal hatred of the South. I do not think that more than five or six thousand men will be sent there for a time but those, I am satisfied, will be there soon. To occupy the country with safety we ought to have at least an equal force, if we first occupy it, and shall need a much larger one if they establish themselves in it during an inaction. It will hardly be safe to count upon putting in the field more than 3,500 Indians; maybe we may get 5,000. To procure any, or at least any respectable number, we must guarantee them their lands, annuities, and other rights under treaties, furnish them arms, (rifles and revolvers, if the latter can be had), advance them some \$25 a head in cash, and send a respectable force there, as evidence that they will be efficiently seconded by us.¹⁴

The result of all this was, that Pike, after completing the work of negotiating Indian treaties, which took him the months of June and July, was made "commander of all the Indian troops in the Confederate service."¹⁵

Sympathy for the Confederate cause was meanwhile steadily grow-

¹³ *Official Records*, series I., I. 667.

¹⁴ *Ibid.* III. 572-574.

¹⁵ Presumably this statement should be held to mean that Pike was given command of the Indian Territory forces only. The Choctaws of Mississippi and the North Carolina Cherokees were certainly not under him.

ing among the Cherokees. On August 21 the nation, through its General Council, declared for secession. Agent Crawford took a prominent part in the meeting and, as was reported later by Special Agent E. H. Carruth, painted Secession and the Confederate cause in the most glowing of colors. John Ross justified, upon grounds of good faith and expediency, his own previous policy of neutrality but declared that the time had now come for the Cherokees to take sides and that, as they were a slaveholding people, the more natural alliance would be with the South. Undoubtedly, the discretion exercised by McCulloch and the respect he had shown for the Cherokee neutrality had great weight with Ross. McCulloch, it may be remarked, was not wholly in sympathy with the policy of enrolling Indians in the ranks and was firmly of the opinion that, even if enrolled, they should be kept within their own country. He feared that, were they allowed to become an invading army, they would run riot and bring the whole Confederate service into disgrace. The Indians themselves were averse to anything but home-guard duty and, in all their treaties, with Pike, solemnly stipulated that under no circumstances should the Indian soldiers be taken beyond the limits of the Indian Territory.

On October 7, 1861, the Cherokee alliance was consummated by a treaty,¹⁶ the last in the Confederate series and the most important. Its third article read thus:

The Confederate States of America having accepted the said protectorate, hereby solemnly promise the said Cherokee Nation never to desert or abandon it, and that under no circumstances will they permit the Northern States, or any other enemy, to overcome them and sever the Cherokees from the Confederacy; but that they will, at any cost and all hazards, protect and defend them, and maintain unbroken the ties created by identity of interests and institutions, and strengthened and made perpetual by this treaty.

In general, the Confederacy found its strongest support among the half-breeds, who were naturally the more intelligent body in an Indian community and also, to its shame be it said, the more unprincipled. Very early in the summer of 1861, secret societies were formed devoted to the opposing interests. The half-breeds, or secessionists, joined the "Knights of the Golden Circle"; the full-bloods, not to be outdone in

¹⁶ *Confederate Statutes at Large*, pp. 394-411.

effective mustering of forces, organized the society of the "Pins,"¹⁷ the significance of the name being found in the circumstances that the meetings were held among the hills, where the members tried to hide their real object by connecting serious business with bowling.

The Pins were most numerous among the Creeks, of whom, perhaps, two-thirds remained loyal to the United States government. At the head of this loyal faction was an old chief, Opothleyohola by name, who, not content with making empty protestations of loyalty, prepared, by force of arms, to maintain the integrity of the Indian Territory. Cooper, with his Choctaws and Chickasaws, was sent against him. The old chief managed to hold his own for a time, but finally Cooper's force, being reinforced by some Texas cavalry, a Creek regiment under Colonel D. N. McIntosh, and a Creek and Seminole battalion, to the number of fourteen hundred men, was able to push him beyond the Kansas line.

It was then the middle of winter and the weather bitterly cold. Women and children followed in the wake of the soldiers and all went as refugees northward. Throughout the winter of 1861-1862 the main body lingered in southern Kansas and suffered unspeakably. Their numbers were estimated at some six thousand, but accounts vary. Certain it is that the support of Indian refugees in Kansas became during the early years of the war a most burdensome tax upon the Government. The situation of these unfortunates was always serious and their very hardships and necessities afforded to agents and politicians a rare opportunity for peculation.

Early in 1862, the Confederacy resolved upon making one grand attack upon the Union stronghold in Missouri; and General Earl Van Dorn took command of both the volunteer troops under Sterling Price and the regulars, including Pike's Indians, under McCulloch. The outcome was the battle of Pea Ridge, or Elk Horn Tavern, as it seems to have been more commonly called at the time, April 6-8. There is a tradition that in this battle Indians fought on both sides and after their old-time custom—war-paint, feathers, arrows, and tomahawks. The

¹⁷ In 1862, Colonel Weer reported the existence of a secret society of Union Cherokee Indians called "Ke-too-wah" with one Solman at its head and numbering two thousand warriors. *Official Records*, series I., XIII. 431.

tomahawks were certainly in evidence and did some gruesome work among the dead and wounded.

The Confederate failure has been largely attributed to the lack of co-operation among the commanding generals; and it would seem from the documents that Pike with the main body of the Indians rendered only a very second-rate service. In partial repudiation of this charge, however, Pike declared that Van Dorn had treated him and his Indians with great contempt and had given them no opportunity to do their best. A Cherokee contingent under Stand Watie and another under John Drew were most efficient, and the former from that time on figured prominently and energetically in the Confederate cause. After the battle, which had resulted in the death of McCulloch, the Confederate troops evacuated Missouri but persistently indulged the hope of regaining it. The volunteers, for the most part, went eastward, while the regulars stationed themselves in western Arkansas and the Cherokee country.

By this time Senator J. H. Lane's plans were fully matured. He had gone to Washington and had there so ably represented the cause of Kansas and of the Indian refugees that he was given such authority to better it as was outlined in the following letter from Adjutant-General Thomas to General Hunter, January 24, 1862:

By direction of the General-in-Chief I have respectfully to inform you that Brig. Gen. J. H. Lane, U. S. Volunteers, has urged upon the President and Secretary of War an expedition to be conducted by him from Fort Leavenworth against the regions west of Missouri and Kansas [Arkansas]. The outlines of this plan were stated by him to be in accordance with your own views. The following force with supplies therefore, has been ordered to Kansas to operate under General Lane: Seven regiments cavalry, three batteries artillery, four regiments infantry, and he has been authorized also to raise about 8,000 to 10,000 Kansas troops and to organize 4,000 Indians.¹⁸

A controversy at once arose between Generals Hunter and Lane with respect to the superior position of the former. Evidently Lane had used Hunter's name as a means of securing support with the administration yet intended to act in defiance of explicit directions and form an independent command. His expedition fell into great disrepute and was often referred to in disparaging terms, such as "the Jayhawking Expedition"

¹⁸ *Official Records*, series I., VIII. 525.

and "the Indian Expedition." Concerning it, Lincoln wrote on the thirty-first of January:

It is my wish that the expedition commonly called the "Lane Expedition" shall be as much as has been promised at the Adjutant-General's office under the supervision of General McClellan *and not any more*. I have not intended and do not now intend that it shall be a *great, exhausting affair*, but a snug, sober column of 10,000 or 15,000. General Lane has been told by me many times that he is under the command of General Hunter, and assented to it as often as told. It was the distinct agreement between him and me when I appointed him that he was to be under Hunter.¹⁹

The Indians themselves wanted Lane to superintend the expedition. When a rumor came that he was to be displaced, Opothleyohola personally interceded for him and assured Lincoln that the Indians could have confidence in no one else. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, William P. Dole, accompanied Lane westward and assisted him in gathering together his Indian troops.

The ostensible object of this Lane expedition was "to open the way for the friendly Indians who were then refugees in Kansas to return to their homes and to protect them there." These refugees had come to number many thousands and included about six hundred and seventy-two Seminoles in camp near Neosho, about three hundred Chickasaws and Choctaws at the Sac and Fox reservation near Council Grove and over three thousand Creeks at the same place, besides a miscellaneous horde of Creeks, Cherokees, Shawnees, Senecas, and Quapaws along the southern border of the state. All these, as has been already intimated, entailed great expense upon the Government and yet were in a deplorable condition all the time, there being no effective way by which their sufferings and privations could be permanently relieved.

After the battle of Pea Ridge, Pike's Indians lingered for some time in Arkansas; but, when General T. C. Hindman assumed command of the troops that had formerly served under McCulloch, they were gradually drawn back into the Cherokee country. Then began what was eventually to be a serious trouble between Hindman and Pike, resulting in the resignation of the latter. The main point at issue was the employment of the Indians outside of the limits of the Indian Territory,

¹⁹ *Official Records*, series I., VIII. 538.

Pike rightly contending that their treaties protected them against such service. The situation in Arkansas was, however, becoming serious and General Curtis, the victor at Pea Ridge, was steadily advancing southward. After much time wasted in useless argument, Hindman yielded to the obstinacy of Pike and met the emergency of the moment by directing "the enrollment and organization into companies and regiments of all men in Arkansas subject to conscription,"²⁰ also by accepting such of the old Missouri State Guard as were available and desirous of continued service in the Confederate cause. By these means the danger was in a sense averted but the relations between Pike and Hindman became daily more and more strained.

In the latter part of June, 1862, alarming intelligence reached Hindman that Lane's expedition was moving from Fort Scott and that its advance guard had crossed the Cherokee line. To meet this force, five thousand strong, Hindman had only Stand Watie's regiment of Cherokee half-breeds, Drew's regiment of full-bloods, and a battalion of Missourians. This small band encountered the Kansas force at a place called Locust Grove, about thirty miles north of Tahlequah, and was defeated. More than that, virtually Colonel Drew's whole regiment deserted to the enemy. At about the same time the Pin Indians among the Cherokees rose in rebellion, committed some horrid excesses, and compelled Ross again to declare neutrality. It was reported that he was strung up several times before he would consent. This exhibition of obstinacy came to be regarded as a mere feint on his part, however, for he shortly afterwards went over entirely to the Union lines and carried with him the Cherokee money and valuable papers.²¹

In the emergency just detailed, Hindman had again summoned Pike to his assistance, ordering him to move to or near Fort Gibson. Pike at first ignored the order and, when he did start to obey it, moved with such slowness, that Hindman in great irritation repeated it. Pike, irritated in his turn, resigned. His subsequent conduct indicated the source of dissatisfaction. On July 31 he issued a declaration to the Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Chickasaws, and Choctaws, in which he represented

²⁰ Hindman's report. *Ibid.*, XIII. 31.

²¹ Hindman's report. *Official Records*, series I., XIII. 40.

that their cause had been betrayed by the Confederacy, that they themselves had, in violation of their treaties, been taken out of their country and forced to serve beyond its boundaries yet without their due measure of credit, that they had been despised and criticized by the white troops, that they had been kept in Arkansas while their own country was being exposed to a merciless horde of jayhawkers, and that they were summoned or rather allowed to go to its defense only when the enemy's force had reached such proportions that their own unaided strength was inadequate to withstand it, yet no appreciable number of white troops had been sent to their assistance.²² There was a measure of truth in all this, but publicity was the worst thing possible since it produced utter demoralization among the Indians and exposed the Confederate weakness to the Union army. Realizing this, Colonel Cooper, next in command, felt it incumbent upon him to put Pike under arrest. Henceforth Cooper, a man far more self-seeking than Albert Pike, figured as the leader of the rebel Indians.

The jayhawkers referred to in the foregoing paragraph were, of course, in large part, the members of Lane's expedition, which had come to include three Indian regiments, severally commanded by Furnas, Corwin, and Phillips. It might eventually have comprised five regiments had not the arrangements, begun late in this very year of 1862, proved abortive.²³ The advance guard of the expedition was led by Colonel William Weer, who had been ordered by General James G. Blunt, the general commanding, to concentrate his forces in the Cherokee country. Trouble soon arose between Weer and one of his subordinates, a certain Colonel Frederick Salomon,** who was in immediate command of the white troops of the expedition. Apparently the white troops were disgusted at the mere thought of being associated with Indians, were out of all sympathy with the objects of the expedition, and in no mood to submit to the necessary hardships. Finally they mutinied, giving as specific rea-

²² Declaration of July 31, 1862. *Ibid.*, XIII. 869-871.

²³ *Senate Reports*, no. 359, 41 Cong., 3 sess.

**The author seems inclined to belittle Colonel Frederick Salomon, an officer of excellent record. At the time he was a brigadier general, and had been successively a captain in the 5th Missouri, seeing service at Wilson's Creek, and Colonel of the 9th Wisconsin. He served through the Rebellion, became major-general by brevet, and died in 1897, after having been Surveyor General of Utah for a number of years.—(Ed.)

sons for their conduct, the personal character of Weer, his inactivity, and his foolhardiness in cutting off communication with his base of supplies. Salomon placed Weer under arrest²⁴ and with the white troops made a retrograde movement.

Meanwhile Colonel Furnas took charge of the Indian regiments and moved on to the Verdigris River. There the First Indian Regiment became uncontrollable and a large part of the Second deserted. Order was restored as soon as Prior Creek was reached, where good water and passably good forage were found. Colonel Furnas's duty was to hold the line of the Arkansas River; and, in August, Salomon was ordered to reinforce him. Throughout the remainder of the summer and the early autumn, various engagements occurred between Cooper's Confederate forces intrenched in the Creek country and Blunt's Union forces, operating from the Arkansas River as a base. The latter were uniformly successful. As a consequence, the Indians became much discouraged and soon found cause for great dissatisfaction with Cooper. By November, 1862, they were reported as having deserted in large numbers. The independent command of Stand Watie met with more favorable conditions and joined itself to Quantrill's guerrillas. At about the same time dissatisfaction grew rife among the loyal Osages, they complaining, and with good cause, that they were ill supplied with arms and had received no pay.

In the late autumn of 1862, Hindman projected a plan whereby the decision rendered by the battle of Pea Ridge might possibly be reversed and the Confederacy might again get possession of Missouri. The result was the battle of Prairie Grove, near Fayetteville, Arkansas, which took place December 4, 1862. At its close Hindman retreated into the fastnesses of the mountains and Missouri was for the second time saved to the Union. The failure of the South had a disastrous effect upon the Indian alliance. Colonel William A. Phillips of the Lane Expedition, or Indian Home Guard, was detailed to pursue Cooper and Stand Watie across the Arkansas River and, in doing so, he thoroughly routed them. After this the rebel Creeks under McIntosh prepared to lay down their

²⁴ *Official Records*, series I., XIII. 484.

arms and to return to their allegiance. The Choctaws were of much the same mind.

Furthermore, the resources of the Indian country having been depleted, it was found advisable by the Confederate authorities to resort to a general system of furloughs as touching those Indians that continued loyal to the Confederate fortunes. The Indians objected to this strenuously; for they realized that they had forfeited their annuities from the Government and had lost their personal possessions. They were afraid to go home, and refused to leave the army. Under these circumstances General Steele, who took command at Fort Smith early in 1863, ordered Cooper southward. Stand Watie's contingent remained as part of the regular force which Steele was planning to use for the dislodgment of Lane's army from northwestern Arkansas and the Indian country. The defeat was but one more item to be added to the long list of Confederate failures in the West.

The Government perceived the turn of affairs and seized the opportunity to come to an understanding with repentant Indians. Soon after the Emancipation Proclamation went into effect, Commissioner Dole, who was still in Kansas, negotiated a treaty with the Creeks which embodied its principles.²⁵ The action proved premature and the treaty was never sanctioned by the tribe at large. Moreover, it aroused Cooper and his Indian forces to new efforts, and they were ordered northward against Blunt. Between the middle of June and the latter part of August, occurred several engagements, such as those of Greenleaf Prairie, Elk Creek, Perryville, and Devil's Backbone, in all of which the Union troops were victorious, so that Schofield, the general in command, could report in September that "All Arkansas and the Indian Country west of it are virtually in our possession."²⁶ This was not precisely true, for Quantrill and Stand Watie were yet able to do some most effective guerrilla work, but the organized opposition of the South in that region had been completely broken and events rapidly terminated in the making of overtures of peace by the Indians.

As early as February, 1863, the Cherokees, in a special session of their National Council at Cowskin Prairie and in the absence of John Ross, who had gone east to consult with the Washington authorities, formally abrogated the treaty that they had made with the Confederacy.

²⁵ Indian Office Land Files, "Unratified Treaties."

²⁶ *Official Records*, series I., vol. XXII., part I., p. 470.

"They also passed an act depriving of office in the nation, and disqualifying all who continued disloyal to the Government of the United States; and also an act abolishing slavery."²⁷

The action of the Cherokees was not immediately imitated by other tribes; but the ill success of the Confederates previously noted led speedily in that direction. In March, 1864, the Choctaws held a convention at New Hope and prepared to profit by President Lincoln's recent amnesty proclamation. They appointed a provisional governor, Thomas Edwards, and sent E. P. Perkins as delegate to Washington. As soon as news of this reached Colonel Phillips at Fort Gibson, he forwarded a protest²⁸ declaring that the Choctaw Nation was still *de facto* rebel and begging that no terms be made with it until the Union position were secure. He said, furthermore, that the Government had now a good opportunity to reduce the great Indian domains to mere reserves and to open the surplus land to settlement. It was an opportunity, he argued, that the nation could not afford to lose.²⁹

Perkins, in the meantime, went on to Washington and there endeavored³⁰ to shift all blame for the Choctaw defection upon the

²⁷ John Ross to Dole, dated Philadelphia, April 2, 1863 Indian Office General Files, "Cherokee, 1859-1865;" Moore, *Rebellion Record*, VI. 50.

²⁸ Indian Land Files, "Choctaw, 1846-1873," box 38.

²⁹ Indian Office General Files, "Choctaw, 1859-1866," P. 154.

³⁰ "I have the honor to present the following facts for the consideration of your Department. At the outbreak of this rebellion the Nation which I have the honor to represent, misled by the council of Douglas H. Cooper—then the Agent of the Nation—and overawed by the Rebel troops surrounding us, were swept into the vortex of the present rebellion. The same causes which forced the U. S. Government to withdraw its protection from our border forced us to take the position which for the past three years we have occupied. Early in the present year a conference of the leading men of our Nation was called at Dookville, but from the proximity of the Rebel forces were unable to take any steps which might reassure the Government of our loyal intentions. Convinced that no convention of Union Citizens could be held in the Southern Dist. a number of us summoned a convention at Scullyville twenty miles from Fort Smith. The result of that convention I have the honor to submit herewith.

I am fully convinced that our Nation are anxious to prove to the Government their loyalty by such a course of conduct as shall meet with your entire approbation.

We desire to reestablish the form of Government formerly existing among us, which in its character is strictly representative.

Trusting that Gov't as formed will be recognized by the United States and that the Nation may again be restored to its former happy relations with your Government, I have the honor to remain," etc.

Perkins to Dole, April, 1864. Indian Office General Files, "Choctaw, 1859-1866," P. 166.

shoulders of Cooper, where undoubtedly a very large share of it deserved to rest. The Government had good evidence of this but wisely refused to take any action whatever until it could certainly be said that the Indians had returned to their allegiance. There was, however, practically no more fighting, in which the Indians in any organized way participated; and in September, 1865, representatives of the several nations met commissioners of the United States at Fort Smith and there concluded a provisional treaty of peace and amity.

The effect of the war upon the great tribes had been most disastrous. It was the opinion of Secretary Usher, a few years later, that nowhere could it possibly have been more desolating and demoralizing. The Indians lost ground financially, socially, and morally that it had taken them half a century to gain; and, for years and years, it was a sad picture of charred dwellings, broken fences, unstocked homesteads, and woe-begone people that presented itself to the white squatters who thronged into the Indian Territory during the Reconstruction period. Many of these invaders were under the impression that the Indians had forfeited all their rights under treaties by their advocacy of Secession, and they were themselves resolved to lose no time in profiting by the circumstance. The Government, indeed, proved a little less exacting than its citizens had anticipated, yet it subjected the Indian Territory to reconstruction measures, different from but no less severe than those with which it afflicted the South. Thus, whether or not the Indians were to blame for their participation in a quarrel which in a sense did not concern them, they paid very dearly for their interference.

ANNIE HELOISE ABEL.

THE STORY OF BYFIELD PARISH

FIFTEEN years after the *Mayflower* lay at anchor in the bay of Plymouth a small company of men might be seen at the head of tide water on the river Quasycung. One of them, Richard Dummer, had arrived from England in 1632, built a mill at Roxbury and with his wife Mary had come over the paths through the woods, stopping at Agawam and then on to Quascacunquen. Others had come in boats and landing several miles down this spot, as here the travel must needs pass between the rapidly growing plantations, the bridges below not then having been built.

If we could look back upon that scene a year later we would perhaps see Thomas Coleman roaming over the twelve hundred acres set apart for pasturage of cattle while Richard Dummer would leave John Spencer to tend the mill and take the toll while he inspected his sixty head of cattle.

The Indian name of this section was soon changed to "The Falls" and here in the year 1700 thirteen families resided while across the invisible line which separated Newbury from her sister town Rowley, lived sixteen neighboring families. These twenty-nine families were separated by four or five miles from the churches where by law they were obliged to go, and for whose support, they were taxed. The poor roads and paths through the forests and over the hills made attending church a hard task, and in order to save travel they asked permission from their respective towns to worship by themselves. Their request was granted and at once a meeting house built, nine acres purchased for a parsonage lot on which a parsonage was built and one hundred and sixty apple trees set out.

In anticipation of some gift the parishioners agreed to call the precinct, not Rowberry, as it was being called, but Byfield, in honor of Judge Nathaniel Byfield, a prominent judge of Boston. Judge Byfield once petitioned the governor of the colony to be discharged from doing military duty against the Indians on the ground that the law of God is plain in Deuteronomy 24: 5 that "When a man hath taken a new wife he shall

not go out to war neither shall he be charged with any business, but he shall be free, at home one year."

Six years later the parish was incorporated, Judge Byfield having presented the parish with a bell, a committee was appointed to hang the bell and the instructions given this committee were "and if it cannot be safely hung in the turret to hang it some other way to answer the end the bell is for."

Byfield! Byfield! Where is it? has been asked again and again for it shows upon the map, neither as a state, county, not even yet as a town. At a large gathering in Boston some time since this question was asked of a resident who replied. "You know where Newburyport is, don't you?" "Yes." "You have heard of Haverhill?" "Yes." "Well they are the suburbs of Byfield." Byfield is an old territorial parish, one of the few if not the last in existence.

When first granted in 1702 and lines run in 1707 it included nearly all of what is now Georgetown. When the church in New Rowley was set off the line was changed and authorized by the legislature in 1731. Briefly the line runs from Oyster Point at the juncture of the Mill and Parker rivers, up Mill street to Symonds' brook, including all the lands lying northerly of Mill river except the homestead of the late N. N. Dummer and Glen Mills, which belong to Rowley. From Symonds' brook it runs in the direction of Long Hill so as to include the Dresser and Martin houses. Thence between the Dawkins place and Mooney's to Samuel Poor's and including it. Thence to the Groveland line near a bridge over the Parker, thence to the Groveland line to Newbury and thence between the railroad crossing near the Byfield station and Mr. Bailey's house to a point which will take in the Johnson farm. Thence in a nearly straight line between what were Greenleaf Rogers' and Henry Rogers' lands, to and including Asa Pingree's, thence down the Parker to Oyster Point. Thus the parish is practically a circle four miles in diameter with the church as a center. The meeting house is on the boundary line between Newbury and Georgetown and the parish is about one-third each in Newbury and Georgetown. The settlement about the railroad station should be known as North Byfield or by some other name, as the station itself and all the village lying north of it never was a part of Byfield.

Naturally our interest centres about the old church, and what other church can show three pastorates covering a period of 125 years? The first pastor, Rev. Moses Hale, preached forty-three years; the second, Rev. Moses Parsons, preached thirty-nine, and the third, Rev. Elijah Parish, thirty-eight, each dying in harness. Since then the terms of service have been shortened somewhat. When Mr. Hale commenced there could have been but a few members in the church; when he died there were about 145. There is a record of 736 persons having been baptized by him, and 724 by his successor, Mr. Parsons.

The first meeting house, built in 1702, was enlarged in 1723 and taken down in 1745 to give place to a more commodious structure 56 x 45 feet with steeple 12 x 12 and lofty spire surmounted by a gilded "weather cock." The structure was in the old style with high square pews, and a higher and more imposing pulpit and the whole over-awed by the august sounding board above. It had seats for poor people and old persons on each side of the pulpit, and a pew in each front corner of the gallery, for servants. This second house was burned in 1833 and replaced that same year by the present building. During the life of the first meeting house, permission was continually being granted to various persons to build pews and seats in it. At one time eight young women were granted liberty to build themselves a seat in the southeast corner of the meeting house over the women's stairs. One of the deacons must have grown somewhat stout, as in 1721 it was voted that the deacon's seat be enlarged at the upper end. Lieut. Governor Dummer having built his mansion house and brought his bride to Byfield, it was voted "to grant his honor Lieut. Gov. Sir William Dummer liberty to build a pew in the meeting house on the front side on which it please him."

Mr. Hale's salary at the first was seventy-three pounds, one half to be paid in money and the other half in grain or produce as money. This was increased to eighty-three pounds and in 1719 in consideration of his preaching on the Thursdays before the sacrament he was granted seven pounds more. His salary was increased to one hundred and again to one hundred and eighty pounds, he finding him half his firewood. The wood question was an anxious one to the parish. Long were the discussions as to how much wood the minister should burn. Wood in those days was

valued at \$9 per cord. There was great fear lest the wood should fail, and had it not been for the discovery of coal they might have been right.

For years the music of the service was discussed and in December, 1768, all those "skilled in musick" were "invited to sit in ye square pew in front of the pulpit." Sixteen male voices either responded to the invitation or were chosen by the parish. On March 9, 1775, twenty-one men were chosen "to pitch ye tune." In 1779 young women such as were skilled were invited to sit in the front pews in the gallery to assist in music.

Up to about 1800 assessors were appointed who levied taxes on the inhabitants of the parish to support the ministry. It made no difference if some went to other churches or to none at all. One man, Edmund Goodridge, did not pay his taxes. After much pressure he agreed to pay "if the precinct would give him liberty if he marry, that his wife shall sit in what seat in the meeting house he pleaseth." His request was granted and no doubt his taxes were paid.

Byfield had one of the first Abolitionists. How the parish rocked in the conflict between the parson and his senior deacon with the charges and counter charges of the slave question. Many of the first families owned slaves. Rev. Mr. Parsons had three and Deacon Coleman had accused him of being a man stealer. The evening before the church trial the minister called his slaves into his study and gave them their freedom papers. The two men left for parts unknown, but the woman, Violet, said, "No, Massa, you have had the best of me, and now I shall stay with you and you must take care of me as long as I live." She stayed and lived sometimes with him in Byfield and sometimes with his sons, Theophilus or Eben. Late in life and somewhat rheumaticky she went to the old family doctor with her trouble. He told her her troubles were constitutional and she must learn to bear them. "Law Massa," she said, "I spose I must. Massa had the rheumatiz bad and Susie had it, and Theop and Billy and Eben have it, though not as bad as I do, and I expect it runs in the family!" Letters published by Deacon Coleman in the papers of the day supplied William Lloyd Garrison with much of his thunder. I hardly

need to remind you of Dummer Academy whose doors opened on March 1, 1763, the first incorporated Academy in America. I will not give you the list of worthy masters from Master Moody to Dr. Ingham. The long line of illustrious men who have gone forth from that old institution and whose deeds have helped make this country what she is to-day, include Captain Samuel Osgood at Lexington 1775, Major Andrew McClary who fell at Bunker Hill, Rufus King, Tobias Lear, private secretary to Washington, Captain Edward Longfellow, and many more. Not only had the parish the first boys' academy but the first female seminary also. Through the efforts of Deacon Coleman the seminary opened in 1807 and continued quite a number of years. Its students were drawn from all over New England. Dr. Cleveland said an aged minister brought his daughter from Bangor, Me., in a buggy to attend the seminary. "All ministers thought that if they only got their daughters to Byfield it would be as near heaven as possible." Among its students were Harriet Newell who became the celebrated missionary; Miss Zilpah Grant, and Miss Mary Lyon who became the great educator.

'Twas here in Byfield that Elijah Parish the most eloquent divine of his day thundered his anathemas at his political opponents. His election sermon before the Massachusetts legislature aroused that body so much that it proved to be the death knell of election sermons.

Only a church parish, yet its history in the line of inventions and eminent men can not be duplicated in any place of its size go where you will.

In the line of inventions, the first fulling mill in America was near where the Glen mills now are. This mill built by John Pearson in 1643 marks the beginning of the textile industry of the colony, and it was continued in operation as late as 1809. In those days the raising of sheep was encouraged. Records show that there were in the colony in 1642 about 1000 sheep and in 1661 over 100,000. Wool was spun and woven in almost every farmhouse and then taken to the fulling mill to be pressed and fullled.

The fourth water power corn mill in the colony was built at the Falls in 1836 by Dummer and Spencer.

The first water power mill for grinding corn had been built on Stony brook, Roxbury, by Richard Dummer in 1633.

Peter Cheney in 1687 set up a corn and saw mill which in 1705 and 1709 came into the possession of Benjamin Pearson, who greatly improved the property, perfected a fulling mill and introducing new machinery developed the property into a woolen factory for the making of Guernsey frocks and knit goods.

In 1794 the Newburyport Woolen Co. was incorporated by Benjamin Greenleaf, William Bartlett and others. They bought of Paul Moody the site of the Dummer grist mill, which his grandfather William Moody, had bought of the Dummers. Moody reserved to Thomas Thompson the liberty to improve his snuff mill; and for David Plummer to remove his chocolate mill. Through the influence of Dr. Jedidiah Morse,—the co-partner with Elijah Parish in writing school books—John Schofield was secured to manage the mill. Schofield had made a hand loom and woven broadcloth. Coming to Newburyport in December, 1794, he made the first carding machine to be made in this country, setting it up in Lord Timothy Dexter's stable, Newburyport. These machines were enlarged and put into the Byfield mill and good broadcloth and woolen goods were made. In 1804 the mills passed into the hands of John Lees. Lees smuggled out of England cotton machinery and soon began the manufacture of wicking, bed ticking and cotton cloth. It has been said that this mill was the first in America to make woven cotton cloth but mills for spinning cotton were set up in Beverly a year or two earlier. For some reason the mills were not a financial success, and for several years the buildings were used as a bedstead and cabinet shop by first a Noyes, then by a Durant and again by Charles Holt. Again the tide has turned and to-day these mills are turning out the best of woolen blankets and felt goods. Although these mills in the early days were not a success to their owners yet they were a training school where specialists in all the varied departments of woolen manufacture were fitted, and where those celebrated machinists, Paul and David Moody, and John Dummer received the training which placed them at the head of their chosen profession.

No one can fully realize the value of the manufacture of cut nails

established here by the inventor Jacob Perkins, the Edison of his time. Great was the excitement caused by the invention of shoe pegs, which completely revolutionized the boot and shoe business, but Byfield was the place from which the revolution started. And ye who love fine coffee did you know the prototype of the coffee mill emanated from the same fertile brain as the shoe pegs, corn shellers, and many other machines, and the man propelled by this active brain was known to the world as Paul Pillsbury?

The first reel for spinning silk made in America was invented by Enoch Boynton. For a while there was much interest in the culture of silk worms. The sites of at least six mulberry groves in Byfield are known, one grove is still standing near the meeting house.

Early in the last century Joshua and Samuel Dummer had carding mills both at Byfield and Rowley for carding wool. At Byfield they had a saw mill for sawing mahogany logs for Boston people.

Byfield has had her eminent men. Who has not heard of Theophilus Parsons, the chief justice, the delegate to the constitutional convention in 1776 and who wrote that remarkable document termed the Essex Result; Hon. Samuel Tenney; Samuel Sewall, chief justice, one of Byfield's largest land holders whose diary is valued so highly by the antiquarian, and who married the mint master's daughter. Stephen Sewall, also chief justice; Rev. Eliphalet Pearson, professor Hebrew and oriental languages of Harvard; Samuel Webber, professor of mathematics and president of Harvard; Rev. John Smith, professor of languages at Dartmouth; Richard Dummer, the treasurer of the colony and for several years on the governor's council, his son, Jeremiah, the silversmith of Boston, treasurer of Suffolk county and father of Jeremiah, the agent of the colonies in England and William, the lieutenant governor. William Longfellow, the ancestor of the poet; Justice William Moody. These and many other are men of whom the old parish may justly be proud.

N. P. Willis once said that "Byfield was famous for its tall men, handsome girls and gossiping old women." Of the first two classes we will be silent and of the latter they must be as they are no more. Byfield has had and possibly may have now its eccentric characters, some

of whom are historic. The fame of Dum Fudger, Kent Boynton, Capt. Cotton has gone the wide world round. Who has not heard of Frankie Boynton, who to the annoyance of school committees, attended with yards of poetry every school examination within his reach? Once he told Dr. Parish that he differed with him in his views regarding hell. Dr. Parish at once responded "you won't in one hundred years from now!" Shall we tell of Diamond and his sister, Bettie Pearson, who lived in an old tumble down ruin and who could be seen on rainy days sitting in their kitchen with umbrellas over them; whose sheep never were sheared from one year's end to another?

Did you ever hear of Dum Fudger's pumpkin vine? Early one spring he planted some pumpkins on the Newbury side of the river and they grew and grew until one vine from the very fitness of things threw itself clear across the river to the Rowley side and up into the pasture. Late in the fall he lost a sow and pigs and after hunting in vain on his side of the river he crossed on this vine and followed it way along until he came to an enormous pumpkin. Going around to the back side he found that it had been cut into and stooping down he looked in and there were the sow and pigs fast asleep!

Just at this time Capt. Cotton's trip to the Arctic comes in pat. When asked if the natives there were like the people here, he replied, they were not. They were all six feet broad across the shoulders, only four feet high, with one eye in the middle of the forehead and the mouth went right up and down like hinges on a barn door. When asked if they were peaceable or war-like, he said "They were at war when I got there. They fought with a thing they called a spaddle. It was a chopping knife with a handle more than twenty feet long. They would throw it at a fellow and cut his head off, and the body would run into the bushes quicker than lightning." He said "it was so cold he had seen the flame of a tallow candle freeze so when you struck it with a knife it would ring like two pieces of metal hitting each other." He was asked if he saw the North Pole. His reply was "I did, I took my knife out and whittled into it. It is nothing but a stick of dry hackmatack!"

I am afraid the trouble with Dr. Cook's story was that he may have said the pole was of oak rather than hackmatack.

We can not point you any beautiful town with public buildings, monuments of art. But we can show a parish of happy homes, beautiful, natural scenery, a busy people on the farm or in the shop, a part of which we have a just right to be proud and looking forward to a future of earnest endeavor.

JOSEPH N. DUMMER.

ROWLEY, MASS.



TRAGEDIES IN NEW YORK'S PUBLIC RECORDS

A COMPLETE list of the *dramatis personae* in the tragedy of New York's public records can not be given in a brief treatise. It is possible merely to trip lightly over this vast subject—to point out instances as examples and to characterize conditions that too generally prevail, to the great regret of scholars and the great shame of the State.

In the treatment of archives there is a triune function—preservation, coördination, and publication. When the public records are properly preserved against theft, fire, damp, or wanton destruction in every jurisdiction of records in the State, and when they are scientifically classified and indexed, then publication and use are easy to an expert. This consummation so devoutly to be wished does not prevail in the State of New York, which lags far behind the principal European governments and a number of the American States. But there is an awakening among the students of history in this State, growing out of a world-wide movement, which will bear fruitage and make for the proper administration of public archives throughout the State and under the official direction of the State.

The conscience of public officials is too often blunt in relation to inactive materials under their charge. The reason why so much has been lost or neglected is because there is a natural tendency in men to neglect or destroy such things as are not useful to themselves or which for the moment seem to have passed their usefulness. For this reason every enlightened government owes it to itself and posterity to enact proper laws for the preservation of its records, and to place their execution in charge of someone who has the instinct, sympathy, conscience and ability to grapple with the situation. The British conscience found a corrective for abuses in the national records more than half a century ago; but New York is yet officially in Rip Van Winklean slumber in this matter.

It is true that the State of New York has not been wholly derelict toward the State records. Its action, however, has been spasmodic and

unscientific. The State has never made provision for the supervision of the local records, and these are yet in *penumbra*, although the local records are also the State's title-deeds.

In 1820, the then Secretary of State reported to the legislature, in obedience to two concurrent resolutions, which had directed him as to certain regulations and improvements "for the better preservation and security of the public records" in his office, as well as for their arrangement and rebinding. Many of these records were rapidly decaying, the bindings were mutilated and worn, the leaves loose, and indexes imperfect and incomplete. They were repaired and bound by binders in his office and under the immediate supervision of himself and his deputy; maps were cleansed, repaired, numbered, mounted and put into portfolios. The report presented also an inventory of all of the records under his jurisdiction. The Secretary made a hunt for lost records by correspondence with officials of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Serious gaps were discovered in the earlier records, which had been pilfered for improper and reprehensible purposes. A fire had also destroyed some of the Secretary's records, in 1741. During the American Revolution the British transferred many records to two of the British ships in the harbor of New York, where they became much mildewed and greatly injured. The patriots made a seizure of other records by military force. In 1778, the first legislature of the State made provision by a concurrent resolution for safeguarding and removing the records of the State and in the custody of the county clerks, and provided military guards for their protection. The records in British hands were surrendered to the State soon after the evacuation of New York City, in 1783, and they were kept in that city until 1793, when they were removed to Albany, the new seat of government.

In 1819, a man was sentenced to life imprisonment for having mutilated two volumes of deeds and for substituting fraudulent conveyances. Other instances of piracy and fraud are on record; only this year [1909] the District Attorney of New York County called attention to padded bills and false vouchers.

By an act of legislature in 1881, many records in the offices of the Secretary of State and Comptroller were transferred to the custody of

the New York State Library, and more were transferred by an act of 1907. It follows, however, that sets of records are yet separated and the same is true of records that are intimately related. The idea of centralization is embryonic only.

The lost records give rise to serious reflections. Too often the key of truth has perished, leaving us only the uncertain premises that are afforded by incompleteness. Records are found in localities in frame buildings used for business purposes, such as feed stores, glove factories, barber shops and furniture stores, and papers are kept in cellars and mildewed in wooden cases, in wooden desks, loose in packing boxes, in lofts and garrets, and in sheds with household rubbish. The code of civil procedure makes provision for the introduction of these records as evidence in litigation, which is presumptive evidence that they are supposed to be well preserved and in an accessible manner.

We are cognizant of cases of wanton destruction, of "borrowed" records, of papers lost by theft or through carelessness. A number of early volumes of New York City Deeds (conveyances, mortgages, etc.) have been lost recently from the Register's Office, and are believed to have been acquired by a historical society. Original records of New Amsterdam, which had been loaned to the late Berthold Fernow, were found, in 1908, among his effects in the State of Maine and returned to the City of New York. Sixty-one volumes of rough minutes of the Common Council and Aldermen, from 1809 to 1847, were offered for sale about six years ago by a bookseller, who had bought them from a junker, just as the latter was packing them for the paper mill; yet, these invaluable materials were mostly unprinted administrative records of the City of New York. In February of this year, an auctioneer offered a volume of the court records of Dutchess County, 1753 to 1757, which was bid in by a bookseller. The county officials have failed to secure its restoration by persuasion and have invoked the grand jury in the matter. In January of this year, the State Library bought the original town records of Esperance, Schoharie County, from a dealer, who had secured it just as the volume was about to be fed to a bonfire. The town records of Ticonderoga were burned about 1874. The earliest volume of records of Rye was purloined by a party to suppress certain records

which would prove adverse to claims he had set up in litigation. Since then, disputes over rights and easements could not be settled, because the grants were all in this lost volume. The earliest town minutes of White Plains are imperfect, mutilated, frayed or otherwise in bad shape. Valuable county records of Westchester are in a cellar of the court house unprotected, and others are in an unclassified state in the basement of the Carnegie Library at White Plains, which is not a fireproof structure. The records of the former town of Bushwick were considered as lost, but have turned up in the Long Island Historical Society, and extend from 1660 to the American Revolution. The Bar Association of the City of New York last year expressed its impatience over inaction in the centralization of the city's records in the new Hall of Records. A few years ago truck loads of the Mayor's records were taken out of a dungeon in the City Hall and sent to the Lenox Library Building for sorting and elimination by the library. The results have been of material help to the city in attesting the city's rights in the so-called "Eleventh Avenue Tracks" case, and otherwise. The original records of the town of Harlem, now so great a part of New York City, are held by a second party in ownership for a title company, and are not available for historical or public uses. Too many official records are buried away by the title companies of the State. Recently, the county clerk of Niagara County refused or neglected to turn over to his successor mortgage tax records, and did so only when threatened with mandamus proceedings by the State Tax Commissioners. There is a meagerness in the town records of Ulster County. The town records of Onondaga County and Chenango County have suffered from fires and neglect; in fact, the condition is general all over the State. Records have been deliberately burned to make room in offices. Village records, as in Onondaga County, are kept in local fire department houses or lock-ups, usually of frame construction, and fire has wrought havoc among them. Town records if not kept in an inflammable town hall are kept in an inflammable private house. Very often when local officials go out of office they neglect or refuse to turn over these records to their successors.

The present State Historian, immediately after receiving his commission about two years ago, began to draft a bill for reorganizing his

office and adding provisions with reference to the public records throughout the State. A bill, having the endorsement of historians and others, was introduced in the last legislature. It was antagonized by the Commissioner of Education, passed the Assembly but was thrown out by the Senate committee to which it had been referred. A complete substitution of another bill was made, which had as its sole object the abolition of the State Historian as an independent executive in the administrative government and his subordination under the Commissioner of Education. Every provision as to public records and methods of publication was left out of this substitute bill. The Assembly defeated the substitute by 68 to 25 votes. The defeat of the original bill of the State Historian in behalf of the public records—mute witnesses of our past history and our present prosperity—may be characterized as the severest tragical blow to New York's public records.

In a later communication to the Editor, Mr. Paltsits says:

Ever since my appointment as State Historian, less than three years ago, I have energized to bring about a reconstruction of the statute pertaining to my department in the executive law of the State. It is very well known to many of the leaders of history that this plan involved a readjustment of the language related to the duty of preparing editorially the official records of the State for publication, and the addition of new duties for correlating existing laws in relation to the safeguarding and preserving of the official records throughout the State, through supervision by the State under the auspices of the State Historian. The plan provided also for the publication of indexes, calendars or other guides to the local records, as media for making their character known to historians, economists and lawyers; the issuing of an annual administration report; a logical and honest system of printing; and promotion of the historical interests by systematic coöperation with the local historical societies, and otherwise.

The fulfilment of these ideals has been earnestly desired by many persons and I have labored unflinchingly with them to bring about these results by every honorable means. I have been willing to assume the great burden of additional work, without any addition to my salary or

any other personal advantage. Only the honor and interest of the great cause of history have been my inspiration.

A bill embodying these reforms was introduced in the legislatures of 1909 and 1910. The only opposition that was made to them came from the Commissioner of Education. He first endeavored to get me to withdraw the bill of 1909 and agree to subordinating my State department under his own administrative jurisdiction on the basis of preserving to myself a permanent appointment. I rejected this selfish proposition, because I believed that the entity of history in this State should not be destroyed; because everywhere departments of history, historical commissions, record commissions and the like are independent executive functions of State Government. I have already written an account of this legislation of 1909, in which I showed how he sought to force me under by a "flim-flam" of my bill, but was defeated.

The history of the bill of 1910 is tragical. It was defeated by the misrepresentations, pernicious lobbying and coercion of the Commissioner of Education and his agents. I appealed for the bill on its merits. Its merits received scant consideration. The bill was supported heartily by some twenty historical societies through resolutions and letters; many of the professors of history and economics of our leading universities and colleges, and some judges and lawyers, wrote letters in its favor. A hearing was given the bill on February 22d, at which these letters were presented to the Assembly Judiciary Committee and a full brief was read and questions were answered in detail. The Commissioner of Education succeeded in keeping my bill off the calendar of the Assembly and in having another bill so fixed up as to involve the subordination of the State Historian's office to the Education Department; but this "flim-flam" bill was not reported out. He pledged legislators to vote against my bill in the Senate and would not release them when they exhibited a desire to favor it; through his lobbying agents he misinterpreted the meaning of the State Historian's bill; he sought to have it recommitted after it had been placed on the Senate calendar; he endeavored to influence the Governor in favor of the proposition of subordinating the State Historian, but failed.

I regret that this bill is dead; but I regret more the methods by

which it was defeated. The Commissioner of Education and his servile agents are entitled to the "success" of their endeavors and the ignominy of their contumacious lobbying.

As persons who are interested in the outcome have asked for information, this circular report has been prepared and is submitted by me.

VICTOR H. PALTSITS.

ALBANY, N. Y.



FIRST AERIAL VOYAGE ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

(In comparison with the achievements of Blériot and the other aviators with whom we have so lately become familiar, this account of the first aerial crossing of the English Channel is timely, though not so exciting as the sixty-miles-an-hour flights of to-day.

Yet when made it involved far more risk, and the two occupants of the balloon came very near drowning.

The story of the young doctor's social life at Paris shows his head—not unnaturally—somewhat turned by the attention paid him. The wheel of Fortune was to turn rapidly thereafter—for only eight years later many of those whom he mentions, including the King, Queen and Madame du Barry, were guillotined.

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DIARY OF DR. JOHN JEFFRIES, THE AERONAUT

IT has been very generally supposed that the aéronaut who first crossed the British Channel was an Englishman. He was of English ancestry, but an American by birth. His great-grandfather, David Jeffries, removed from England to Boston in 1677, and married the daughter of Governor Usher. David Jeffries the aéronaut's father was treasurer of the town of Boston for twenty-eight years prior to the Revolution. Dr. John Jeffries was born 1744, was graduated with first honors from Harvard University in 1763, and read medicine with the distinguished Dr. James Lloyd of Boston. He commenced practice in 1766, was successful, but desiring further opportunities, went to England in 1768 to study under the most celebrated physicians and surgeons of London. He received the medical degree from the University of Aberdeen in 1769, and returned to Boston, where he again met with great success in his practice. His English visit and intimacy with the British officers in Boston made him a loyalist by association, though his father was a stanch patriot, deacon of the old South Church. He viewed with the commanding officers from Copp's Hill the battle of Bunker Hill, and crossed over and identified to General Howe the body of Dr. Warren. They had been Freemasons together in St. Andrew's Lodge. He naturally retired to Halifax with the troops when they evacuated Boston. Through his warm friend, General Eyre Massey, commander-in-chief of the Province, he was employed as surgeon in the military hospitals, and

went to England in 1779, and there passed the examination at Surgeons' Hall, and was commissioned Surgeon-Major. He was with the troops before Savannah and Charleston. He had left his wife and two children under the care of his friend, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford. News of her sudden death induced him to give up his commission and go back to England, when he declined Sir Halliday Macartney's offer of a position on the medical staff about to go to India. During the next ten years, till his return in 1789 to his native Boston, he was a very successful practitioner in London; and becoming scientifically interested in aërostation he made two aërial voyages, in which experiments he was aided by Sir Joseph Banks the president and Dr. Blagden the secretary of the Royal Society. His accounts of these voyages read before the Society were highly commended as contributions to science. They were published in London in 1786. Dr. Jeffries said: "I wished to see the following points more clearly determined: first, the power of ascending or descending at pleasure while suspended and floating in the air; second, the effect which oars or wings might be made to produce towards the purpose, and in directing the course of the balloon; third, the state and temperature of the atmosphere at different heights from the earth; fourth, by observing the varying course of the currents of air or winds at certain elevations, to throw some new light on the theory of winds in general."

Nothing scientific had yet been done by any of the balloonists. Among them was the Frenchman, Blanchard, who had made three ascents in France and one partially successful in England with Dr. Sheldon, F. R. S. Dr. Jeffries paid Blanchard one hundred guineas for a seat in his fifth ascent, which was from the Rhedarium in London, November 30th, 1784, witnessed and patronized by the Prince of Wales and Duchess of Devonshire. They landed safely in the county of Kent. He next determined to carry out his scientific investigations by crossing the Channel, the possibility, etc., of which was then doubted. Balloon ascents were very expensive when there were no railroads, telegraphs or gasometers. Dr. Jeffries, however, agreed to pay all expenses, etc., for a voyage across the Channel, amounting to over £700. Even with his bills paid Blanchard endeavored by various means to avoid fulfilling his contract. A vest lined with lead the tailor unfortunately brought to Dr.

Jeffries at the hotel at Dover. This ascent was finally arranged from the cliff near the castle. From Dr. Jeffries' personal diary, March, 1777 to 1819, still extant, the following notes were extracted:

Jan. 7, 1785. This morning, at six o'clock, my *little* hero Blanchard entered my bed-chamber, and told me he believed the wind and weather were fair, and would do for our intended aërial voyage from the cliff below the royal castle of Dover, for the continent of France. Between eight and nine o'clock went with Mr. Hugget, the pilot, to the pier and pilots' lookout. The pilots were of opinion that the wind was not decided, and did not extend beyond mid Channel, and that the wind was equally from the French land as from the English coast. This opinion embarrassed me much, although I did not think as they did. While I was at the lookout, the signal gun for our intended voyage was fired, and the flag hoisted, and soon after several other guns, to give notice to the adjacent towns, etc. The balloon and net, etc., were carried down to our apparatus, the balloon hung up, and we began the process for filling it. At nine o'clock went to the castle and breakfasted with the Deputy Governor Lane, after which retired to Capt. Arch. Campbell's apartments to dress for my voyage; after, called to pay my respects to Capt. James Campbell and his lady, and then went down to our apparatus, where I found my little heroick Captain, and the balloon half filled. At half after eleven o'clock let off a small Mongolfier, which went very well, and took a very good direction for us. At twelve o'clock filled and sent off from the hands of Governor Lane our little Devonshire balloon, (which had been the herald of our aërial voyage from London into Kent) and it took the same course as the Mongolfier had done. At half after twelve, we carried our aërial car and placed it under the balloon, and began attaching the cords of the net to it. At one o'clock had completed it, fastened and adjusted in its place the barometer. We then took in our bladders, other things, and eighty pounds of ballast, in bags of ten pounds each, compass, chart, loosened the ropes which had guarded our apparatus, and let the balloon rise a little, and carry us free of the apparatus, &c.; then fixed our wings, etc., and balancing the balloon, found our weight too great, on which we cast out one sack of ballast; still too heavy, and on the very brink of the cliff cast out

a second, then a third and fourth, and arose so as to clear the cliff, but being rather inclined to descend, we gradually emptied the fifth sack, and then arose gradually and most majestically. Exactly at quarter past one o'clock, we quitted the cliff, and had with us as follows,—three sacks of ballast of ten pounds each, balloon 148 pounds, net 57 pounds, aerial car and apparatus 72 pounds, Blanchard's books 34 pounds, Blanchard and his clothes 146 pounds, myself 128 pounds, sundries 19 pounds. In a few minutes after our departure, we saluted with our hands and flags, which they returned with very loud and repeated shouts and acclamations, Just before entering our car Monsieur B. had most politely presented me with my colour, a British flag, in presence of the company and spectators. on which I requested of Governor Lane and Captain Campbell, the commanding officer, leave for Mr. B. to display his French flag on our departure, which they very politely granted. At half past one, we had risen considerably, but appeared to have made very little progress, and that little rather to the eastward, the wind at our departure being less than at any part of the morning, and more westerly; the weather very fine indeed, very clear sun, temperate and warm; the barometer at starting, 29.7, has now fallen to 27.3.

We had a most enchanting view of the country back of Dover, &c. for an extent of an hundred miles around, counting 37 towns and villages, and a formidable view of the breakers on Goodwin sands, to which we seemed to approach. The coast of France likewise became very distinct. We passed over many vessels of various kinds, which we saluted as we passed, and they returned with shouts and cheers. The balloon extremely distended, and both tubes extended through their whole length and diameter. There seemed to be scarce a breath of air on the water under us. Three quarters past one, cast both tubes over the sides of the car, and began to attach the bladders to the hoops of the car. In doing this, I unfortunately, in reaching behind me, pushed off my colour, which Mr. Blanchard had placed there for security. 50 minutes after one, found we were descending fast; emptied one bag of ballast; not rising, emptied half another, and began to rise again. Appeared to be about one third of the way from Dover, losing distinct sight of the castle. At two o'clock, attached the slings to the circle, one at each

end, and the third in the middle for our feet, to retreat to like beavers, in case we were forced down into the water. Found that we were descending again fast. Cast out all the remaining ballast and bags and all; did not rise. Cast out a parcel of Mr. B.'s books, and in a minute or two found ourselves rising again, and that we were full midway between the English and French coasts. 30 minutes after two, found we were descending again; obliged to cast out by parcels all our remaining books, and scarcely found ourselves to arise after it. We had now nothing left but our wings and apparatus, &c. 40 minutes after two, (having passed over a number of vessels, and being about three-quarters of the way over from Dover to the French coast, having a most alluring and enchanting view of it from Blackness, Cape Blanc Nez, quite to Calais and on to Gravelines) found ourselves descending, and very rapidly,—the part of the balloon next to us having collapsed very much, apparently for many feet from the lower pole. We cast out all the little things we could find,—apples, biscuits, &c., then one wing; still descending, we cast away the other wing; but not rising, cut away the damask curtains around the car, with the gold cord tassels, &c., then stripped off all the silk lining, threw out our bottle of *l'eau de vie*. In its descent it cast out a stream like smoke, with a rushing noise, and when it struck the water, we heard and felt the shock very perceptibly in our car and balloon. I then attempted and succeeded in unscrewing and getting out the *moulinet* and handle, and cast all over. Found ourselves still descending, and now approaching the sea, within 120 yards, we proposed and began to strip, Mr. B. first casting away his surtout and coat. I then cast away my coat; then Mr. B. his new coat and long trousers; and we got on and adjusted our cork jackets, and were preparing to get into our slings, when I found the mercury in the barometer falling, and looking around found that we arose, and that the pleasant view of France was opening to us every moment, as we arose to overlook the high grounds. We were now about four miles from the shore, and approaching it fast. 50 minutes after two o'clock, had a fine view of Calais and between twenty and thirty little towns and villages. We now rose very fast, and to a much greater height than at any time since our first ascent. Exactly at three o'clock, thanks to a kind Providence, we passed over the high grounds from the shore, about midway from Cape Blanc Nez

and Calais. At our *entrée* we were very high, and passed over in a magnificent arch. Barometer had fallen to 23 and three-tenths. Nothing can equal the beautiful appearance of the villages, fields, roads, &c. under us, after having been so long over the water. Mr. Blanchard threw out several packets, each of which was exactly five minutes in reaching the surface of the earth. The weather continued very fine; sun very bright all our voyage; the wind a little increased, and being more westerly than when we first passed from the sea, we were approaching fast the grounds covered with water, on our left, and above and a little to the right of Calais. In a few minutes we changed our course again to the southwest; and found ourselves gradually descending. Having before cast away both our anchors, cords, &c., Mr. B. took the cords of our slings, and the wood of them, to serve as an anchor in our descent. We took off our cork jackets to favour our descent. We now approached a forest, and continuing our course directly over its length, and descending more rapidly, we cast away the substitute anchor and cord we had prepared. We were going much faster than any preceding part of our voyage, sailing along obliquely downwards, directly into the forest. We cast out my cork jacket, after it Mr. Blanchard's, and descended (after having passed four-fifths of the forest) so that I caught hold of the top of a tree, exactly at quarter past three o'clock, and stopped our progress. The weight being relieved by pressing on the tree, the balloon floated and played very beautifully over us, at times pulling me very strongly, as though determined not to submit; but in 28 minutes, having opened the valve, the inflammable air escaped, with a very loud rushing noise. We found the balloon disposed to let us down, and pushing our car off from the branches, we descended most tranquilly between some trees, which were just open enough to admit the car and balloon. We immediately set ourselves about emptying the balloon and detaching it from the car, at which we worked hard, quite by ourselves for about half an hour, before any person got up to us; after which a number of peasants came up, and some horsemen, and assisted us in emptying the balloon, and after it, in folding it up; and placing it in the car, took it up, and proceeded in triumph with it on their shoulders.

Dr. Jeffries's regular daily diary says, in continuation, as follows:

1785. Jan. 7th. At three quarters past three o'clock, landed in France (about 12 miles from the sea) in the wood of Guines, from the aërial car of our balloon, with my little Blanchard. At 7 o'clock arrived on horseback at the chateau of Le Vicomte Desandrouin. We were most politely welcomed and entertained. At nine set off from thence in post chaise and six horses, and by pressing invitation stopped at the chateau of Le Vicomte Desandrouin, à Hardinghard, and were saluted at our entrance into the hall by a young lady singing some stanzas in honour of our enterprise. At eleven o'clock set out from thence, and at one o'clock arrived at the gates of Calais, at which we were admitted by the Commandant's order, he having sat up for us. After passing four strong gates, with drawbridges, &c., at half past one o'clock we alighted at Mr. Mouron's in Calais, and immediately went to pay our respects to the General Commandant, whom we found sitting up for us. His lady, in bed in a pavilion tent in his room, received us most courteously. Returned to Mr. Mouron's, got some tea from his lovely family, and retired to rest. May I never be unmindful of the mercies of this day, but thank God all my life.

Jan. 8th. This morning, the Governor, Commandant, Mayor of the City, Chief Justice, Chief Engineer, and all the different corps of officers, came to welcome us, &c., prepared a most elegant dinner for us, at the City of London Hotel, where we dined with all the officers, magistrates, Mayor and Aldermen of the city, King's Procureur General, and all titled and principal people of the place and neighborhood. They presented Mr. Blanchard with the freedom of the city in a gold box, and made repeated apologies, expressing their wish to do the same for me, but could not without leave from the court.

Jan. 11th. At two o'clock arrived at Paris. After setting down M. Pilatre de Rozier, we passed on to M. L'Abbe de Viernay, Grande Rue Turrane, Fauxbourg St. Germain, where Mr. B. was received by his foster father, the Abbé, in the most affectionate and polite manner, with repeated embraces, &c. Dined with a number of gentlemen and ladies, and were greatly complimented. While at dinner a number of French dames entered our apartment, bringing with them a laurel crown, ornamented with ribbons, and embraced us again and again, and chanted

some verses honorary to our aërial voyage. Mr. B. insisted on my taking an apartment with him at the Abbe's, which for the present I have consented to do. At Paris *incontestibly*.

Jan. 12th. At ten o'clock we set out for Versailles, to pay our respects to the King, &c. On our way called on Mons. Gireredot de Marigny, banker. Very politely received and complimented by him, and engaged to dine with him and share some of his best claret, as he says, the best in the world. At Versailles, paid our respects first to Monseigneur Le Comte de Vergennes; politely received and complimented by him, but like a minister, a courtier. From thence waited on Madame La Duchesse de Polignac; most kindly and politely received by her, though she was dressing at her toilet, like a Venus in white muslin, and surrounded by five ladies all in white, who were attiring her, a most engaging lovely, affable woman. From her apartments we went to visit his Grace the Duc de Polignac and were by him received most kindly indeed. He was pleased to take great, very great notice of me, and spoke again and again of what I had attempted and done. Thence visited the royal palace and gardens at Versailles, the first palace I have ever yet seen, magnificent beyond my expectations, the statues in the gardens and the spouting deities and sea gods and in the basins most magnificent. I had not conceived anything like what I find it. Thence went to visit Mr. B.'s uncle, Chargé en Chef de Menagerie du Roi; most affectionately received by him and family. Too late to-day to see the King; and met in the gardens Monsieur the King's eldest brother; had been walking in the gardens, eight or ten guards and a gent with him. This evening went to the *Comédie Française* at Versailles; saw *La Rencontre Imprévue*, followed by *La Triple Mariage*; both very well played, and exceeding ours by having *all the parts well played*. After the comedy, went to the Hotel de Comédie, and soon after received a polite invitation to sup with Madame Montensier, *Directrice et Propriétaire de l'Opéra de Versailles*, with three lovely girls, and one most lovely in person and easy manners, and a number of gents, several of those I had seen perform in the comedy.

Jan. 13th. At noon attended the Royal Chapel, saw the lady of the Comte D'Artois and Monsieur at mass, and many of the nobility,

great number of the Royal Guards attended; very great civility from the royal attendants in the palace, and particularly from the officers of the guards and officers of state. Had the honor to be conducted through the apartments, and to see the King as he was going to walk. Mons. B. mentioned me to him, as I stood by him, and he condescended to look at me, soon after which Monsieur came near and most condescendingly came towards me, and with a most kind and affable manner, after inquiring of his attendants if I spoke French, he made his compliments and said, "I am very glad to see you, Sir." He was dressed in black velvet and the Cordon Bleu, Star, &c. The King was dressed very plain, with brown leather spatter-dashes. After this I received the compliments of all the nobility; officers of the guards, officers of the apartments conducted me from the gardens to their apartments, which were most grand, and paid me repeated compliments and civilities, and particularly the Chevalier de Bagneux, Captain in service de Gardes du Roy. Dined with Mr. Blanchard's uncle, cousins, &c., near the Cathedral Versailles; most hospitably and politely received and sumptuously entertained. Returned to Paris at 12.

Jan. 14th. This morning introduced by M. Hirschberg to the gents, wits, and men of learning at the Café Careau au Palais Royal. Most kindly and honorably received by them, and our pictures to be placed among the busts of the greatest men of wit and enterprise which already ornament that place. Thence went to the museum, visited M. Pilâtre de Rozier. This morning received very polite letter from Mr. Franklin, Mr. Williams, and at our entrance into the lecture room of the museum we were received by repeated shouts of applause and clapping of hands, *encore et encore*; after which was placed at the side of the President, and heard the lecture, then congratulated by a great number of the first characters, ladies and gents,—La Duchesse, Le Duc, Le Vicompte, &c.; then introduced to Monseigneur Le Duc de Chartres, who received me most graciously indeed. Had long conversation with him, in which he complimented me greatly, and at the end of our talk he did me the honor to say he approved highly of my conduct, that he was very glad to see me here, and that he should be very glad to be acquainted with me. As soon as the claps of applause were ended, I

received from the hands of the President of the Museum, accompanied with a very polite letter, a *billet d'entrée* as a Member and *Fondateur* of the French Museum. After dining with a large company of ladies, noblemen, Abbés, physicians, &c., went to pay my respects to his Grace the Duke of Dorset, English Ambassador; thence to Dr. Franklin at Passy; very hospitably and kindly received.

Jan. 15. Dinner with Dr. Franklin at Passy and number of ladies and gents. Supper with Madame Hirschberg, L'Hotel de Calais. Evening at *Opéra*, *Comédie Française*, &c.; elegant and brilliant company, and very elegant house.

Jan. 16. This morning introduced by M. De Hirschberg to M. Le Comte d'Ossun, at his hotel; very politely received and complimented by him, expressed his wish to accompany me to England. Went with Mr. Blanchard to Versailles at Court; presented to the Queen; heard the Duke de Polignac repeatedly speaking to the queen of me, and as often caught her lovely eyes on me, and the King's while at dinner. Received the compliments of the Duchess and Duke of Polignac. Introduced to the Comte d'Artois at his apartments; very politely received and complimented, with his approbation; received the compliments of Madame and the ladies of the Court. Introduced to M. Le Baron de Breteuil, le Ministre de France; very politely received by him indeed; complimented me again and again, said he was charmed with me, very glad to see me. Dined with him most magnificently. Introduced to and complimented by fifty Lords and officers of the Court, and ladies, the Bishop, Abbé, and the Cardinal Rohan. Received very particular compliments and marks of approbation from Le Comte Suffren, the gallant French Admiral, who said he envied my courage, and wished he had half as much. Introduced to Madame Breteuil, daughter of the Minister; very graciously received by her, and continually complimented by her for my courage, goodness and politeness. Introduced by her, particularly, to every lady at her levee at the Minister's. Evening, returned to the drawing room; saw two ladies presented; one the Princess Lamballe, most lovely, and the most brilliant and rich dress I had ever seen. Introduced to the grand Ecurier, and very graciously received and complimented by Count Dillon. Then very particularly complimented by the

Marquis de Laroche du Maine, who brought me from Versailles to Paris with him in his chariot, and introduced me to his family at his hotel, and loaded me with compliments and words of approbation. Paid my respects to M. L'Abbé de Viernay, and found there a card from his Grace, the Duke of Dorset, to dine on Tuesday next. Evening at the grand ball, the *Société, rue Coqueron, Hotel D'Orléans*, where I was received by universal and continuous shouts and claps of applause, embraced and complimented by hundreds of the first ladies and gents in Paris. Presented with a garland crown by the prettiest mademoiselle of Paris, placed on my temples by the hands of a lovely fair one, Madame Bau-noir; very kind attention from Captain Crofton, of the 69th, who introduced me to his brother, the Count, and his lady, and a most elegant group. The most particular favours and marks of attention through the whole evening from the lovely little vivacious Madame de Talairac, *rue de Maile*, who with lovely freedom and *simplicité de cœur* told me she was eighteen, had married at fifteen, had an infant, &c., &c.; took affectionate leave of me and engaged me to come and see her. I cannot describe the attentions shown me, marks of approbation and compliments paid me.

Jan. 17. Dined at M. Le Compte de Carrau, *rue de l'Université*, elegant house, apartments, &c.; very politely received and entertained by him, many compliments from him and company, Barons, Noblemen, &c. Thence accompanied Mr. B. to Monseigneur Le Duc de Charast, Governor de Calais; very politely received by him and daughter.

Jan. 16. This morning sat for my portrait to Mr. Pujos, *peintre, rue Pelletier*. Dined with the Ambassador, his Grace the Duke of Dorset; met there Lord Trentham, who was at Dover when we ascended in the balloon, Col. Tarleton, and a great number of English noblemen; received many compliments from them. Evening, went to the opera, where we were honored with loud claps and shouts of applause, *three* times repeated, before the curtain drew up, and repeated again when the opera was over. The house and scenery very elegant, with exquisite dancing by Madame Deimar and Mons'r Vestris; the dresses of the dancers, &c., uncommonly neat and elegant; performers very numerous. Band of musick very large and good, great number and elegant company.

This day dined at the Duke of Dorset's elegant chateau; a number of most elegant ladies, in person, dress, and manners.

Jan. 19. Dined at Madame Limon and Madame St. Germaine, rue St. Honoré. Most politely and affectionately received and hospitably entertained by them and the company. Received an order of admittance for the *Comédie Française* this evening. Received there by universal and repeated claps of applause and approbation. Saw the comedy of *Figaro* (by Mr. Beaumarchais); most witty, poignant composition, and supported to the life. Mr. Molé a capital performer; the house, scenery, girandolles and dresses superior to either of ours in London; plays in all their parts *far* better filled up than with us. The women charming; they act with so much ease and grace, and never beyond nature. Met at the *Comédie* Mr. Franklin, and received his compliments.

Jan. 20. Visited, with Mr. B., Madame Baunoir, rue du Faubourg St. Martin, No. 23. Most kindly received; a lovely woman. Dined with Madame la Comtesse de Coualir, à l'Hotel à Place de Louis Quinze, a princely hotel, &c.; most elegantly and affectionately received; a truly elegant woman, and Countess indeed. I am charmed with such company, and well I may be. This day took lodgings at the Hotel de Vauban, rue Richelieu, at four Louis d'or a month. This evening at the Paris Assembly ball, Musée, rue Dauphin. Received again with claps of applause, &c.; particularly attended to by Captain Crofton and number of English gents. Met there the charming Madame Baunoir and Madame de Talairac, most engaging and lovely; prayed me again and again to visit them. Met again there Le Compte de Crofton and the comtesse, with whose party I supped; paid very great attention to me, brought me home (I having lent my carriage to the charming Madame Baunoir), and urged me to accept of apartments with them, &c. At the ball Mademoiselle Prieur and her father introduced themselves, and were particularly attentive to me.

Jan. 21. Dined at the Marquis de Brancas; very graciously received by him and the Marchioness. Introduced to M. Le Comte de Sceaux, who told me he supped with the Queen a few nights since at Versailles, and sitting near the Queen heard her tell the Duke of Dorset that she had seen and noticed me at Versailles, and wished to have understood

English to have talked with me. Several other noblemen at the Marquis de Brancas; a sumptuous hotel, &c.; all repeatedly polite and complimentary to me. Visited and drank tea with Mademoiselle and M. Prieur, rue Colombier. Supped at M. Le Compte de Crofton, rue Traversière; large party of ladies of fashion, foreign noblemen, &c. Madame la Comtesse very attentive to me, as she always is.

Jan. 22. Went out to Passy, a most delightful situation. Walked in Palais Royal, and round the Tuileries; delightful places. Dined with Le Docteur and Mons'r Franklin at Passy. Met there Mr. Jona. Williams, Dr. Bancroft, and the celebrated and brave Commodore Paul Jones, from whom I received many compliments on my enterprise, and returned them, he deserving them much more than me. Evening, returned to Hotel Vauban. Received a card from Monseigneur Le Duc de Charost, to dine on Thursday next. This evening supped, &c., at the Comtesse de Belinworth, the Compte de Crofton, Lady, and with lovely, lovely women.

Jan. 23. Waited on his Grace the Duke of Dorset. Called on Madame Talairac, rue de Maile. Thence visited Madame Beaunoir, rue Faubourg St. Martin; kindly received; and took them in my carriage, and carried them to dine with me at Madame Talairac's; charming domestic circle. Thence we went to the Italian Comedy, where I was unfortunately ill, fainted, &c., taken out in the arms of a gent., the lovely fair ones attending. After the comedy, Madame Beaunoir led me again to my box, where I was highly entertained by seeing the comedy of Fanfan and Colas, *Ou les frères de lait* (written by Madame Beaunoir) very well played. After the play I took the two ladies to the ball, rue Coqueron, where after attending them half an hour, I left them and returned to my hotel, finding myself indisposed.

Jan. 24. Dined at M. Le Compte de Crofton. Evening at the *Comédie de Variétés au Palais Royal*. Supped at Madame Comtesse de Crofton. Met there Madame le Comtesse de Belvedere and Madame la Vicomtesse de Linière; very polite to me; invited by the latter to supper to-morrow evening.

Jan. 25. Dined with M. Gireredot de Marigny, l'Hotel Colbert,

rue Vivienne. Large company of barons, noblesse and gentry; most sumptuous entertainment; house like a palace in furniture, sculpture, paintings, &c. In evening M. Gireredot carried me to the opera, and honored me with a front seat in his box. A new opera of Pannège; most crowded house, and the most numerous, brilliant company I ever saw. The scenes, dresses, and decorations superb; dancing not to be exceeded, I think.

Jan. 26. Dined at M. Le Marquis de Laroche du Maine; most elegantly entertained. Monseigneur Le Duc de Montmorenci dined there; complimented by him and several other nobles, barons, &c. Mademoiselle Laroche du Maine a sweet, elegant little girl; band of musick and singing during dinner. Many compliments from the Marquis. Evening at the Italian comedy; went very late. Between the first and second comedy, it became known that we were there; our names were echoed from the pit, and universal and repeated claps of applause succeeded, to which we endeavored to return our compliments.

Jan. 27. Took into my service Mons. Bruilli, procured for me and recommended by the Comte de Crofton; to give him forty sous per day, he to dress my hair, &c. Dined with Monseigneur Le Duc de Charost, rue de Bourbon, Fauxbourg St. Germain; an elegant chateau. Very politely received by M. and Madame. Met there at dinner a number of noblemen, Abbés, &c. The Duc Charost carried me to a museum, where he introduced me to a large number of noblemen, ladies, abbés, &c.

Jan. 28. Accompanied Capt. Crofton to the Fauxbourg St. Germain, to Convent de Parthemont, rue de Grenelle, to see his sister there, a fine, charming, blooming girl (lost to the world). Saw there a lovely girl from Virginia. Dined at Madame Beaunoir; met there Madame Tailairac and number of ladies and gents. Evening, supped at Madame La Comtesse de Crofton; as usual very kind to me. Met there La Comtesse de Linier (who invited me again to sup on Sunday evening), and the Marchionesse de Fleury, who chatted and looked pleasant things.

Jan. 29. Supped tête-à-tête M. Le Comte de Crofton. Madame la Comtesse, *au lit la même appartement, bien plaisant.*

Jan. 30. Went to *petit souper* at Madame La Vicomtesse de Linière, rue Notre Dame des Victoires; a most lovely creature, and very affable, with looks that may be felt. Met an elegant company there.

Jan. 31. Sat for my profile to M. Chaportay. Walked out to Passy, and dined very pleasantly with Messrs. Franklin and Williams. Very kindly received.

Feb. 1. Dined with Dr. Duploreil, rue de Bourbon. Very kindly and honourably received by him, ladies and guests. Met there a Mr. Roberts, Regius Professor à l'Ecole Royale Militaire, who was very particularly civil and attentive to me.

Feb. 2. Dined tête-à-tête Mad. and M. Le Compte de Crofton; *très très agréable*. Evening at M. l'Abbé de Viernay; the private comedy at his hotel, very well played; a tragedy and comedy after it. After which an elegant supper and entertainment in his salon. Honoured with the heroine of the play at my side; much good humor, and sung most charmingly, as did the others.

Feb. 3. Dined with Mad. and Compte de Crofton. Evening, at nine, Mr. Franklin called on me, and carried me and introduced me to Madame Morrell, where I was most kindly received indeed, and met there the charming Mad. de Villars, friend to Mad. B., both of them being from Lyons. Several other ladies, marquises, barons, &c. Met here the celebrated and extraordinary genius M. Garat, a very fine handsome young gent, who sings delicately and with perfect exactness (so as to correct instruments which accompany him) any tune which he hears; can imitate exactly each and every one of the opera singers, etc. His voice exquisitely melodious, and though powerful, delicately soft and engaging, and his manner most gentleman-like. Many compliments passed between us, on his talents and my late enterprise. I cannot describe the lovely ease and elegance, yet delicate decency, with which Mad. Morrell and Mad. de Villars undressed themselves in my presence, and dressed again in lovely dishabille, previous to our going to the masqued ball at the opera, where I had the honor to attend them, and found them there as elsewhere most lovely and engaging. Met at the ball many ladies who knew me, but I could not know them all, so covered

with dominos and masques. Two English ladies (Mrs. Lawrence and her little ward), one of whom I walked with again and again, but she would not let me know who. Afterwards met them both with his Grace the Duke of Chartres, with whom they appeared to be engaged. The Vicomtesse Linière found me out, and we had many pleasant repartees before I knew her, promised to meet me at supper to-morrow, and wished much to be informed how I liked the lady I supped with last Sunday (which was herself). I tore off a piece of her fan as a token, which she consented to. Madame Talairac likewise found me out. After a long time I found out my lovely Mad. Morrell and Mad. Villars, with whom and Mr. Franklin I left the ball at four o'clock. What would I not give to be able to transport such easy, engaging manners, joined with such wit and delicacy, to England. Mr. Franklin told me he had again met the Duke of Dorset at Versailles on Tuesday, and had again talked with him about me, and that his Grace had said that he would most willingly do anything for me I would point out. Mr. F. mentioned to him that it would, he thought, be useful to me for his Grace to write to the minister, and recommend some pension or such like for me from government. Mr. Franklin said he had wrote to his father the Governor, desiring him to hint to Dr. Blagden, the Secretary of the Royal Society, that he should make me a member, free of all expense. Met Com. Paul Jones at the opera masque ball; ápropos repartees.

Feb. 4. This evening the lovely Mad. Morrell called on me and carried me to supper with her lovely friend, Mad. du Villars—both of them so lovely, engaging and agreeable that I wish my charming country-women would catch and imitate their elegant ease of carriage and manners.

Feb. 6. Waited on his Grace, the Ambassador, the Duke de Dorset. Very kindly received by him and Mr. Stone, his private secretary; Mr. Hales, Secretary of the Embassy; Rev. Mr. Labord, his chaplain. Met there the Count d'Ossier, who was attentive to me; Lady Hervey and her little daughter; Lady Eliz. Forster, Lady H.'s sister; a fine little boy, son of the Duke by Madame Baccelli, a number of noblemen and gents. The Duke told me that he was well pleased that I did not suffer the Frenchman to pass over alone.

Feb. 8. Dined with M. Sellorf. Met there and was introduced by him to M. Le Prince de Hesse, Monseigneur le Prince de Deux Ponts, the Swedish Secretary, M. le Comte de Sickengen, Minister de le Duc de Barriere; Le Prince de Deux Ponts very particularly attentive and civil to me. Was acquainted with Sir. Benjamin Thompson, and told me he was aid de camp to his uncle the Prince (I think he said of Bavaria). The streets of the city and fauxbourg full of masques of all ranks and sorts. Am glad this is the last day of the carnival; on the morrow they must to their several vocations again.

Feb. 10. Dined with Mr. Roberts, Regius Professor at l'Ecole Royale Militaire. Met there Dr. Sutton, the celebrated inoculator. Visited the apartments and the elegant grand building of the Hotel des Invalides, Champ Mars, &c.

Feb. 11. Walked out to Passy, and dined with Dr. Franklin. Very kindly received and entertained by him, and very pleasant conversation. Evening, Mr. Franklin brought me to town in his chariot, and said he would again speak to the Duke of Dorset and his Secretary, respecting their writing in my favor to England. Engaged me to dine there on Monday next, to meet the Marchioness and Marquis de Fayette,¹ Mr. Adams, Lord Mountmorris, &c., &c.

Feb. 11. Supped with La Comtesse and Le Comte de Crofton, and met there the Comtesse de Belvidere, &c.

Feb. 12. Breakfasted with Dr. Du Plaril; afterwards visited with him l'Hotel de Charité; found all the apartments, wards, &c., very clean and airy; patients clean, beds made, &c.; only men there. A pretty botanical garden, with labels affixed to and standards to each plant. Thence visited l'Hotel de Dieu, an exceedingly large hospital, part on one side of the river, and part on the other, connected by a bridge belonging to the hospital. Between five and six thousand patients; four rows of beds in many of the wards. Patients of all descriptions, ages, sexes, and nations are admitted. Wards for all sick children, from two or three months to two or three years, struck me as novel. Warm and

¹ La Fayette.

cold baths frequent and conveniently placed. Conducted through all the female wards; some very low and dark; three, four, and five sick adults in the same bed, lying heads and points. Visited, just by the Hotel Dieu, l'Hotel des Enfants trouvés; very neat, roomy, and in good order.

Feb. 13. Attended the Duke of Dorset's concert. His Grace condescendingly attentive to me, and Mr. Stone, his private secretary, and many other English noblemen and gents. Met there Lady Eliz. Forster, who was civil to me, Lady Betty Lindsay and her sister Lady Mary Fordyce. Asked and received of Mr. Stone a request from the Duke to the Supt. of Police to give me a passport for myself and servant.

Feb. 14. Dined at Passy with the American Ambassador, Dr. Franklin; met there his Excellency, John Adams, Esq., his lady and daughter, all of whom were very civil to me; Lord Mountmorris, who was very uncommonly attentive and civil to me all the time; the Marquis and Marchioness of Fayette, a fine affable lady; Mrs. Bingham, a very genteel American from Philadelphia, and Mr. Bingham; Col. Humphreys, late aid-de-camp to Gen'l Washington, now a Commissioner from America; Mr. Jon. Williams; a Mrs. Boadley, &c., and several other gents of rank and note; Commodore Paul Jones, who was very attentive, candid, and complimentary to me, and who brought me to Paris with him in his chariot. Talked with Mr. Franklin about the Duke of Dorset, and he advised me to call on the Duke to-morrow, make use of his name, and ask of his Grace a letter from him to the Minister in England, Mr. Pitt. Took leave of the venerable old Dr., and received many compliments, with his best wishes, &c. Supped with Comtesse and Comte de Crofton, and by him introduced to his brother, a very agreeable gent.

Feb. 16. Waited on his Grace, the Duke of Dorset, the Ambassador. Very kindly received by him; talked freely, and most friendly to me; said he would write or do anything for me that I thought would be most useful to me; and proposed to me to make application to the King; said he thought he might, and that he would give me a letter to Mr. Pitt, the Minister, to inform him what the King had done here for Blanchard. Thence I set out with Chevalier Crofton for Luciennes and St. Germain. Passed over the bridge, which is the largest and best I have seen in France; although so long, quite plane, and has stones of 32 feet length,

for the ballustrade barrier. On the left of it, in the Bois du Boulogne, saw the Royal Chateau de Madrid, which was built by the French for a pretended residence of Francis the First, to enable him, under pretext of the name, ignominiously to break his parole and engagement to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who had taken him prisoner, and let him on his parole return to France, under engagement that he would soon reurn and surrender himself again a prisoner at Madrid, the Emperor being at that time (also) King of Spain. We stopped at Machine de Marli, to visit M. Le Chevalier Brouard, Maître de Machine, &c. Very kindly, hospitably, and affectionately received by him and his niece Mademoiselle; gave us a card to Madame à le Pavillon du Madam la Comtesse du Barry à Luciennes. Visited the Pavillon; most elegant and luxuriantly rich, clean and beautiful; very fine busts and statues of the King Louis XV., pictures, &c. Then went through the lovely gardens from the Pavillon to the hotel de la Comtesse. Found her at her toilet, having a select company party to dine to-day (dinner serving up) and designing a ball *privé* this evening. However, ordered that I should be shown the apartments, &c. Found them, like the Pavillon, rich, elegant and beautiful, with most lovely and enchanting conveniences and designs, &c. The very fine portrait of the King given by him to Mad. La Comtesse du Barry, and her own elegant picture, a fine and beautiful likeness, with many others of the King and Comtesse, busts and statuary of them with various designs. The villa of Lady Craven, pretty and charming, situated near Madame du Barry, and the elegant Chateau de Monseigneur le Duc de Aiguillon, who was Secretary of State and War at the time of Madame du Barry's connection with the King. At St. Germain, which is a lovely town in a fine high situation, and extensive forest, with beautiful terrace above half a mile in extent, with the forest on the left and the river and extensive beautiful country on the right, the situation being so high as to command the river a great many miles. Dined at the Castle with Mad. and Dr. O'Flynn, very kindly and hospitably received by them; called on Mr. Williams at the Castle, met there four of the Misses Alexanders, Mrs. William's sisters. Introduced by the Chevalier Crofton to Major Kelly of the Irish Brigade, kindly received by him with many compliments. At six o'clock returned to M. Brouard à la Machine de Marli and then we went to the ball at Madame du Barry's à Luciennes.

Found a number of young women and men dressed very prettily to dance, with good musick, &c. Met there M. le Marquis de Chabrilian whom I had visited at Versailles. He was very civil and attentive to me, mentioned me and introduced me to Mad. le Comtesse du Barry and her sister, and to Monseigneur Le Duc de Brissac, Governor of Paris, to M. Le Comte D'Orsay and M. le Marquis de Fondrille, all of whom were very polite and attentive, particularly the Duc de Brissac and Le Comte d'Orsay, who paid me many and great compliments. La Comtesse du Barry was exceedingly pleasant and in good spirits, complimented me again and again, and declared herself greatly pleased and gratified in my company. After taking leave of me, she again sent the Comte de Chabrilian to request my company to her apartments, where I had a most agreeable chat and repartee with her for near an hour, and after it did me the honour to propose dancing with me, ordered refreshments, &c. When I finally took leave at midnight, she again expressed how happy she was to have had my company there, and paid me many more compliments. Her sister resembled her much in features, but not so elegant or handsome. Returned to La Machine de Marli, took leave, with grateful thanks to M. Le Chevalier Brouard and Mad'lle, and at one in the morning returned to Paris.

Feb. 17. Visited with Dr. Duplariel the Jardin du Roi and Cabinet d'Histoire Naturelle. Found elegant apartments, and fit for the purpose, and fine collections of fossils, woods, stones, insects, birds, animals, fishes and anatomical preparations and reptiles, in very good preservation. Very politely received by M. Dauberton, M. Le Comte de Buffon, and invited to dine with him to-morrow. A very fine statue of the Comte de Buffon (at the entrance) in fine marble, well executed and with well designed emblems. After which visited the gardens of the Arsenal and the Royal prison of the Bastile, a dreadful place.

Feb. 18. Called on the Ambassador, his Grace of Dorset; very kindly (as always) received by him, and requested not to leave Paris to-morrow, but to call on him again to-morrow forenoon. Took my place in the diligence for Calais, to set out Monday forenoon. With the Count de Crofton called on Mad. La Vicomtesse de Linière. Found her *au lit*, but admitted and received most kindly and more. Showed her the rape

I had made at the opera masqué ball (piece of the fan). She acknowledged in the greatest good humour the *identity*, and was much pleased that I had kept it. Indulged me in the most lovely embraces and adieux, made her compliments and best wishes, said she would come to England in the spring, and would find me out then. Dined with M. le Comte de Buffon au Jardin du Roi. Most politely, honourably, and affectionately received by him and M. Panchenot, who dined with him. Honoured with many and great compliments by le Comte, and which from such a man are indeed more than compliments. Made me a present of one of the last proof prints of himself by N. P. Casson. Took affectionate leave of me, with his satisfaction in my conduct, and in seeing me; and gave me his best wishes, as did M. Panchenot, very politely, desiring that I would remember him particularly to Sir Joseph Banks.

Feb. 20. Called on his Grace the Duc de Dorset, and received a letter from him in my favor to the Right Hon. Mr. Pitt the Minister in England, first Lord of the Treasury, &c. Evening with La Comtesse, le Comte and Le Chevalier Crofton, at the hotel, rue Traversière. Very affectionate, polite and agreeable, like sisters and brothers ever since I have been here, and in a manner the least irksome and the most agreeable.

Feb. 21. Called on Mad. la Comtesse de Crofton, M. le Comte, and the Chevalier her brother. She had been as a mother, sister and friend to me since I first saw her. With the most affectionate and tender embraces, encore & encore, her eyes full of tears, bid me adieu, with her earnest request to return again soon, or to live with her ever. The good Comte would accompany me to the bureau, nor quit me until we drove from the yard, when, with the most friendly adieu and engagements to embrace again for me the fair Vicomtesse de Linière, at half after twelve o'clock we set out from the rue Notre Dame des Victoires, *en diligence* for Calais.

Feb. 27, 1785. At a quarter past four P. M. I landed safe (thank God) at Dover.

Feb. 28. This forenoon Col. York, Capt. Campbell, &c., &c., officers of the 69th, did me the honor to come to Maurice's Hotel to pay

their compliments to me. Dined with Col. York and the gents. of the 69th. Lt. Crofton delivered me a message from Sir Thomas Hyde Page, requesting to see me to-morrow forenoon. Mr. Young informed me that it was in contemplation to present me with the freedom of the city &c. This P. M., in my absence, Sir Thomas Hyde Page called on me. The officers and gents. at the castle very particularly civil and polite to me.

Mar. 1. Dined with Mr. Fector, his family, Sir T. H. Page, etc. Received very great and repeated marks of attention from Mr. Fector, the ladies, and Sir T. H. Page.

This afternoon received a message from Mayor of City and Corporation, assembled in Town Hall, desiring my company there. I accordingly waited on them, and was informed that they had assembled and *unanimously* voted me the freedom of the city, and to be a Baron of the Cinque Ports; for which I returned many thanks to the Mayor and Corporation, and took the oaths accordingly, as usual on such occasions. I was informed that there were but seven honourary Freemen besides myself, that I made the eighth; that the Duke of Dorset, Lord Sackville, and Sir Richard Pierson are three of them.

Mar. 2. Breakfasted with Lady and Sir T. H. Page. After breakfast, Mr. Stringer and Capt. Walter, two of the Corporation, called on me, with their congratulations; and with Sir T. H. Page, Dr. Young, and Mr. Fector, I called on the Mayor, corporation and Common Council, with many thanks for the honour done me yesterday, in admitting me a Freeman and a Baron of the Cinque Ports. They again mentioned to me that this had not been done in the usual way by ballot, but that it had been done *viva voce*, having been *unanimous*, which they said was a very uncommon instance. Mr. Springer and Mr. Walton said my freedom would have been presented me yesterday in a gold box, if they could have found any trace or precedent for it in their records.

Dined at the Antwerp, by invitation, with the Mayor, Sir T. H. Page, and the principal gentlemen of the town. After, the Association Band of musick came to the Antwerp to pay their compliments to me, dressed in their uniforms, and with their instruments of musick entertained me for some time; then payed their compliments and good wishes

to me, and retired. Yesterday the officers of the 69th came to pay me their compliments at my hotel.

Mar. 3. At noon visited the cliff and spot of our departure on our late aërial voyage into France. The recollection of it was awfully grand and majestick, and my heart filled, I hope, with sincere and grateful acknowledgements to the kind protections of that day. Oh, Gracious Father, may I be influenced by it as I ought through my life!

Mar. 5. At quarter after four o'clock, arrived, thank God, at Margaret St., Cavendish Square, London.

JOHN JEFFRIES, JNR.

(Under royal consent the "Corps municipal de la ville et Comté de Guines" voted Feb. 17th 1785 to erect a monument at public expense where the balloon alighted in the forest. It still stands [1885].)

B. JOY JEFFRIES.

BOSTON.



DARTMOOR PRISON AND THE CHURCH MEMORIAL

THERE are three or four little books which turn up occasionally, at long intervals, in the auction room, to be snapped up by the antiquary, which form the scanty library to which we are indebted for all we know of a place which had a large space in the War of 1812. Quite unmarked by literary style, each has a story to tell of years of imprisonment and hardship, now nearly a century ago.

In the heart of the Dartmoor country, in Southern England, is a spot which was a desolate peat bog up to 1805. Then, England and France being at war, more room for French prisoners was needed, and the famous granite structure destined to unpleasant notoriety as Dartmoor Prison, was begun. As a site it had nothing to recommend it, but there were politics then as now, and they secured the adoption of the site, the buildings which were to hold at one time nearly ten thousand men were begun, and first occupied in 1809.

"The position chosen is often wrapped in dense fog when the surrounding country is clear, and it is colder and more rainy than places only four miles distant; and in compelling Frenchmen to live in such a place in winter without fires, the Government was ignorantly committing an act of positive cruelty.* The unfortunate prisoners of war were not fed as well as are the convicts who are now the inmates, and "there can be no doubt that the contractors cheated when they could. On one occasion the whole of the bread for one day was returned to the baker-contractor" (Thomson).

By April, 1813, there were seventeen hundred American † prisoners within the walls; and what they suffered may be gathered from Mr. Thomson's book, the latest and probably the last, authority on the

* Thomson. The author does not say whether it was any better for Americans than Frenchmen!

† The whole number of Americans imprisoned at Dartmoor was 6554, two-thirds of them from New England, and one-third of all being from Massachusetts.

subject, the author having recently been a Superintendent of the prison: "The winter of 1813-14 was memorable; the running stream that supplied all the water froze to the bottom, the prisoners quenched their thirst with snow and huddled together at night to prevent being frozen; their breath, condensing on the granite walls, covered these with a film of ice. Eight Americans escaped January 19th, when the weather was at its worst. Seven were soon recaptured; one only got far enough away to be taken the next day, when all were put in the 'black hole'¹ for ten days, on two-thirds allowance. They were no more wretched than the rest, who passed this awful fortnight, bare-legged, with salt beef for food and snow for drink, without fire or sufficient clothing, over-run with vermin and decimated by sickness." In spite of these sufferings and of the inducements held out by the prison authorities to those who would enlist in the British navy, only fifty-nine Americans accepted the opportunity at the cost of their patriotism. "So strong was the feeling of the better sort against it that, as soon as it was known that a man was coquetting with the idea, he was brought to summary trial by his fellows, and unless he recanted was flogged and threatened with death as well" (Thomson).

Nothing less than this stern patriotism was to be expected from men who could carry their religious training with them into a foreign prison: "The American prisoners kept Sunday as strictly as if they were in Puritan New England. Sometimes preachers from outside would hold a service, but this was not often. But whether there was one or not, all labor, &c., was stopped by public opinion; every one dressed in his best, and spent the day quietly" (Thomson). To relieve the intolerable tedium of their existence, the more ingenious of them used the bones of their beef, and those they could get from the cooks, to make various small articles for sale to visitors or the officials, or

¹ The black hole (officially termed the *cachot*) was twenty feet square inside. The only windows were two openings under the eaves, six inches by four. A slide eight inches square, in the door, allowed the food to be passed through. There was no furniture of any sort, not even straw to lie on, except when four unfortunate Americans were kept there six months. When we consider that some of the men confined there were practically naked, and that they lay on the granite floor in the dark for ten days of a Dartmoor winter, we are not surprised that some died.—*Thomson*.

as mementoes. In the Old State House, Boston, is a beautiful, though small, model² of the battleship *Ohio*, made almost wholly of bones, by Lieutenant Thomas Lettican, while in Dartmoor. The best-known incident in the prison's history is that with which we close our brief notice: the "Dartmoor Massacre," April 6, 1815.

Irritated by being kept in prison after the Treaty of Ghent had been signed and proclaimed, there was a small riot, partly but not wholly among the American prisoners. The Governor of the prison, Captain Shortland, became "rattled," the prison guard fired on the Americans, and in three minutes sixty-three men were killed or wounded (nine being killed or mortally wounded). Shortland was tried, but as the prisoner-witnesses could not identify any of the soldiers who fired without orders, nothing came of it. "To us, at this distance of three generations, it is comfortable to know that the British government provided pensions for the wounded and for the families of the killed. In 1841 one of the former was still stumping on his wooden leg as gate-keeper of the Medical College at Washington." §

Now, nearly a century after the massacre, when no human being exists who witnessed it, and war between England and the United States is an unthinkable thing, a beautiful and unique memorial to the American prisoners has been placed in the church at Princetown, near the prison.† The idea of such a memorial³ originated with the Society of United States Daughters of 1812, who raised the necessary funds, and have presented the window to the church.⁴ It is a large and very hand-

² A perfect specimen of these models is owned by Colonel Armstrong, of Yelverton. Mr. A. Davey, of Bedford, has another, a fine model of the *Victory*, thirty-eight inches long, which is said to have required five years' work.—*Thomson*.

§ Thomson.

† The American prisoners built the church, and were allowed sixpence a day for their work.

³ It is a coincidence that, just as this is the only memorial on English soil to an event of American war, so the memorial at Ticonderoga, N. Y., to the Black Watch,—which was illustrated and described in the *MAGAZINE* for July, 1906,—is the only one on American soil to a British regiment.

⁴ It is noticeable that in the prison cemetery, where, in two enclosures, called respectively the French and American cemeteries, rest the nameless dead, are two granite obelisks, inscribed with the familiar phrase, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"—but the window inscription omits the words "et decorum." As Mr. Thomson remarks, "it is a sentiment which can have appealed to few of them in their last moments."

some one, in six panels, with an appropriate inscription. The ceremony of unveiling the window was performed on June 4, by the president of the National Society of Daughters of 1812, Mrs. William Gerry Slade, of New York. A number of the clergy and of the local authorities were present, as also the present Governor of the prison, Captain Guyon.

For the photograph of the window, from which our frontispiece is reproduced, we are indebted to the kindness of the designers and makers of the work, Messrs. Mayer & Co., of New York and London.

ED.

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* As apparently partly fiction, this item may not belong to a legitimate list, but is named here to make the list as near complete as possible.

A FAMOUS WAR SONG

SOMEWHERE in the late fifties a fire company in Charleston, S. C., commissioned a Philadelphia musician to write a "chanty" for their use on a proposed excursion. They received a song, the opening words of which were

"Say, bummers, will you meet us?"

Acting on John Wesley's maxim, "always steal a good tune from the Devil, when you find him with one," the Methodists promptly appropriated the tune, and with but slight modification the words, the new version being

"Say, brothers, will you meet us"

This became a very popular camp-meeting and revival hymn, and by 1861 it was quite generally known.

The firing on Fort Sumter and consequent rally to arms caused Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, to be occupied by a military force, the Second Battalion of Massachusetts Infantry, commonly known as the "Tigers." They found the fort in a very unfinished state, work on it having been stopped when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, and as a natural result "fatigue-parties" were very numerous. After the day's work was over a favorite amusement was singing, for there were some excellent voices in the company, notably one quartette—Charles E. B. Edgerly, James Jenkins, Newton J. Purnette, John Brown. The latter, a Scotchman, was the subject of many jokes and puns, owing to the similarity of his name to that of the famous Ossawatimie Brown, then but recently executed.

The Scot rather resented these quiddities, and this of course made them more constant. He looked very well for a dead man, "he had a lively gait for a corpse," etc. The story goes that one evening, when two of this quartette were returning to the Fort—John Brown and the other being seated near the sally-port—the query was shouted "What's the

news?" Promptly came the retort, "Why, John Brown's dead." Some one added "But he still goes marching round."

Unlike a rolling stone, the ideas gathered as the changes were rung on them, and by dark the camp-meeting tune had undergone revision, for the "Tigers" were chanting

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

May 25, 1861, the "Tigers" left Fort Warren, but as on May 7 the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers had reached the Fort, many of the "Tigers" enlisted in the Twelfth or "Webster" Regiment, the quartette separating; Jenkins and Brown to Company A, Purnette and Edgerly to Company E, all four being sergeants. Of course they carried their song with them, and it became the fashion after dress-parade for the regiment to strike up the song and march around the parade-ground. Thus the second verse,

"John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
As we go marching on."

Chaplains in those days were very fond of styling the Volunteers "the army of the Lord"; so the third verse:

"He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord."

The regiment frequently styled itself "Webster's cattle." Thus the fourth verse,

"His pet lambs will meet him on the way,"

which they used to do every evening while marching round the Fort. The air was whistled to the band-master, William J. Martland, written down by one of the band, S. C. Perkins, and soon the tune was played on dress-parade as accompaniment to the eleven hundred voices of the regiment. Copies of the song were given to Gilmore's and the Germania Band, then Ditson published it, and thus the John Brown song became common property.

The Webster Regiment first sang it in Boston, July 18, 1861, when their colors were presented by Edward Everett; leaving Boston July 23,

on the next day they electrified New York City with the weird chorus; Baltimore heard it on July 26, and on March 1, 1862, at Charles Town, Va., on the spot where Ossawatimie was hanged, the Webster Regiment sang

John Brown's Body.

Regiment after regiment adopted the song, and thus it ceased to be the exclusive property of the Websters, who gradually disused it. Perhaps the fate of (their) John Brown, who was accidentally drowned at Front Royal, June 6, 1862, may have had a deterring influence; the song was never used in the later days of the regiment's existence. In July, 1864, as it made its return march through the streets of Boston, eighty-five men in all—Company A being represented by three—an effort was made to revive the old chorus; it was promptly frowned down, and silently, but with soldierly tread, the Webster Regiment passed into history.

Two of the survivors of the quartette are yet in Boston. The third was in the West, but has not lately been heard from. Only one—Purnette—was mustered out with the regiment.

Poor old Ossawatimie Brown! Despised and forsaken, on his way to execution he kissed a negro child,* prophesying speedy freedom to all its race. The veil of futurity was to him but partly lifted; he dreamed not of the armed hosts that so soon after were to tramp that very ground to the music of

John Brown's Body.

Yet the thought in his mind was kin to the inspiration that later on produced those immortal lines:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
His truth is marching on!

* Often disproved, this pathetic story will never die.—(Ed.)

JAMES BEALE,
Late Twelfth Mass. Volunteers.

719 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XVII

THE FASTNESS

BRADSHAW, after the interview which had been so abruptly commenced and broken off with Brant, lost no time in making his escape from the precincts of Johnstown, where the presence of the patriot forces made every moment fraught with peril to him. Indeed, after escaping so nearly from their hands, he was obliged more than once to make a wide circuit in order to avoid the straggling bands of Whig militia that seemed pouring along the roads, bent upon making their way to join the main column of Schuyler's army.

Schoharie was the point which he now aimed at making as quickly as possible; and as it was long before he could venture to cross the frozen river and turn his horse's head upon the direct route he wished to travel, the noble animal had occasion more than once to rue the brutal temper of his master, as, chafing with impatience at each cause of delay that interposed, he now spurred hotly toward the bank of the stream, and now wheeled from its brink, or reined up sharply at some turning of the road. Here the rapids, or the evident weakness of the ice, prevented him from crossing; there the deep snow-drifts, or the steep and slippery banks, prevented him from descending to the frozen highway; and now again there were appearances upon the opposite shore which deterred him from trusting himself upon the snowy waste, where his dark figure crossing over might be seen at a long gunshot, and tempt some idle patriot ranger, or officious "committee-of-safety" member to bring him to for a parley.

The immediate personal peril weighed not, indeed a feather with him. But to be recognised and tracked in the snow to his ultimate destination might be fatal to the projects which he had now most at heart. The truth is, that, though Bradshaw had, when he found himself so hard pressed by Brant, designated the Cave of Waneonda as the present

retreat of Alida, he was not himself perfectly assured that she was really there, though his last orders to his creature Valtmeyer had been to make that disposition of his prize; and, believing that his wishes in this respect had been complied with, he was actually upon his way to the cavern, when the rumoured approach of Schuyler induced him momentarily to change his destination, and make the best of his way to Sir John Johnson.

Brant, as it appeared, had been misinformed as to Bradshawe's keeping himself aloof from his political friends, and attending to his own concerns in Schoharie. His actual business had been among the Tories in the neighbourhood of Wyoming, whom he succeeded in confirming, and drawing off in a body to unite their forces with a band of Iroquois which had established a position about the forks of the Susquehanna, upon the confines of New York and Pennsylvania. And this absence in that then unsettled country will account for his ignorance of the projected movement and subsequent march of the patriots upon Johnstown, until he had reached the southwestern settlements of Tryon County.

He had unexpectedly, upon an order from Sir John, started upon his expedition immediately after planning the abduction of Brant's fair captive, which was so ruthlessly consummated by his creature Valtmeyer. He had heard of Valtmeyer's success only through an Indian runner charged with letters from Sir John, by whom Valtmeyer also contrived to transmit intelligence from himself. The tidings from either spoke of the precarious condition of their party, and Bradshawe determined that, whatever course public affairs might take, his own private views should not necessarily be thwarted.

At present he thought only how he could best make sure of the prey which Valtmeyer had thus far secured for him.

That ruffian, immediately upon the seizure of his victim, had, by the aid of confederates, transported her to a lonely cabin upon the skirts of the settlements, where a thrifty innkeeper, privately associated with the outlaw in certain matters of business best known to themselves, maintained a small establishment, which he dignified with the name of his Dairy Farm.

The inn of mine host lay some miles distant from this possession upon the public highway. During the first months of the present troubles it had been used alike by both parties as a rendezvous for their public meetings. But as the cause of the Whigs advanced in popularity, the opposite faction appeared to have withdrawn their patronage from the house, though there were some shrewd surmises that the landlord did not therefore suffer in his coffers. But when it was whispered that the Dairy Farm harboured a nest of Tory spies, and served merely as a sort of scouting-post to collect political gossip from the inn below, the close inquiry that was at once instituted, followed by an examination of the tavern-keeper before a committee of safety, elicited nothing to inculcate that worthy, and, as every one thought, much injured individual.

An old black woman and a strapping mulatto lass, whose labours in the dairy were superintended, from time to time, by the pretty daughter of the proprietor, seemed the only permanent or occasional occupants of the place. The old woman was deaf and suffering from rheumatism; the mulatto seemed an exception to the generality of her quick-witted race, in being as stolid and stupid of intellect as she was simple and ignorant; and the pretty Tavy Winegar was known the country round as a sprightly, frank, and guileless girl, whom no one would think of making the depositary of a political secret. All suspicions about the Dairy Farm were allayed, and it became nearly as safe a house for the royalist partisans as ever, until the affair of the Hawksnest, subsequent to which the Tories had been shy of holding their secret meetings anywhere in this immediate neighbourhood.

Such was the spot to which Valtmeyer bore his prisoner; and here, having the two Africans to attend upon her, Alida had passed even months, with no signs of approaching rescue to cheer her solitude. Valtmeyer was often, though never for any length of time, absent from the house; and irksome as this imprisonment became, yet, though he proffered her the full range of the premises whenever his eye was there to watch her motions, this was just the season when confinement to her chamber became most welcome.

Long weeks wore on, and the hope of release became almost extinct

in her bosom. The summer was gone; autumn with its varied tints, made the forests around like one gorgeous bed of tulips to the eye. Winter was at hand, with all its icy rigours; yet the lapse of the seasons and the change of the foliage, as she viewed it from her window, was all that varied the monotonous hours of the unhappy Alida. Once, indeed, and only a few days after she was first immured in this lonely spot, her heart leaped as she heard the blithe tones of a gay young female voice beneath her window. But, flying to the casement, she was scarcely permitted to catch a glimpse of the young woman from whose lips came the cheering sound, before Valtmeyer had rushed into her apartment and rudely drawn her back from the window.

Upon two other occasions she heard the same tones at a distance; and once, before the autumn became sere, she had seen a stranger female afar off, gathering flowers upon the hillside, while a Canadian pony stood grazing near her. The next moment the country damsel leaped into her saddle, and galloping gayly past the house, guided her active pony amid the stumps of the clearing until she had reached the road, and soon after disappeared to the view of Alida. The sight of that free-limbed courser, and the thought of escape which its appearance suggested, awakened a fresh yearning for freedom that was all but maddening. But neither the horse nor the rider ever appeared again.

As the winter set in, however, a change of scene, if not a release from imprisonment, was soon to be realized by the unoffending captive. Bradshawe, alarmed for the security of his prey, had written to Valtmeyer by the runner who had brought him a missive from that worthy confederate, giving a glowing account of his successful adventure. His letter urged Valtmeyer to lose no time in moving Miss De Roos from so dangerous a neighbourhood. For Alida's friends were scouring the country round for traces of Thayendanagea's captive.

Her fickle-minded but high-spirited brother, so far from slackening in his endeavour to rescue her after the first ill-starred attempt already commemorated, had twice beaten up the Mohawk's quarters with a strong band of border yeomanry; nor did he give up dogging the movements of Brant until the chief had crossed the frontier and passed into Canada

for a season. Despairing, then, of recovering his sister by the means hitherto used, Derrick had made his way to the headquarters of the patriot army, where, offering his sword to his country, he lived in the hope of obtaining tidings of the lost Alida through the medium of the first flag of truce that should be sent to the royalist generals in Canada. Balt, too, the humble but zealous friend of the Hawksnest family, adopting less readily the belief that Brant had removed his captive across the frontier, had, after accompanying Derrick in his bootless wildwood quest at the north, renewed a diligent search among the haunts of the Tories nearer home.

It was the restless and prying offices of this faithful fellow—which Valtmeyer, with characteristic hardihood, seemed to make light of when detailing them to his employer—that awakened the anxiety of Bradshawe for the better security of his prize; and his letter designated a remarkable cavern in Schoharie County, well known both to the outlaw and his ruffian principal as the best retreat for security; and it commanded that, as soon as the winter snows should allow of easy and rapid transportation, a covered sleigh should convey Alida, her two attendants, and such furniture as would be indispensable to this dungeon fastness. A valuable farm on the German Flats, with the promised manumission of the African servants, who were the slaves of Bradshawe, was the promised reward for these services, if they should be faithfully and effectually rendered.

This letter was the last communication which Bradshawe had held with the lawless instrument of his crimes. He was now about to realize how far his behests had been obeyed. He burned with impatience to ascertain the result of Valtmeyer's machinations, and he ground his teeth in wrath at the thought that the momentary quailing of his spirit before that of Brant had betrayed his secret, endangered his final triumph over Alida, and perhaps compromised the safety alike of his confederate and himself. His horse had long since become way-worn and jaded; still it was scarcely possible that Brant, though he might have taken a more direct course for the cavern, could on foot accomplish the journey as soon as himself. His rage and vexation at the bare possibility were for a moment insupportable; and then, as he ferociously vented his feelings

upon his tired steed, struggling now with difficulty, through the deep snowdrifts, he became calmer the next instant upon remembering that Brant was alone, and that Valtmeyer, in performing his duty of castellan, might possibly despatch the officious and insolent Mohawk.

In the meantime, as the short winter's day approached to a close, Bradshawe himself began to suffer for the want of refreshment; and he was compelled to admit, at last, that it was impossible for his horse to proceed farther, and that he would prove useless on the morrow unless the wants of the animal were soon administered to. And, fortunately for both, an asylum soon presented itself in the deserted cabin of some fugitive settler, whom fear of the Indians had driven from his solitary clearing in the forest to some safer home.

A storm of rain and sleet set in a few moments after the horseman gained this welcome shelter; but he heeded not its peltings without, as after tethering his horse in one corner of the shanty, he kindled a fire upon the hearth, and by its light discovered a pile of unshocked corn, which he soon laid under contribution, both for himself and his steed. He foddered the horse, while still heated, with the dried blades and husks only, busying himself in the meantime with shelling the ears. The grain thus procured was partly pounded up, and, by the aid of snow-water, converted into hoe-cakes, which were soon roasting by the fire. The rest of it, with a dozen more loose ears, he placed before his horse after this frugal supper was served; nor did Bradshawe resign himself to rest before, like an experienced trooper, he had well groomed his noble steed, by using the husks and cobs of the maize as a substitute for the straw whisp and brush, to which the animal's glossy coat showed he was accustomed. His fire, in the meantime, he fed with an armful of fuel from the same pile which had supplied him with provisions. It blazed up so as to fill the whole cabin with a ruddy light as the dry blades were first ignited, crackled and sputtered for a few moments as the grains of corn became parched and split by the heat, and then subsided into a bed of glowing brands as the dry cobs were seized upon by the element.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be continued.)

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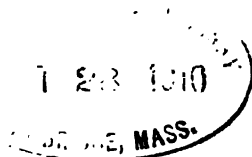
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AUGUST, 1910

No. 2

PAPERS RELATING TO THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

THE NON-IMPORTATION AGREEMENT OF THE CITIZENS OF BOSTON

These papers are of intense historical interest and are really the documents which fanned the flame, causing the separation of the Colonies from Great Britain.

The originals were sold at auction in Philadelphia in 1909, and several of them have never been published before, save in the auction catalogue.

August 1st, 1768.

"The Merchants & Traders in the Town of Boston having taken into consideration the deplorable Situation of the Trade & the many difficulties it at present Labours under, on Account of the scarcity of money which is daily increasing, for want of other remittances to discharge our Debts in Great Britain, & the large Sums collected by the Officers of the Customs for duties on Goods Imported; The heavy Taxes levied to discharge the Debts contracted by the Government in the late War, The Embarrassments and Restrictions laid on trade by severall late Acts of Parliament, together with the bad success of our Cod Fishery this Season, & the discouraging prospect of the Whale Fishery by which our principle sources of Remittances are like to be greatly diminished & we thereby rendered unable to pay the debts we owe the Merchants in Great Britain, and to continue the importation of Goods from thence—

We the subscribers in order to relieve the Trade under those discouragements to promote Industry Frugality & Oeconomy & to discourage Luxury & every kind of Extravagance, do promise & Engage to and with each other as follows—

1st. That we will not send for or Import from Great Britain either

upon our own Account or Upon Commissions this Fall any other Goods than what are already ordered for the Fall Supply.

2d. That we will not send for or import any kind of Goods or Merchandise from Great Britain either on our own Account or on Commissions or any otherwise from the 1st Jany 1769 to the 1st Jany 1770 Except Salt, Coals, Fish hooks & Lines, Hemp & Duck, Barr Lead & Shott, Wool Cards & Card Wire.

3d. That we will not purchase of any Factor or others any kind of Goods imported from G. Britain from Jany 1769 to Jany 1770.

4th. That we will not import on our own Account or on Commissions or purchase of any who shall import from any other Colony in America from Jany 1769 to Jany 1770 any Tea, Glass, Paper or other Goods commonly imported from Great Britain.

5th. That we will not from & after the first of Jany 1769, Import into this Province any Tea, Paper, Glass or Painter's Colours untill the Act imposing Duties on those Articles shall be repealed, in witness whereof we have hereunto sett our hands this first Day of August 1768—"

THE CALL FOR THE MEETING AT FANEUIL HALL

Notification

(Printed Broadside.) At a meeting of the Freeholders and other Inhabitants of the Town of Boston, qualified as the Law directs, are hereby notified to meet at Faneuil-Hall on Monday the 12th Day of September Currant, at Nine o'clock, A. M. then and there to take into consideration what Measures are most proper to be adopted under the present critical aspect of the Times; agreeable to a Petition of a Number of the Inhabitants for that Purpose; And to act upon such other Matters as may properly come before said meeting. By order of the Select-Men, William Cooper, Town Clerk. Boston, September 10, 1768.

This is really the call for a meeting, the prime factor of which was to resist, with force if necessary, the landing and quartering of troops in Boston, which were being sent there by Great Britain to enforce the collecting and levying of taxes which the colonies had objected to.

ACCOUNT OF THE MEETING AT FANEUIL HALL

(Printed Broadside). At a meeting of the Freeholders and other Inhabitants of the Town of Boston, legally qualified and warn'd in public Town Meeting assembled, at Faneuil-Hall, on Monday the 12th of September, A. D. 1768. The meeting was opened with Prayer by the Reverend Dr. Cooper. The Honorable James Otis, Esq., was unanimously chosen Moderator. . . . Attest William Cooper, Town Clerk.

This meeting was called for the purpose of protesting against Great Britain quartering soldiers in the Town of Boston, or in fact any part of the American colonies for the purpose of collecting taxes unjustly imposed upon them, and this publication gives an account of the meeting in full, of their address to Gov. Bernard requesting upon him to call an extra session of the Assembly "for the preservation of our rights and privileges." Gov. Bernard's refusal and reason why. The resolutions passed in reference to the impending trouble, in which they made this extraordinary resolve, which was really the first attempt at armed resistance under the cover of protecting themselves against invasion by the French: "And forasmuch, as by a good and wholesome Law of the Province, every listed Soldier and other Householder (except Troops, who by Law are otherwise to be provided) shall be always provided with a well fixed Firelock, Musket, Accoutrement and Ammunition, as is in said Law particularly mentioned, to the Satisfaction of the Commission Officers of the Company: And as there is at this Time a prevailing apprehension in the minds of many, of an approaching War with France; in order that the Inhabitants of the Town may be prepared in case of sudden Danger. Voted, That those of the said Inhabitants, who may at the present be unprovided be and hereby are Requested duly to observe the said Law at this Time." A resolution was also adopted at this meeting, favoring a Convention of Delegates representing all the towns of the Province to meet in Boston 10 days later, and naming Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Thomas Cushing and James Otis to represent Boston at that convention.

A MESSAGE TO THE KING

THE CONVENTION OF DELEGATES FROM EVERY TOWN IN THE PROVINCE,
SEPTEMBER 22-28, 1768, APPOINT A COMMITTEE TO
DRAFT THIS IMPORTANT LETTER

Thomas Cushing was speaker of the Colonial House of Representatives of Massachusetts, Member of the Provincial Congress of 1774 and received the Hutchinson letters from Dr. Franklin. The letter is 7 pp. 4to., dated Boston, Sept. 27, 1768. Signed as Chairman. (The letter is the handwriting of William Cooper, the Town Clerk of Boston.)

Of the most vital Historical interest, undoubtedly the original letter sent to Dennis De Berdt, Colonial Agent, London, and bears the endorsement on the back. "Thos. Cushing, Chairman, Boston, Sept. 27. Received Nov. 4. Postage 2/4 per Capt. Scott."

BOSTON, September 27, 1768.

SIR:

The Inhabitants of a number of Towns within this Province having at their several Town Meetings legally called, taken under their most mature consideration the great & prevailing uneasiness among the people of the province in general; Arising from an apprehension that their charter and constitutional rights and liberties are infring'd by the late Acts of Parliament for the raising a Revenue in America, without their consent; and also from the immediate prospect of a standing army to enforce the execution of these acts, at this time when they may reasonably hope the late dutiful & loyal supplications of their Representatives for a redress of the grievance is under the consideration of our gracious Sovereign, from whose wisdom and clemency they expect relief: And being deprived of the benefit of a General Assembly: His Excellency the Governor having dissolved the same at an unusual season and in an unusual manner declaring that he does not think himself at liberty to call a new one, till he shall receive further orders from his Majesty. The said Towns have severally made choice of Committee Men to meet together to consult & advise to such measures as may tend to promote the peace and good order of his Majesty's Subjects in this Province at so alarming and distressing a crisis. And being convened for the purpose aforesaid at Boston, we have taken the earliest opportunity to assure the Governor of the Province, and the world in our petition affix'd to his Excellency

which we caused immediately to be published and is herewith enclosed, that we disclaim all pretensions to any authorative and governmental acts; and you will please observe by a copy of our whole proceedings now sent to you, that we have strictly adhered to the express design of our Convention—

We have taken the Liberty to write to you as a known friend of the Province, and to beg the favor of you to use your kind endeavor to prevent any misrepresentations of our meeting and proceedings which our Enemies may be ready to make. We flatter ourselves you may from this instance be enabled to afford to his Majesty's Ministers, and the good people of Britain a fresh token of the loyalty of our respective towns to his Majesty, their attachment to his government and love of peace and good order.

We wish and pray for the happy time when a national attention shall be given to the grievances we labor under and the true source of them, when such a period shall come we are persuaded that the union and harmony which has hitherto subsisted between Great Britain & the Colonies, and upon which the wellfare of both undoubtedly depends will be confirm'd and established.

The Present discontent we apprehend originally arose from the Nations having been informed of the ability of ye people here to pay considerable duty & Taxes; whoever made such a representation surely did not attend duly to the heavy load of debt lying upon the province incurred chiefly by our expences in defending and enlarging his Majesty's American Territories in the last war, which was borne by the people with the greatest alacrity. The nation being itself involved in a heavy debt, was easily induced to avail herself of the supposed affluence of the Colonies, and unfortunately as they apprehend took such a measure as will naturally awaken the Jealousy of every free & sensible people, namely by passing acts to tax them without their consent.

The late Stamp Act made for this purpose was ordered repealed, But other acts of the same nature & tendency tho' perhaps not so apparently obnoxious, are in full force and dayly executing.

The people in consequence complained of these Acts as being abridge-

ments of such constitutional rights as are laid deep in the foundation of nature; but these complaints have been represented as arising from a spirit of faction, disloyalty & rebellion. Their most dutiful and loyal petitions to his Majesty they have been informed by the last advice from London had not reach'd the Royal presence: Nay his Majesty as they are told has been assured that his Subjects of this Province have even attempted to excite the same spirit among his other Colonies, by a circular letter, the only purport of which was to acquaint them of their having petitioned for relief from the common grievance with hope of success from the Royal clemency In order to raise the Jealousy of the Nation, the most trifling incidents have been wrought up to the highest pitch of aggravation by persons who still find means to gain a credit there. We shall only recur to the most recent instances.

On the 18th March last being the anniversary of the repeal of the stamp act and observed as a day of rejoicing, a few disorderly persons mostly boys assembled in the evening; paraded some of the Streets and finally repaired to the house of John Williams, Esq., the Inspector General. Whether their design was to do him an injury or not, by his address and soft treatment of them together with the interposition of some of the neighbouring householders, they soon retired and dispersed, without doing any mischief at all. His Majesty's Council in their answer to the Governor which is enclosed have declared this to be too inconsiderable to make it a subject of representation, and that it could not have been made the subject of so injurious a one but by persons disposed to bring misery and distress upon the Town and Province, and their declaration it is said has given great offence to the Governor.

There was indeed on the 10 of June following something that had rather more of the appearance of riot, but it was only of a few hours existence & with very little mischief. But as we are informed that the town of Boston have already given you a full account of this affair supported by affidavits, we shall not give you the further trouble of reciting it but refer you to their letter. It is however to be observed that if the Inhabitants of that Town had been disposed to give the least countenance to the riot, so exasperated were the people at the extraordinary & unusual exertion of the Naval power when there could be no apprehension that

the King's Officers would be in the least measure molested in the due execution of lawful power as well as at the haughty behavior of the Commissioners of the Customs, that the least countenance would have been sufficient to have led them on to extremity, but they soothed them and the people soon dispers'd after having broke a few panes of Glass not to the value of five pounds. We cannot help taking notice here of a notorious instance of the inveterate temper of our enemies, in a representation made of this riotous assembly having burnt a beautiful Barge belonging to the Collector of the Custom before Mr. Hancock's door. As this worthy Gentleman sustains a public character, and is one of the principal Inhabitants in the Province, it is apparent that the malice of the writer of that letter was not confined to a single Gentleman, but extended to the public. The truth is the Barge was burnt on a Common surrounded with Gentleman's Seats, and the scene was not more before Mr. Hancock's door, than that of divers other Gentlemen in the neighbourhood, the mean insinuation that it was done under the influence of Mr. Hancock is so far from the least shadow of truth, that it is notorious here that the tumult was finally dispers'd principally by his exertions; animated by his known regard to peace and good order. His Majesty's Council afterwards gave a just account of the occasion of this riot & repeatedly desired that the Governor would order the same to be made public but without success. Care was taken however by those who to speak in the softer terms are unfriendly to us, to transmit this affair to the Nation in as aggravated a light as to increase to a high degree, and we cannot indeed wonder that when such false representations are made by persons as we have reason to believe of rank & figure here our Mother Country should for a while give credit to them, & under an apprehension of general insurrection should send a military force to subdue a People if we may be allowed to say it. At least as orderly & well affected, as sensible of their Just rights and yet as patient under oppression till they can be constitutionally relieved as any in his Majesty's Empire—

Nothing we apprehend is wanting to restore a much desired harmony but for his Majesty Subjects on both sides the Atlantick fully to explain themselves to each other which is not likely to be done thro' the medium of interested & designing men. Such men would not scruple to raise their fortunes though at the ruin of the Empire—Could such men be removed,

the Nation's attention to the calm voice of reason which we humbly apprehend has been uttered by the Colonies, would soon view the disposition of the Colonies, we may at least be allowed to say that of this Province, in its Just rights and be convinced that it is their strongest inclination as well as in their power to add strength & riches to the Mother State, and administer to the splendor of the British Crown.

Facsimile

Notification.

THE Freeholders and other Inhabitants of the Town of *Boston*, qualified as the Law directs, are hereby Notified to meet at *Faneuil-Hall* on MONDAY the 12th Day of *September* Curreant, at Nine o'Clock, A. M. then and there to take into Consideration what Measures are most proper to be adopted under the present critical Aspect of the Times ; agreeable to a Petition of a Number of the Inhabitants for that Purpose : And to act upon such other Matters as may properly come before said Meeting.

By Order of the Select-Men,

William Cooper, Town-Clerk.

Boston, September 10, 1768.

Thus we have given you a full account of the occasion nature & design of our convening which is by no means to assume to ourselves any authority of Government, but only as a number of private fellow Subjects met together to consult & advise the most effectual measures to promote the peace and good order of his Majesty's Subjects at this very difficult & distressing time. We herewith enclose to you an humble dutiful & loyal petition to our most gracious Sovereign, which we beg the favor of you present to his Majesty in person as speedily as possible, we rest in strict truth and with great respect &c.

At the desire & in behalf of the Committee,

THOMAS CUSHING, *Chairman.*

THIS HIGHLY IMPORTANT HISTORICAL PAPER WRITTEN BY WM. COOPER, TOWN CLERK, AND SIGNED BY THOS. CUSHING "*At the desire and in behalf of the Committee*" CONTAINS PRACTICALLY ALL THAT IS EXTANT ON THAT SUBJECT, AS DILIGENT AND CAREFUL SEARCH FAILS TO REVEAL ANY COPIES OF THE SAME EITHER IN PRINT OR MANUSCRIPT. EARLY IN 1768 GOV. BERNARD DISSOLVED THE LEGALLY ELECTED ASSEMBLY OF THE PROVINCE, AND THE CONVENTION REFERRED TO IN THIS LETTER MET FOR THE PURPOSE OF CALLING THE ATTENTION OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD PERSONALLY TO THE TRUE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE COLONIES. THE GOVERNOR REFUSED TO RECONVENE THE ASSEMBLY UNDER THE FLIMSY PRETENSE OF NOT HAVING THE POWER WITHOUT THE CONSENT OF THE KING. IN REFERENCE TO THIS CONVENTION, BRADFORD, IN HIS HISTORY OF BOSTON VOL. 3 P. 24 SAYS "*On the 12th of September, a meeting of the town was called.*" "*Proposed a convention of delegates from the several towns to meet in Boston in 10 days.*" "*On Sep. 22nd Delegates from more than one hundred Towns assembled. . . Remained in session four days.*" (WINSOR, in his MEMORIAL HISTORY OF BOSTON VOL. 3 P. 25, SAYS 6 DAYS). . . *The Governor was petitioned to call an Assembly. . . He refused to receive the petition. A Report was prepared and published in which they disclaimed all legislative and governmental Authority and as it was reported the petition of the late Assembly had not been presented to the King, We hoped their complaint would reach the ears of their Gracious Sovereign.*" p. 167. *This meeting was represented to Genl. Gage as designed for purposes of con-*

spiracy. . . Troops were then ordered into the Town." PAGE 174.
"The petition was also offered in the House of Commons . . when it was known that the body had no legal existence . . the petition was not allowed to be referred." WINSOR (VOL. 3 P. 25) SAYS 'The convention met on Sept. 22nd and was composed of Representatives of nearly every Settlement in the Province. . . The same Officers were chosen for Chairman and Clerk that filled those positions in the late Assembly. . . THE GOVERNOR WAS PETITIONED TO "cause an Assembly to be immediately convened. . . He refused to receive the petition and denounced the Convention as Illegal, advising the members to separate at once or they would repent their rashness. The Convention remained in session six days. . . A Respectful petition to the King was prepared, in which they wholly disclaimed the charge of a rebellious spirit . . when the proceedings of the convention were submitted to the Attorney General and to the Solicitor General in England to ascertain if they were treasonable, both declared that they were not. . . Look into the papers, said De Grey, and see how these Americans are versed in the Crown Law. I doubt whether they have been guilty of an overt act of treason, but I am sure they have come within a hair's breadth of it."

NOTE—A search of the files of the *Massachusetts Gazette, News-Letters, and Post Boy* of Sept. 8th, 12th 15th, 19th, 22d, 26th, 29th, Oct. 3d, 6th, 1768, being every number issued during these five weeks failed to reveal any Report whatsoever of the proceedings of this important convention and as it was unofficial and not a continuous organization, records of the proceedings have not been preserved.

THE SUPPRESSED LETTER TO DENNIS DE BERDT, AGENT FOR THE COLONY IN GREAT BRITAIN

Signed by John Hancock also by Joshua Henshaw, Joseph Jackson, John Ruddock, John Rowe, Saml. Pemberton and Henderson Inches.

This highly important Historical Letter is endorsed on the back, *Select Men of Boston*. Received Decr. 27th. Answered by the packet ship of Jan. 2, 1769.

SIR: BOSTON, November 12th., 1768.

The present deplorable condition of this Town, especially since the arrival of his Majesty's troops, is the occasion of our troubling you with this letter; and altho' we have no pretensions as selectmen of the town, to address you in your public character as Agent for this province, yet we flatter ourselves that you will excuse the freedom we take in applying to you as a true friend to Britain & the Colonies, when we apprehend the

interest and welfare of both requires it: No honest man can be indifferent when public measures appear to be taken destructive of the common cause of their Country, such is the apprehension of all judicious & sober men here, whose idea of this country is not local but extended to the whole British Empire.

Indeed Sir, the Town of Boston have as just a sense of their duty and are as warmly attached to their Sovereign, as any of his subjects either in Europe or America; must it not then give pain to them to be treated in such a manner as evidently proves them to be suspected, not barely of being disorderly & tumultuous, but even rebellious! this must be the sentiment which Administration entertains of us; otherwise whence is it that we are unfortunately changed from a free City to an almost garrison state? Time we doubt not will alter this sentiment; but it is much to be feared will not effect it till by discouragements and hardships we shall be render'd useless to our mother country, if not totally ruin'd.

The Continent of America has loudly complain'd of the late revenue acts, their true sentiments have been so explicitly declared that the nation cannot be ignorant of them, if we have reason'd falsely upon the subject, should we not be convinced by sound reason—military power may indeed reduce us to a slavish subjection, but such sort of argument was never calculated to enlighten the understanding, and induce a willing obedience; When we thus speak the language of truth and nature, our enemies misconstrue it into a secret intention to throw off a constitutional dependence on the authority of Great Britain, but we appeal to every public declaration of this town; if any principles are to be found in those declarations, which are not founded in, or fairly deduced from the British constitution, the common right of all British subjects, we are ready to retract the error—But our enemies have a more secret way of attacking us, & ungenerously stab us in the dark; and some of them having a credit with the great at home, by reason of their stations here, have not scrupled by private informations falsely to charge Individuals with criminal speech or behavior, and have even made use of anonymous publications in the news papers and represented them as specimens of the disposition of the whole; In short we are reduced to a situation much like that of Rome in its time of degeneracy, when street conversation was picked up by persons as public pimps to form the measures of public administration.

The cause of America we are sensible is extremely unpopular in Britain, this is our misfortune; for the nation is by this means disposed more readily to harken to reports to our prejudice and indeed to pour upon us her legions to secure our fidelity, rather than any longer to depend upon a more Solid bottom, and which after all is the only security worth her dependance AN ENGLISH AFFECTION; as an evidence of this we need only recur to the inclosed declaration of his Majesty's Council of this Province wherein you will observe that the reason assigned for ordering two regiments from Halifax to this place was a riot said to have happen'd on the 18th of March last, and those from Ireland were ordered in consequence of another riot on the 10th of June last, the former of which in the opinion of the Council and indeed of ours, was too inconsiderable to be made the subject of representation and that it could not have been made the subject of so injurious a one; but by persons disposed to bring misery and distress upon the Town and Province; with respect to the other the council observes that it seems to have sprung wholly from those who complain'd of it, and that it seems probable an uproar was hoped for and intended to be raised by the manner of proceeding in making the seizure of the Sloop Liberty, and Council further declare unanimously that the civil power does not need the support of troops, and that it is not for his Majesty's Service nor the peace of the province that any troops should be required. This Sir is the opinion of gentlemen who are sworn to give faithful advice & whose Integrity and Judgment the governor must be supposed to rely upon, Since he expressly approved of them as fit for their important trust.

But however unnecessary the ordering of troops here in reality was, means have been found to make it appear to administration to be necessary.—

The introduction of troops among a people conscious of their unrival'd loyalty, and love of order who have never interrupted the operation of the revenue acts, nor given the least occasion for the commissioners of the customs to apprehend any danger to themselves or their officers, must be in the highest degree disgustful; yet unwelcome as they are in the disagreeable light of a military government, the utmost decorum has been observed on the part of the inhabitants, we wish we could say this of the

troops, the warlike parade of the Ships of war which encircle the town, the hostile appearance of the troops in landing, their quartering themselves in the body of the town instead of the barracks, provided for them, in open defiance of an act of parliament, and the behavior of too many of them particularly that of captain Willson of which you have affidavits inclosed; in short the full possession they have taken of the town, breaking up ground and erecting a building upon the property of the town against the remonstrance of the owner, would give a stranger an idea of us not as the free and loyal subjects of the best of Kings, but as conquered by a foreign power—their whole proceedings and the circumstances relating thereto appear to have been truly narrated by an unknown hand in a New York paper, which we herewith send you for your perusal.—

With regard to the quartering those troops in the body of the town, and not in the barracks provided for them at the Castle we think it necessary particularly to explain it to you that the act of parliament entitled an act for preventing mutiny and desertion, in that part of it which relates to the quartering of troops in America; seems to intend the doing it with all possible convenience to his Majesty's subjects in civil communities—accordingly the Military officer is altogether restrain'd from quartering himself and his Soldiers, this being to be done by the civil officer according to the direction of the act, if any colony inclines to be at the expense of providing barracks, here the troops are to be quartered, and in *no case* in any other place till they are full, after which they are to be put into Inns, livery stables and uninhabited dwelling houses, and this by the civil officers *only*, if these should be filled further provision is then to be made by the governor and council; now this colony has been a great expence in providing barracks at the castle, which is not at a distance of three miles from the body of the town and within the city limits, the barracks are in the best order and capable of containing one thousand men, yet they have been absolutely refused, and the Officers have hired houses some of them at extravagant rents, and quartered the soldiers therein to the great annoyance of the inhabitants; the only plea for their acting contrary both to the letter of an act of parliament, as well as putting the Crown to so extraordinary an expence, is that the intention of the troops would be otherwise defeated which is to aid the civil majestates in suppressing riots; if this plea is admitted, the Idea is changed from MARCHING TROOPS

into a STANDING ARMY, thus we are first charged as rebellious & then punished for it without a hearing. If we are innocent of the charge, the punishment is unjust; we are then upon a footing of a leige subjects, and if the King's subjects are secured by the Bill of Rights from the inconvenience of having *a standing army posted among them* without their consent in parliament—have we not a right of complaint that this is done without our consent.

In short, according to the present appearance of things it is much to be feared that the unhappy difference which has too long subsisted between the Mother country and colonies is not likely soon to subside—we and all good men wish for an accommodation upon the rooting of equity and the principles of the British constitution, if Britain hearkens to the accounts of interested men she may render her colonies forever useless to her—if she treats them with justness and tenderness she may depend on their affections, and her own glory and riches will be advanced in proportion as they increase in number.—

This town in particular can truly boast of a loyalty inferior to none of his Majesty's subjects, whoever has otherwise represented them, has greatly affronted and injured them, yet they are now oppressed with troops, the power of civil majestates has already been opposed as appears by Mr. Cudworth's deposition, Citizens frequently affronted, abused, & wounded, and even our town watch our only security in the night insulted, as is evident from the watchmens depositions inclosed * our servants corrupted & inticed to murder their masters, in short we are hastening to all the calamities of a compleat military government, which in a city is worse than anarchy itself—at present the town is patiently hoping for relief, and we entreat you Sir, to make use of your influence that our unhappy circumstances may be known to those who have it in their power to obtain our relief.

We remain

with great respect

Your most humble

Servants.—

JOSHUA HENSHAW
JOSEPH JACKSON
JOHN RUDDOCK

JOHN HANCOCK
JOHN ROWE

SAML. PEMBERTON
HENDERSON INCHES

Selectmen of Boston.

DENNIS DEBERDT, Esq.

* Watchman's Affidavit, Boston, November 5, 1768. Folio. Attested to before and signed by John Ruddock, Justice of the Peace. Endorsed on the back, Watchman's Affidavit 5 November, 1768.

This is the suppressed letter from the selectmen of Boston of November 12, 1768, to Dennis De Berdt, Esq., Colonial Agent in London. It is in the handwriting of William Cooper, the Boston Town Clerk. The contents being treasonable, its publication was suppressed by action of the Selectmen of Boston. (See Report of Record Commissioners Minutes November 9, 1768. "Mr. Ruddock and Mr. Pemberton were appointed a committee to draft a letter to Mr. Agent De Bert relative to a state of our affairs.")

Page 315—Meeting, November 12, 1768. Present—Henshaw, Jackson, Ruddock, Rowe, Pemberton, Inches. Voted "That a letter, original of which is on file and of this date, be sent Mr. Deberdt, and a copy thereof, with the necessary alterations to John Pownall, Esq." Meeting November 14, 1768. ORDERED BY THE SELECTMEN THAT NO COPY OF THE LETTERS TO MR. POWNALL AND MR. DEBERDT BE TAKEN OR GIVEN OUT BY THE CLERK.

Winsor's *Memorial History of Boston*, Vol. 3, p. 26, foot note 2, "There is in the Charity Building Collection a draft of a letter from the Selectmen Nov. 12, 1768, to Pownall and Deberdt as indorsed by Wm. Cooper on the present deplorable condition of this town—changed from a free city to an almost garrison state."

The draft referred to by Mr. Winsor is not now in the remnant of that collection, which is in a large scrap-book in charge of the Boston City Registrar, nor in the Archives of the City Clerk. The most diligent and exhaustive search failed to reveal a draft in manuscript, and no printed copy is known to be extant, since a thorough search of the Boston weekly and semi weekly papers for the entire month of November, 1768, proves it to have been suppressed at the time it was written for transmission to Europe.

The endorsement to this and the preceding letter proves beyond peradventure that they were the original papers which were sent to Dennis De Berdt, the Colonial Agent in Europe, through the hands of Arthur Lee who acted as agent of the Selectmen of Boston at the time. Lee having failed in his mission to have the case of the colonies presented personally to the King, returned to America, and these letters together with the two following lots were found among his papers.

This is the affidavit of the watchmen, Benjamin Burdick and Edward Langford, which is referred to in the preceding letter of the Selectmen of Boston, and which was sent at the same time to Dennis De Berdt, Colonial Agent at London. It reads as follows:

BOSTON, November ye 5, 1768.

At two o'clock in the Morning Benjamin Burdick Constable of the Watch & Edward Langford a proper Watch Man being upon our rounds returning to our Watch House meeting with three Officers as we gave the

Time of Night they gave the Time of Night in answer to us with a great noise in the streets and we hailed them & they came up to us & call'd us damd Scoundrels & swore by God they would put the Constable in Irons then we retired to our Watch House Then he went to the Guard gave the command not to suffer the Watch to hail any Body in the street we told them our orders were to hail every Body that walked the streets & we should obey Our Order then they replied God damne you you scoundrels I will pull you out of the House & put you in Irons & all the answer I gave them was as thus. Gentlemen I am sorry to see you behave in such a Manner in the Street & they still kept cursing and daming of us & we never receiv'd so much abuse in our lives.

BENJAMIN BURDICK
EDWARD LANGFORD

Suffolk s. s. November 10 1768 then appeared Benjamin Burdick & Edward Langford Subscribers to the above written deposition & having been carefully examined and cautioned, made oath to of the same.

Coram JOHN RUDDOCK Just pacis.



TWO PATRIOTS OF BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS

ON the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, three men marched with the Brookline companies from the village green, out over Harvard Street and across lots, towards Lexington.

Two of these men were brothers, Colonel Thomas and Dr. William Aspinwall; the third was their cousin, Isaac Gardner.

You* all know how, when they reached North Cambridge, they met Lord Percy's troops returning to Boston, and in the skirmish which followed, Isaac Gardner fell, pierced by twelve bullet and bayonet wounds. Dr. Aspinwall, with half a company, pursued the enemy toward Charlestown, making great havoc in their ranks, with his shots, although he fired from the left shoulder, being blind in one eye.

By the time the British reached Charlestown, the volunteers were too scattered to reunite, so each man returned home "the nighest way he could." Dr. Aspinwall went, with Mr. Heath, on the following morning to search for Mr. Gardner and found his body under an apple tree, with so many wounds that it seemed unwise to bring him home by daylight. They went again under cover of night and conveyed him to one of the Aspinwall houses, near the church on Aspinwall Avenue.

He was secretly buried, in order to prevent any demonstration by the towns-people, and his loss was deeply mourned, far and near.

An obituary poem, published April 21, 1775, says:

"O Squire Gardner's death we feel,
And sympathizing mourn,
Let's drop a tear, when it we tell
And view his hapless urn."

The Aspinwall brothers and Isaac Gardner were, by descent and affiliation, representative Brookline men.

The Gardners came to America, in the ship *Safety*, in 1635, settled somewhat later in Brookline and left many descendants.

* This address was made at a meeting of the Johanna Aspinwall Chapter, D. A. R., in Brookline.

Their families were large, their men good and influential citizens, and their women active in the home.

Thomas Gardner, the third in descent from the original Thomas, was born at Muddy River, now Brookline, in 1645. He was a farmer, a physician, a lieutenant in the militia and a deacon of the church, and held beside a number of town offices, and in 1718 was elected Representative to the General Court.

He was one of the signers of the early petition of Brookline to be allowed a separate right to have Selectmen and all the rights belonging to a township. Muddy River was a small village then, but able to pay for the support of its school, which was situated in what was then the centre of the town, just above us on the hill, on the triangular piece of ground on Walnut Street, west of the present Unitarian Church.

This first petition was presented in 1700 and it may be the luck in odd numbers that took three petitions to bring the matter to a successful issue. The names of Gardner and Aspinwall appear many times on these petitions, as do other names which are and always have been closely identified with Brookline and its interests.

Of Thomas Gardner's nine children, Caleb and Isaac, two of the younger are the only ones whose fortunes we will follow.

Isaac married Susanna Heath and they had but one child, the patriot Isaac, who was killed by the British while fighting for the liberty of his country.

He was born in 1726, graduated from Harvard at the age of 21, was a farmer by occupation and held almost every office in the gift of the town, from 1751 until his death.

Susannah, the eldest of his ten children, married Dr. William Aspinwall the year after her father's death, making still another tie of relationship between the two families.

Caleb Gardner, the other son of Thomas, was born in 1682. He, also, was prominent in affairs, being a farmer, a Lieutenant and a Captain in the militia and held several town offices, among them that of Selectman at intervals from 1718 to 1729.

His first wife was Abial Phipps, the grand-daughter of Deputy-Governor Thomas Danforth, who was President of the District of Maine for many years. It was during her lifetime that the following record was made:

"At a meeting of the Inhabitants of Brooklin, Regularly assembled on Dec. 2nd, 1713, Mr. Caleb Gardner Jr. did offer and tender freely to Give and Bequeath, ratifie and confirme unto the Town of Brooklin, above said, a Pc. of Land nigh to his Dwelling House, lyeing west ward therefrom on the left hand of the Roadway, Leading to Roxbury where on to build a Meeting House for the Publick Worship of God."

"Voted, that Luet. Thomas Gardner, Leut. Samuel Aspinwall and others be a Committee for the sd. Town to treat with Mr. Caleb Gardner above sd. about the Bounds of said piece of Land and to desire of him a Legal Conveighance and Confirmation thereof to said Town &c."

Many other votes were made that day with reference to this matter, and the townspeople showed a thrifty spirit in their acceptance of the gift, judging from the records, which show that a hard bargain was driven.

Caleb Gardner's home was not far from the house where we are being entertained and the church land was where the parsonage now stands. It will be interesting to note that the meeting house was not raised until 1714, a good many years after the land was given, but Brookline was poor indeed in those days. The first meeting house had fourteen seats built around the wall, a flight of stairs leading to the gallery for men, and one on the other side, leading to the gallery for women. The first congregation consisted of thirty-nine members.

Caleb Gardner married for his second wife, Elizabeth Phipps of Portsmouth, N. H., a niece of his first wife. His neighbors were so incensed at this second marriage, that it caused his removal to Newport, R. I., where he engaged in the West India trade, became affluent and much respected.

His children numbered nine, the second of whom was Johanna, our Chapter Mother. She was born in Brookline, May 27, 1713. Like most women before the days of clubs and patriotic societies, she was

"seen and not heard," but her good deeds lived after her in the lives of her sons and daughters, whose bravery and nobility of character testified to the motherly care and devotion which made them what they were.

She was married at the early age of fifteen, to Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, a man fourteen years her senior.

They had eleven children, or twelve as the Church records show; two of whom were named Mary. It was not an uncommon thing to duplicate names in those days, and the most careful search has not enabled me to ascertain whether the Church or Town Records were accurate in this particular.

The Aspinwalls were among the earliest settlers of the colony. Peter Aspinwall came from Toxteth Park, near Liverpool, England, in 1650, to Dorchester and after a short residence there, bought one hundred and fifty acres at Muddy River, where in 1660, he built the house, one of the first in this town, which stood until 1891 on the land through which Aspinwall Avenue now runs.

The house faced the south and was surrounded by a beautiful growth of trees. One of the elms is said to have antedated the house by several years, and two others, its seedlings, were set out by Peter's eldest son, Samuel; one near the house and destroyed when the house was torn down and the other still standing, across the street.

The first Muddy River marriage recorded is that of Peter Aspinwall to Remember Palfrey, of Reading, February 12, 1661, by Governor John Endicott. They had seven sons and three daughters.

Mary, one of the youngest children, married Sam Baker, of Northampton, and it is said that "one of her children had red hair and was rather plain looking, which was uncommon in the Aspinwall family."

Samuel, Peter's eldest son, was called a military hero. He joined Sir William Phipps in an expedition to Port Royal and was afterwards Captain of a Brookline Company. It is even said that he faced without fear a lion, kept by a travelling showman in a shoeshop in the village,

and which some of his townsmen stirred up to roar, by way of playing a practical joke on the doughty Captain.

Coming up the Charles River in his canoe, one day, Captain Samuel saw a paddle sticking in the mud and in trying to reach it, lost his balance, fell in and was drowned.

He was buried with military honors in the burying ground on Walnut Street near the First Parish Church. Miss Woods in her excellent history of Brookline speaks of Captain Aspinwall's death and burial, and says: "It was doubtless the topic of conversation among neighbors when they met, for weeks after and with what superstitious awe they looked upon the fore-runner or 'warning' as they probably considered it, that he should have selected for his morning reading at family devotions the 27th Chapter of Proverbs, beginning, 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.'"

Captain Samuel had seven children, an unfashionably small number for those days.

The fourth child, Thomas, was born, May 21, 1698.

He was a lieutenant in his father's company, was active in the town, holding many offices, lived and died in the old house.

Both he and his wife, Johanna, died before the outbreak of the Revolution, she in 1773 and he in the following year.

Their eldest child was Elizabeth, who married Captain Benjamin White, a member of one of the old Brookline families and a most important man of affairs.

He was chosen to represent the town as a delegate to three Congresses, the one held in Faneuil Hall in September, 1768, "to discuss the rights and grievances of the Province"; the one in Concord, and the third in Watertown, in May, 1775, at which he may have met Ethan Allen.

Of the four sons of Johanna Aspinwall, but two lived to take part in the great struggle for liberty.

The eldest, Samuel, from whom I derive my descent, was born in 1731, was twice married but died at the age of 38, some years before the war; his grandson, however, Joseph Goddard, a lad of fourteen, did his country good service, in driving the ox cart over to Concord the night before the battle, laden with ammunition, which had been stored in his father's barn for some time; and later, helped take to Dorchester Heights the cannon which so surprised General Howe, when the fog cleared, one memorable morning.

One other son, Caleb, died at the age of 26, fourteen years before the Revolution. All the daughters, save one, who lived to an age of maturity married, but we have no especial record of interest, beyond the name of their husbands, the date of their marriage and the number of their children, except of Katherine.

An extract from a letter written by her husband, George Green, to Joseph Green, in 1770, says: "I took unto myself a wife, of the daughters of Brookline, of the tribe of Aspinwall, a virtuous, innocent, beautiful young creature, who it seems could not do without me, and we have one fine son."

We now come to the two sons, Thomas and William, of whom I spoke at the beginning of my sketch.

Thomas, the elder was born in 1734, his wife was Lucy Sparhawk and they lived on what is now Sewall Avenue. He held a Colonel's commission and commanded the fort at Sewall's Point, which doubtless did much service in preventing the depredations of the enemy, as it commanded the Charles River.

This fort, which mounted six guns, was in a good state of preservation, up to the time when the Worcester Railroad was built, and it is said that Washington visited it when on a tour of inspection, at the time of his residence in Cambridge.

Dr. William Aspinwall lived in the old house. He was born in 1743 and married Susannah Gardner, the daughter of the patriot Isaac.

He was a graduate of Harvard and later studied medicine under Dr. Gale in Connecticut.

It is said that on the call to arms on the day of Concord fight, he was attired in the red coat that he was accustomed to wear, but on the advice of a friend doffed it, that he might not be taken for a Britisher.

After this battle, in which he did distinguished service, he applied for a commission, but by the advice of his friend, Doctor Joseph Warren, decided to serve in the medical department and to "save Yankees instead of killing British."

In 1775, he was surgeon at St. Thomas' Hospital in Roxbury and three years later we hear of him in Rhode Island with General Sullivan.

It was not long after this that the terrible scourge of smallpox swept over the country, and Dr. Aspinwall established on his own land a hospital where patients were inoculated and cared for. We are told that a great many years after this, a carpenter in using some of the boards which had formerly been in the hospital, found a number of the names of the patients written on them. We can only hope that they were anti-septic.

Early in this century, Dr. Aspinwall built the beautiful house on the hill in which his descendants lived until very recently.

There have been many military heroes and men of note in the Aspinwall family. Colonel Thomas, a son of the doctor, served his country gallantly in the war of 1812, was in the battle of Sacket's Harbor and commanded Scott's Brigade in the defense of Fort Erie. He was afterwards appointed Consul at London and held the office for thirty-seven years.

Colonel Samuel Aspinwall, a grandson of Johanna's son Samuel, was also in the war of 1812, with his uncle Isaac Harris.

Of the living there are few who bear the family name of Aspinwall. One a noted divine in Washington, another the historian of the *Mayflower* descendants of the District of Columbia. Several live in New York and two in Brookline, but there are many of the descendants of both the Gardner and Aspinwall families living in Brookline, who do not bear the family names. The Patriotic Societies keep green the memories of both.

The Daughters of the Revolution have named one of their finest and most active Chapters for Isaac Gardner, and now the Daughters of the American Revolution have honored his family as well as that of the Aspinwalls, by naming a Brookline Chapter for the daughter, the wife, the cousin and the mother of Patriots, Johanna Aspinwall.

ELAINE T. FRANCIS.

BROOKLINE, MASS.



PREHISTORIC MAINE—A GLIMPSE OF ABORIGINAL LIFE

THE most thorough investigation ever made of the famous shell heaps of the Maine coast has just been concluded by a biological expedition from Amherst College. There is nothing new under the sun, and instead of teaching our confiding youth that the Maine shore was discovered by Robert E. Peary and the Bar Harbor millionaires, the stern fact must be faced that when King Alfred as turning the bad men of Merrie England into submissive ultimate consumers the summer resort business of the Maine coast was well developed. Professor F. B. Loomis, head of the Amherst party, brings back from Maine the estimate that there are one thousand of these shell heaps on that shore. If each was an Indian camp at which fifty persons, including squaws and papooses, used to assemble as seems likely enough, the capacity of the coast for entertainment of prehistoric summer boarders could be estimated at 50,000. Of course many of these camps have no large quantity of shells, and perhaps no considerable proportion of them were occupied simultaneously.

Few of the thronging visitors to Maine ever notice the indications of these shell heaps. Fewer still recognize in them the ghostly relic of a teeming life ages ago. Mostly covered with a few inches of sod, they are trodden unheeded by the unobservant. The seeker often locates them by scattered shell pieces jutting through the turf. The slow submergence of the coast gradually brings them to light. Professor Loomis found a tamarack swamp said by elderly people once to have been above the tides, but which is now submerged at high water—a fall in a lifetime of three to four feet. The Maine shore is estimated to be falling at least five feet a century, which means a slowly rising tide in the coves along which these camps were placed, gradually gnawing into the banks and bringing to light their treasures. Pieces of shell are washed along the sands and noted by observant fishermen, who guide the scientist to the object of his quest.

These heaps are rarely found south of Maine, there being a few as far down as Cape Cod and on Long Island, until one comes to the Gulf States, when they become common again. The sand shores of Massachusetts and Jersey could not have been favorable to the flimsy birch canoes and dugouts of the red men, which were easily overwhelmed by the waves of open sea frontage. Under the shelter of Maine's indented coast the Indian's frail craft could work to better advantage. The shell heaps are all found on land close to the coast line. Islands out like Monhegan do not show these remains, no doubt too far out for savage navigation.

On digging away the turf vast quantities of clam and other shells are exposed, indicating that once a large population found home comforts here and consumed

countless tons of sea food. Captain John Smith noted the Indians congregated in large camps along the coast, but they have been little used since the paleface came. The convex clam shells when inverted make a kind of tile roof that has shed rain for centuries and kept the old Indian material in better shape than could otherwise have been possible. The beds generally run from two to six feet in depth. The Sawyer Island bed, Boothbay Harbor, is in part six feet deep, covering two to three acres. The famous bed at Damariscotta is in places twenty-five feet deep and covers five or six acres, but this is made up of oyster shells eight to twelve inches in size. About sixteen-twentieths of the heaps are shells ground up fairly fine by constant treading. Three-twentieths would be ashes from old Indian campfires. The remaining twentieth would consist of tools, bone and other native remains.

One can only guess the age of these beds. In some places layers of small shells appear close to layers of large shells. Professor Loomis suggests that this may indicate considerable intervals between successive occupations of the camps, during which the clams had time to grow. The presence of bones of the great auk, extinct around here 200 years ago, points to antiquity. From various indications, including the depth of the heaps, Professor Loomis believes portions of them are 1000 years old. So our tourists who spend \$500 for a choice collection of European historic thrills can for a \$5 excursion ticket stand where 1000 years ago human beings loved, hated and fought with as much red blood as on the Roman forum.

No agricultural implements of any kind were found by Professor Loomis's party. In his searches for Indian relics in Wyoming and vicinity Professor Loomis found many Indian tools, which seem to be hoes, and agriculture has been regarded as the principal means of support for the inland tribes. Traces of prehistoric corn are found farther west; also sunflower seeds—a kind of breakfast food for the Sunny Jims of Hiawatha's day. The tools found by the Amherst party include arrow and spear heads, harpoons with from one barb to nine, fishhooks, skinning tools and awls and other utensils for making skins into clothing. Evidently the Indians of this section found their living too easily to bother about toilsome agriculture. Professor Loomis's idea is that the Indians came to the shore in the spring. In the winter ice would have interfered with their fishing and clam digging. Spring would be the time to capture the spawning fish. During the fall, with the woods dry and pleasant, the interior probably presented greater attractions.

Bones scattered through the heaps give a faithful record of the red man's table habits. The abundant deer bones prove that he had venison regularly. Remains of at least thirty animals are found. Moose, bear, foxes, wolf, mink, beaver, porcupine, marten, seal, geese, cod, haddock, hake, flounders, cunners, sculpin, are repre-

sented in these bony fragments. There was bird meat for a change, in how many varieties would be hard to tell at this lapse of time and without the plumage so largely depended upon to identify bird life. The red man of these shores was clearly a high liver. The presence of so many bones of land animals indicate that many islands must once have been parts of the mainland. Sawyer's Island, for instance, is separated at low water from the mainland by only two or three feet of water, indicating a connection in Indian times.

Human bones were found by Professor Loomis on Flag Island, near South Harpswell. The charge of cannibalism has been made against these Indians, but these bones were collected in one place and none were split for the marrow, as in the case of countless bones of the lower animals found by this party. In case of cannibalism these bones would have been scattered. The preservation of the many fish bones found by the party seems very remarkable. At the bottom of the heaps the fish bones were ready to fall to pieces when touched, but many higher up were preserved under inverted clam shells. In sand or clay the lime would soon have leached out, but in a shell heap the bones seemed to gain more lime than they lost, which tended to keep them intact.

The farther east the party went the better luck they had in finding Indian stone tools. The trap rock around Frenchman's Bay was much more valued than the softer material farther west. Many stones in the heaps indicated action of fire. These may have been stones used around a camp fire, or some that were placed in water to assist the process of boiling. About four hundred hammers were found, only one with provision for a handle, the rest simply round stones flattened on one side and bruised by pounding.

Badly broken remnants of pottery were found, with designs much more elaborate than usual. The markings were done with a stick notched at one end, but nothing appears to indicate their significance. These vessels were round at the bottom, indicating that they were hung from some support. Through the South and West this pottery commonly has a flat bottom so that it can stand. A number of what Professor Loomis calls gaming sticks were found, with spots, probably used as dice. Western Indians have stones with one to five pits in each, which can be concealed in the hand while one guesses which is held—a kind of early "shell game." A queer find once taken out of these shell heaps is owned by Dwight Blaney at Ironbound Island, consisting of the hollow wing bone of a goose with four or five holes, apparently a kind of prehistoric flute. No sound can be made with it now, but if it were not so fragile, with a wooden plug, a sound might quite likely be produced.

Only five dollars was paid for all privileges of excavation. When the remains of a virile race are worth but such a trifle, the comings and goings of the peoples of the earth seem verily but the dust in the balance. The Maine natives regarded the work of this expedition as more or less "lunny." It is a region with many whimsicalities of character and incident. One episode tells of a "Chebeaguer" who was reputed to have tried to transfer a cow from one island to another by placing her front feet in one boat and hind feet in another, with results such as one might expect. Perhaps the shore people would have regarded the Amherst expedition as better worth while had they realized that the five hundred to six hundred Indian tools alone of the material secured were worth in the relic market from one to ten dollars each. As the party dug over an acre in the Sawyer Island heap alone to a depth of about six feet, it will be seen that they did not exactly live the simple life. The method of working was to make a perpendicular cut in the bed and then rake the material over twice with clam forks. This does not sound thrilling from the college student viewpoint, but one of the undergraduates of the party became so stirred that he remained several days at it after the rest went home. The greatest problem encountered was the late hour of breakfast at the boarding houses, a leisurely feast timed to the idlings of the summer boarder.

Amherst college has long had what is probably the best collection of relics of the Algonquin tribes. Its collection has been lacking in relics of the Abenaki tribes, occupying Maine and southern New Brunswick, and including the Penobscots, Passamaquoddies, Norridgewocks and others. These active peoples, who resisted stoutly the encroachments of the English, are now well represented in the Amherst collection by thirty boxes of relics, the fruit of a summer's toil. This expedition has made the most complete investigation of these shell heaps ever undertaken, the records of previous work being fragmentary. Professor Wyman of Harvard worked on them in the fifties, and Professor Lee of Bowdoin studied the remains in his vicinity. Mr. Blaney has a fine collection at Ironbound Island, and J. T. Bowne of Springfield, has an excellent showing. The Amherst party made a far more systematic search and collected more material than all the others put together. The expedition brings home carefully drawn plans of the heaps, showing just where all relics were taken out, so that the results can receive the most careful study. The places in which excavations were made include Sawyer Island, Damariscotta, Flag Island, near South Harpswell; White Island, near Harpswell Centre; Ash Cove and Birch Island in Casco Bay, and Calf and other islands at Frenchman's Bay.

EDWARD KIRK TITUS.

Transcript, BOSTON.

THE WOMEN OF OUR ARMY

“**C**AST off hawsters!”

The transport sways, moves, and the band bursts into that “Union Medley” which brings to the bystanders alternate smiles and tears, with its snatches of “Auld Lang Syne,” “There’ll Be a Hot Time Tonight,” “Nearer, My God to Thee,” and “In the Land of Dopey Dreams.” The khaiki-clad swarm the ship’s rails, cling to airshafts, cheer, cast dust-colored sombreros aloft and shout last words to the crowd racing along to the end of the pier.

Where the gangplanks have been thrown upon the dock, stand women, gray-haired matrons, a little stern, perhaps, with firmly set lips, and lonely eyes; others, younger, with tears streaming over pale cheeks, or with features controlled to piteous smiles, that “he” may have a pleasant face to remember. A few sob and moan in friends’ arms, but these are the exception to the heroic self-control common to our women of the regular army in time of stress and pain. The transport grows small in the distance, the band has ceased to play, but shrill and clear comes back to those bereft ones the fife and bugle music of “The Girl I Left Behind Me.”

As a class, the women of the American army are little known in their own land. They can have no fixed place in the general community, but, as they travel over the continent in troop-trains, and sail the high seas in Government transports, they appreciate words of cheer and sympathy from the fortunate sisters who dwell in the settled glow of permanent firesides. Intelligently to comprehend the army woman, a glance must be given at the army men.

Officers of the United States army to-day represent every class of the population, from the millionaire’s son, who is sent to West Point that he may learn “to obey,” through the professional and mercantile classes, to the ploughboy from the farm and the street arab from the metropolis, whose quick wit and public school education may win the appointment offered through competitive examination in a Congressional district.

Of the large contingent of officers who, within the past few years, have been projected into the army through political favor, or transferred from National Guard organizations, it must be said that they are working out their own salvation, and illustrating the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest. Not that modest antecedents influence the military value of the officer. The bravest in action, the

keenest in administrative perception, are often the self-made men. It is in the enforced close association of garrison life, in the observance of social amenities, regardless of personal pique or irritation, that the point of view depends upon early environment. And the army woman's frequent mission is to serve as the emery wheel on which these rough diamonds are polished.

Twenty-five years ago a young lieutenant, shut up as he usually was in a remote frontier post, saved his pay, and periodically "went back east" to "blow in a good time." In those days the piratical girl was unknown in garrisons. Perhaps the journeys were too severe, a hundred-odd miles of ambulance travel being enough to discourage even enthusiasts in the "hunt of the husband."

At any rate the officer on leave not seldom took to himself a wife. The dashing young warrior devoid of sense of responsibility for anything but punctuality at drill had found frontier life as a bachelor very good fun, what with hunting Indians and antelope, and dancing with guileless married coquettes at occasional garrison "hops"; therefore would he swear to the girl of his heart that "on the frontier every woman is a queen." So after a brilliant wedding the new "queen" sets out to claim her throne. To-day, just as in the time of the "old army," there is always for the bride a hearty welcome from the officers and their families; little dinners and dances in honor of the new-married couple, a brief realization of the soldiering of romance. Then comes the settling down to cold fact.

The young wife is in a strange world. The very talk of her neighbors is to her a mysterious jargon of military technicalities. Even when stationed near a town, few public amusements are possible on the salary of a lieutenant. Then the babies come, and there is always the awful "servant question," and the downright domestic drudgery inevitable nowadays to all would-be-homemakers. Sometimes weak health is added to the list of woes, but, in nine cases out of ten, there is the sympathetic, helpful husband, for American army officers are, as a rule, the most devoted, self-sacrificing "family" men in the world.

The most considerate civilian husband at the conclusion of his day's duties would scarcely take his restless, rollicking, eighteen-month-old son to his club to ensure his wife a brief time to herself. But that has been done in more than one garrison. A baby, with his milk bottle, can be taken to the Officers' Club and amused for hours by the members, the mother being left undisturbed except by demands for a refilled bottle. (It must be admitted that in such recorded instances there has been but *one* baby in the garrison.)

Changes of station are the final test of temper and of physical endurance for the army wife and mother—those movements of regiments, men, women, children, mili-

tary accoutrements, and household effects, thousands of miles across land and sea, ordered by a ruthless War Department, "to be accomplished without delay."

The unsophisticated army woman, who never, as yet, has moved with troops, listens eagerly to talk of "special trains" and "chartered steamboats" and "space exclusively reserved for officers' families" on transports, and feels that to travel under the ægis of the Stars and Stripes is such a privilege that she will sing "I'm glad I'm in this army" every mile of the way. Too quickly does she discover the "true inwardness" of a "special troop train." Hour after hour at various points of the route, does she contemplate from sidetracks, limited expresses and fast freights speed gaily on their course, while Uncle Sam's servants wait.

This eccentricity of time schedule and the probable lack of "dinners" frequently compel a regiment to live upon the country. In such stress no advance telegrams can convince caterers in the small towns that a hungry force will shortly arrive and expect a square meal. With the provincial American, seeing alone can produce belief; therefore, it is not until the shriek of the whistle gives warning that a troop-train is actually within their borders that a wild scramble begins for dishes, forks, and spoons; the squawk of the fated chicken cries to heaven, and the fragrance of coffee and bacon wafts into the air.

And the month's voyage to the Philippines aboard a Government transport! The huge vessel is always too small for the number of assigned passengers. State-rooms go according to the rank of officers; meals are crowded; human nature is greatly tried. There is invariably a contingent of seasoned female veterans, presided over by the "ranking officer's" wife; a stalwart lady, as a rule, well-preserved, with the august port of a cavalry commander—a warlike personification of the domestic virtues.

In the old times "before the Philippines" (and the experience may still be had in the Far Northwest) the most crucial test of the army woman was when the regiment "took the road" in transit from one to another frontier station. The troops usually march in two sections, preceding and following the Dougherty wagons in which travel women and children; the baggage wagons with the precious water kegs swung below the framework; and the long line of pack-mules laden with forage; the whole train being heavily guarded. At night, the wagon containing each officer's personal effects is backed up against the tent.

Drums beat *réveille* before dawn, and those lightning-change artists, the army women, can, in the darkness, stick hairpins where they will do the most good, and make quick connection between hooks and eyes, and, as the soldiers lift the canvas from over their heads, few toilet mysteries are exposed for the stars to wink at. A

hasty cup of black coffee, "settled" by a stir of a charred stick; a climbing into wagons; a silent, sleepy progress through the brightening dawn; then, at nine o'clock a halt for breakfast. Until this meal is safely over, a certain aloofness prevails, amid even the closest friends.

On summer journeys across the great plains to arrive at stations still far from any railroad, the column grills like so many St. Lawrences. Hair and clothes are coated with alkali, skin and lips crack and bleed. Officers and men cast aside the trim clothing which has lured womankind from civilization, and wear the simple flannel shirt and rough campaign trousers. The women appear in calico and gingham. Seldom can water be spared for ablutions; every drop must be economized for the animals, on whose lives depend those of the command. After a long day's march, the column at sunset turns aside into the sage bush. The water kegs are placed under guard; women and children huddle drearily around the mess chests; or perhaps the army "queens" are forced to bustle over the open fire, wrestle with the contents of Dutch ovens, burn holes in the front of their dresses, and blister their fingers with frying pans. Canned meats, rice, tomatoes, and hot biscuit, washed down with black coffee, cause life to assume a more agreeable aspect.

Soldiers in their "company streets" not far from the officer's line, sprawl in the dust, chatting and card-playing. From the tents of the "commissioned" come the merry clack of gossip, and the tinkle of the banjo; and a soft tenor voice lifts in song, as the rising moon pours silver over the desert. Out of all these experiences is evolved the typical woman of the army of the United States of America; who, before many years of the service pass over her head, is trained by sharp discipline, reinforced by her own common-sense, to be all things to all men.

She is at home on land or sea, in fine garrison quarters or in nipa huts; capable of entertaining the highest dignitaries of her own or any other country with a share of canned beef and commissary coffee if it is all she has to offer; capable, too, of meeting these same chief ones of the earth in palaces, and being charming there, with the same serene conviction that her first duty as the wife of an officer of the United States army is to make herself agreeable, and her second—if she fills the rôle of hostess—is to provide something good to eat and something strong to drink

L. O'CONNELL.

—We take pleasure in recommending to our readers Mrs. Summerhayes' delightful book "Vanished Arizona," as a classic on the interesting subject.—(Ed.)

JUNIUS SMITH, A FORGOTTEN NAVIGATOR

WHILE thousands of people were celebrating at New York the marvelous progress in navigation which has taken place since Robert Fulton launched the *Clermont*, one of the most influential men in the history of steamships, justly called the author of transatlantic steam navigation, received not a word of commendation. His name was Junius Smith, he was born in Connecticut, received the degree of LL. D. from Yale College because of his work, and lies buried in an Episcopal churchyard in Astoria, across the river from New York.

For thirty-one years after the *Clermont* steamed up the Hudson River little steam craft plied along the rivers and occasionally along the coasts. Junius Smith conceived the idea that a steamship could cross the ocean. A lawyer, graduated from Yale College and the Litchfield Law School and finally settled in London, where he was engaged as a merchant, he broached the idea there, and in 1832 published a prospectus arguing that the enterprise was practicable.

It was met with derision. That the puffing gusts of steam, however practicable they might be in pushing a little craft from one river port to another, could propel an ocean-going vessel against the elements was a happy subject of jest.

Men of science refused to discuss the matter. The dreamer endeavored to charter a vessel for experiment without success. He then tried to organize a company, but not a single share of stock was subscribed. Scientific leaders declared that no steam vessel could survive the terrible storms that swept the Atlantic. It took six years of untiring effort by written argument and by personal solicitation before the ideal of the young American was realized and the *Sirius*, a steamship of 700 tons, on April 4, 1838, proceeded from the harbor of Cork for America, or as the newspapers of the day had it, "to its destruction." It steamed into New York harbor safe and sound nineteen days later and the era of transatlantic navigation by steam was begun.

Junius Smith was born in Plymouth, at that time, the parish of Northbury, Conn., October 2, 1780, the son of General David Smith, a prominent brigadier-general in the War of the Revolution and a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. He entered Yale College in the sophomore year of the class of 1802, with which he was graduated after being fitted for college by the Rev. Azel Backus, of Bethlehem, and studying for a time at Williamstown, Mass. He obtained his legal training at the Litchfield Law School under Judge Tapping Reeve, where he was

a fellow-student of John C. Calhoun, and began the practice of law in 1805 at New Haven.

A case in admiralty took him to London. He represented the owners of the ship *Mohawk*, which had been seized and condemned as a prize before the Court of Admiralty in London, and succeeded in winning the case, which involved a claim against the British Government for a large amount. According to a copy of a letter to his father, recorded in the marriage records at Plymouth, he settled in London at 11 Broad street buildings, Parish of St. Botolph, Bishopgate, in 1810, and was married to Sarah, daughter of Thomas Allen, of Huddersfield, in London, April 9, 1812.

David D. Field, author of the memoirs of the members of the class of 1802, Yale College, and the father of David Dudley Field, the jurist, and of Cyrus W. Field, the projector of the Atlantic cable, thus describes Smith's efforts in the cause of steam navigation:

"Against the opposition, abuse and derision of the multitude, for almost everybody believed it impracticable but himself, he published a prospectus arguing that the enterprise was both practical and would yield ample returns and urging it upon the British Government and people. He associated with himself the eminent ship-builder, McGregor Laird, Esq., and they together pressed the enterprise upon the public mind until the year 1836, when they succeeded in establishing a company with a Board of Directors under the title of the British and North American Steam Navigation Company. Its capital was £1,000,000. This being done, a contract was made for building a steamer of 2000 tons, and after difficulty arising from the failure of the contracting engineer, by which the ship was delayed over eighteen months, the *British Queen* was completed. During this delay and disappointment Mr. Smith was not inactive, but, impressed with the feasibility of his project and the necessity of giving assurance to the public mind, urged upon the Board of Directors the great advantage of sending out a steamer, to be chartered for the purpose, which was done by sending out the small steamer *Sioux* in the Spring of 1838.

Thus to our classmate Junius Smith, belongs the honor of being the projector of transatlantic steam navigation, an undertaking which has met with such glorious success that now all the seas and oceans of the world are traversed with steamships. This achievement alone will transmit his name with honor to future ages."

Junius Smith gained little but honor for his efforts and turned his attention to agriculture, and in particular to the introduction of the tea plant from China to this country. He settled on a farm in North Carolina for this purpose, and proved

that its growth in this country was possible. In an assault on his farm his skull was fractured and he never fully recovered. He spent his last days at Astoria, L. I., where he died January 22, 1853, aged seventy-two, and was buried in the grounds of the Episcopal Church there. He was a man of great energy of purpose, indomitable perseverance, much regard for the feelings of others, kind in manner and of open-hearted hospitality.

Courant, Hartford.



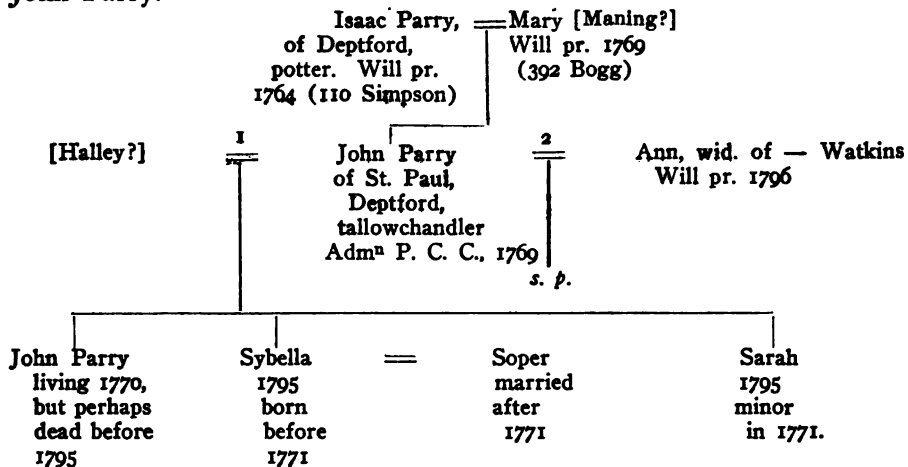
EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALLEY, HAWLEY, PARRY, PYKE, ETC.

Third Series: Second Paper.

L T.-COL. G. S. PARRY, of Eastbourne, kindly supplies (27 Nov., 1909), the following additional information:

"I find that there is a Sybella Parry, and she *does* belong to the Parrys of Deptford, potters most of them. I yesterday looked up again the will of Anne Parry, dated 25 Feb. 1795, and proved 29 Dec. 1796 (631 Harris), and find . . . one Sybella Soper. Anne Parry is the widow of John Parry—she of Gang Lane, Greenwich, and was previously Anne Watkins, widow. She left no children of her own, but mentions Sybella Soper and Sarah Parry, children of her late husband John Parry."



Mr. R. J. Beevor comments thus:

"I think that the 1685 baptismal entry [in register of St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf] must relate to a child of the astronomer. Perhaps his marriage took place at St. Benet's. The burial register of the same place may give the Christian name of *Dr.* Halley [fl. 1629-1635]. This *Dr.* would presumably be coeval with the eldest Humphrey Halley. . . . The St. Paul's Covent Garden entries [*re* Symon Parry, Symon Pyke,

Symon Halley] are bewildering, but on the whole I am inclined to regard them as irrelevant. . . . Notices of Halley's comet in the periodical press are becoming too frequent to enumerate. There is a readable 'popular' article on the subject in *Chambers' Magazine* for this month [November, 1909]. In a review of the 'Story of the Comets,' by G. F. Chambers, F. R. A. S., in the *Spectator* for November 20 [1909] I read: 'only this very year it was announced that the Admiralty have decided to repair his [*i. e.*, Halley's] tomb [at Lee] at the public expense.'

"I was at the Guildhall Library yesterday [Nov. 27]. The churchwarden's accounts for the parish of St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf, are there preserved [in 6 volumes]. . . ."

"In vol. 5—recently published—of the marriage registers of the county of Bucks, are the Beaconsfield weddings. I do not find a Mewce among them."

The evidence so far obtained (December, 1909) indicates that Edmund Halley, jun., Surgeon Royal Navy (*obit. circa*, 1740), died without issue, although certain traditions would seem to imply that he had one daughter who appears to have married a Pyke, Pike or McPike, *circa* 1750. The theory that Surgeon Halley died without issue is based on the following circumstances. His maternal grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Tooke, widow, in her will (dated Oct. 13, 1710; proved Dec. 9, 1714; P. C. C. register Ashton, folio 250) bequeathed certain lands in Norfolk to her grandson, later Surgeon Halley and his lawful issue, but in failure of the latter, then to her two granddaughters Margaret and Katherine Halley. The latter became Mrs. Catherine Price, and in her will (dated July 8, 1764; proved Nov. 14, 1765; P. C. C., register Rushworth, fo. 423) bequeaths the same lands. Hence, the only natural inference is that Surgeon Halley when he died (*circa* 1740) did not leave any issue to inherit that property. It has even been thought possible that the present owner of the property in Norfolk may perhaps possess among his title-deeds, some document (presumably) reciting that Surgeon Halley died without issue. Be this as it may, there is an entry in the Index to Fines (Public Record Office, London), recording a fine in 1743:

{ Norf. }	
{ Midd. }	Francis Smith, plnt.
{ Lond. }	
Henry Price, deft.	

Surgeon Halley's elder surviving sister, Margaret Halley, died in the year 1743. Administration of her estate was granted at London, November, 1743 (P. C. C.). Her sister, Mrs. C. Price mentions in her own will, among other properties, one called "Hen and Chickens," in Whitechapel, High street, London, which may or may not have been, at one time, the seat of her paternal grandfather, Humphrey Halley, vintner. Mrs. Price had some dealings with the property. "Hen and Chickens," in Dec., 1743, and Jan., 1743-4, as shown by entries recorded in the Middlesex Land Registry. The sign "Hen and Chickens" has been discussed in *Notes and Queries*, London, tenth series, vol. xii., pp. 28, 94, 215 *et passim*. A reference to the Vintner's Company appears *ibid.*, xii., 30, and a note on a "Shoreditch family," *ibid.*, xii., 96-97.

Joseph Hawley, born at Parwich, Derbyshire, England, 1609, so it is said, appears to have settled at Stratford, Conn., in 1630 and died in 1690. Thus we find a connection between the Hawleys (or Halleys) of Derbyshire and those of New England descent in America.

In the first series of these notes was mentioned the early American settler, John Pike, who "sailed from Southampton, in the good ship *James*, commanded by Capt. Cooper, 2d April, 1635, and arrived in America 2d June, bringing with him his wife Sarah Washington Pike, and first settled in Ipswich—moved to Newbury, Mass.; made his will 24 May, 1654, and died 26 May, 1654. Samuel More, a tenant, is mentioned in his will. His wife Sarah, daughter of Chas. Washington, son of George and father of Robert Washington, of Virginia, 1630, who was the ancestor of General George Washington" (*extract from* "Records of the Pike Family Association of America," 1902, pages 22-23).

Query: What authority, if any, exists to show that John Pike's wife bore the maiden name of (Sarah) Washington, and what authority, if any, has been found to support her alleged genealogy as given above?

We are quite prepared to admit the existence of some relationship in England between the Washington and Pike families.

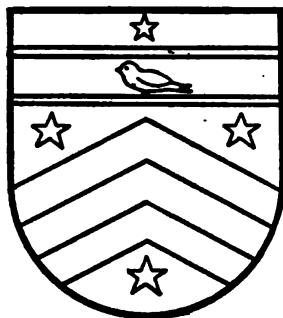
Christopher Pike and Katherin Washington were married 25 Jan., 1623, according to "Register of Parish of St. Paule . . . Canterbury," edited by Joseph Meadows Cowper; Harleian Society, 1893.

Any further facts which readers can supply will be gratefully received.

Mr. J. G. Bradford, of 1 Blandford Villas, Queen's Road, Buckhurst Hill, Essex, England, has supplied some useful notes. Under date of 22d April, 1909, he mentions "a very interesting article on Halley's comet, in the *Edinburgh Review*, for that month" (page 307)—and in a subsequent letter, 2d May, 1909, says:

"I have the following note against Pyke—'H. H. Drake in his new edition of Hasted's *Kent*, part 1, states that Mr. Pyke was Governor of Bencoolen (Sumatra), and that John Buffar married Pyke's niece; their son Pyke Buffar was sheriff of Kent in 1769. He married and died young, leaving a widow who retired to Kew Green. Mrs. Caroline Farrier is spoken of as descended from these people. Buffar House, Maize Hill, Greenwich, has the arms of Pyke and Buffar on each side of the entrance.' I see I have some more memoranda. . . . Drake's edition: 'Pyke resided in Buffar House, Maize Hill, Greenwich. John Buffar married Pyke's niece; their son Pyke was . . . sheriff of Kent; *ob.* young, 1769, and his widow removed to Kew Green and died 1819.'"

"In three abstracts of deeds relating to Isaac Pyke and Mary Bradford, the former is each time referred to as having been of the island of St. Helena. The following seal occurs three times:



"The martlet, I see, only occurs on one of the seals. I have these arms from some forgotten benefactor, minus the martlet under which he has written—Pyke-Buffar. In a letter I have from a Mrs. Farrier, dated 1891, she refers to the Pyke family as being of Dover [in Kent]. Isaac Pyke certainly describes himself as Governor of St Helena, which I have noted, but apparently only taking what I wanted in connection with his relatives, Bradford and Buffar, for I have no reference to Dr. Halley,

'the Professor.' . . . Pyke is not an uncommon name, and though Wm. Pyke of Greenwich (*obit.* 1727) may have been connected with Governor Pyke, I should want more evidence than the similarity of name and locality. . . . Greenwich is in the Diocese of Rochester, and was, I suppose, at the time in question, and there may be marriage licenses there."

Mr. Bradford later sent (5th April, 1909), extensive notes of value from which the following are extracted:

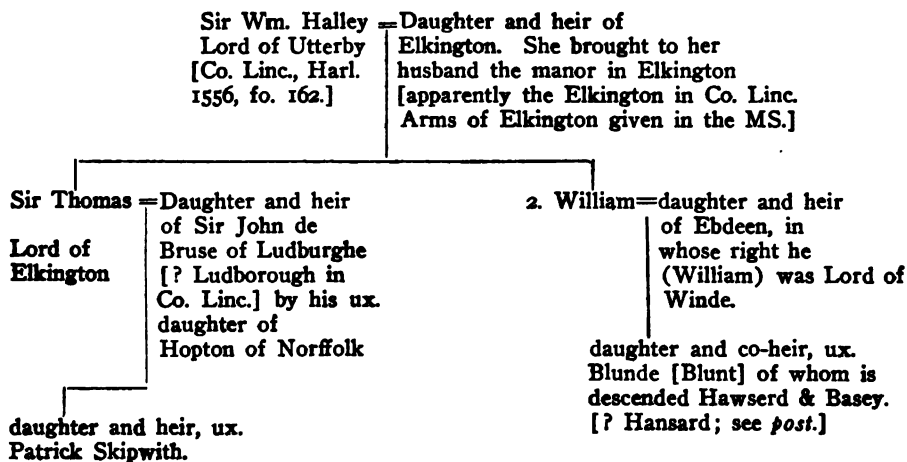
Add. MSS., British Museum, 28108—28113, refer to Derbyshire Collections. There is also a considerable collection known as the Wolley Collection, in the Additional MSS. 6000 and something, relating to Derby.

The Registers of Hackney have been transcribed and are in the Guildhall Library, London, *but* minus an Index.

Hackney Parish, I think, adjoined the parish of Shoreditch, and Haggerston may have been in the former.

It is quite possible that the admission books of the Salters' Company, London, might give the parentage and locality of Edmond Halley, sen. (*ob.* 1684)

The following pedigree is given in a Kentish volume. Add. MS., British Museum, 16279: 215—113. Visitation of Kent, 1754—1619:



The formation of some of the letters in this MS. is bad and it is impossible to rely on it. Ebdeen, Hawserd, Basey, Winde, are, I strongly suspect, quite wrong. Papworth's dictionary has no such coat as is here given for Ebdeen.

Harleian MS. 1556.62, also mentions marriage of Sir Thomas Hawley Knt. to a daughter and heir of Bruse, giving a pedigree.

Another kindred pedigree appears in Harleian MS. 1484.14 a, which refers to marriage of Patrick Skipwith to Agnes, daughter and heir of Thomas "Halaye or Hawlaye," which Halaye married daughter and heir of Bruse. Arms also given in MS.

The same family is mentioned in Harl. MS. 1550.78 b.

The "Perverse Widow," or Memorials of the Crawley-Boevey family by A. W. Crawley-Boevey, 1898, pages 301, 305, mentions Francis Crawley, Cursitor of the Exchequer, *temp.* Charles II., whose daughter Margaret, living 1694, married William Pike, Rector of Black Notley, Co. Essex.

The Annals of St. Olave's Church, Fenchurch St., London, by Rev. Alfred Povah, the Rector, 1894, mentions burial of Margaret, wife of Mr. George Pike, interred in the earth, chancell, 23rd Sept., 1637.

In the churchyard at Little Stanmore, als. Whitchurch, County Middlesex, in August, 1884, were copied some inscriptions on tombstones, William Pike (d. 1732), John Pike (d. 1777), *et al.* In the Church to attend as best they could the imperative call of duty to labor and to there is a brass plate to one of this family with Arms.

Mr. J. G. Bradford has kindly sent other interesting notes which may be quoted or cited later.

At the Public Record Office, London, in the index of fines, is the record of a fine (previously mentioned in this series), in

" 1743 { Norf. }
 { Midd. } Francis Smith, plnt.
 { Lond. }

and Henry Price, of Upwell, in the County of Norfolk, and often in the parish of St. Mary Matfelan, in the County of Middlesex, and often in the parish of St. Olave, Silver St., deft." That document "might be worth looking at."

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

NOTES BY THE WAY

AN INDIAN FORAY

A manuscript of remarkable importance, giving an account of the Indian incursions of 1781, written by Daniel George to Rev. Mr. Parker, is one of the "nuggets" of a recent autograph sale. It is an item which is of prime importance in any collection of literature relating to our aborigines, giving as it does a direct view of events which cannot be obtained from any published historical work. It is in the form of a letter but it contains about one thousand words, and is written with much more simplicity and directness than the early Indian narratives. The letter is wholly in the autograph of Mr. George, and is dated from Conway, September 18, 1781. This Daniel George is undoubtedly the "Daniel George, Philomath," whose almanacs sometimes find their way into the auction room. The identity of the "Rev'd Mr. Parker" can only be disclosed by further research. Some extracts from the MS. give an idea of its interesting character and its historical value:

"It is probable that before the receipt of this you will have received some Account of the Incursions made by the Savages into our neighbouring Settlements; but as you may not have heard the Particulars, I have here sent you a circumstantial Account. On Friday, August 3d, a Party of Savages came to Fuller's Town, lying on Androscoggin River, about thirty Miles North E. from this Place, where they pillaged several Houses, took 3 or 4 Prisoners, & proceeded up the River towards Shelburne. Between Fuller's Town and Shelburne they dismissed one of the Prisoners, whose Name was Pettingill, by Reason of his being bare-foot, & therefore not able to travel through the Woods; but they sent one or two of their Party immediately after him to bring him back. After some Conversation with him, they dismissed the unhappy Man the Second Time. Two of their Party, who seemed rather more surly than the others, followed him a little Way into the Woods, where they cruelly butchered him: He was found a Day or two afterwards, stabbed to the Heart, scalped, & his Throat cut from Ear to Ear. The next Day they arrived at Shelburne. There were but about seven or eight Families in

this Town: one of which was Mr. Ingal's, who married a Fletcher, and another was Mr. Jotham Rindge's, formerly of Portsmouth, who married Governor Vaughan's Grand Daughter. * * *

"The following is an account of what happened at Shelburne, as I took it from Mr. Rindge's mouth:

Saturday, August 4th, 1781.

"Between two & three o'Clock in the Afternoon, Mr. Peter Poor, Hope Austin, Elijah Ingals a Lad, & myself were sitting in my House together with my Family. Mr. Poor went into the kitchen, took Plato my Negro Man to go into the Field to work. Within a few minutes, we who were still sitting in the House, were not a little surprised by the Report of a Gun followed by a dreadful Shriek. I immediately ran to the Door, & seeing Plato standing with an Indian, advanced towards them about three Rods, & asked Plato what was the matter? He told me that Mr. Poor was dead, & desired me to take Care of myself. * * *

"In about 15 minutes after this, I saw a Company of 5 Indians coming towards the House. As soon as they were come in open View, I, as I thought it most advisable, met them & begged Quarter. One of them whose name was Tom-Heegan, told me that I should have Quarter. (This Fellow, in the Course of his Hunting, had been at my House several Times.) After scalping Mr. Poor they went into the House, threw off their Packs, & immediately fell to plundering. I then went into the House, where I saw Plato and two other Prisoners sitting with their Packs on, & the Furniture, &c., scattered on the floor. In the meantime Mrs. Peabody (one of the Neighbours) came in. They immediately stripped her Handkerchief off her Neck. The Capt. Broke open a Chest with his Hatchet, & took out Mrs. Rindge's & my Clothes; Part of which he put on. One of the Savages stepped towards me, & abruptly told me in his Jargon, "Me Mohawk," "Me Cohonnonaugo." Why he gave me this Information I cannot tell. I asked him whether there were any more Indians coming? They answer'd "yes," that they would continue coming for a Fortnight, & that 400 stout Fellows were then at Piggwackett; I understand by the Prisoners that 200 Savages would be along when Indian Corn would be fit to roast.

" * * * It is to be observed that no Prisoners were carried off from Shelburne, except Mr. Rindge's Negro. As soon as we, at Conway, had heard of Mr. Rindge's Misfortune, the Town was called together, & upwards of twenty Men with a Number of Horses, were sent to his Assistance: The rest of the Inhabitants having been before brought off by a Party of Men from Fryeburg. M. Ingals & his Family are now at his Son's House in this Town. Mr. Whipple, a Gentleman from Portsmouth who is making a farm at Dartmouth, was taken at his own house some time in July, by a small Party of Tories commanded by one Captain Pritchard; but he made his Escape."

Transcript, Boston.

PREHISTORIC CALIFORNIA CITY

What is considered to be the most important archæological find yet made in the State of California took place recently when a man discovered the ruins of a prehistoric city in the San Jacinto mountains, near the edge of the Cochella Valley. There are more than seven hundred well preserved stone houses, evidences of paved streets and a large amount of earthenware. The discoverer's attention was first attracted to the place by a number of gashes in the mountain side, and on investigation he found a series of heaped-up stones. He approached nearer and found the streets of an ancient city, the houses being built on terraces. An old road was found to lead from the city to the top of a nearby peak, on which was found the stone ruin of what seemed to have been a watchtower.

Pathfinder.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON TO GOVERNOR NELSON OF VIRGINIA

A picture of the condition of some of the troops just before Cornwallis surrendered.

Head Quarters Oct. 14, 1781

Sir—From a representation made to me by Coll White of the miserable condition of the Men of the 44th Regt of Dragoons for want of clothing, I am constrained to apply to your Excellency to know whether it will be possible to procure any for them, even of the commonest kind; as Doctr. Rose, the Regimental Surgeon, assures me one hundred of the men are literally naked at this advanced Season, Could they be clothed properly, above 150 who are mounted and tolerably equipped might march immediately to the Southward, A detachment of 100 have moved from Ruffin's to Richmond. They have nothing but Stable Jackets and Shirts and a few Caps, consequently want Breeches, Boots, Stockings, Caps, or Hats and either Blankets or cloaks, perhaps Mr. Ross might, by an exertion, procure the most necessary Articles, if not the whole; for it will be in a manner impossible to move them further than Richmond in their present condition.

With the highest Respect and Esteem I have the honor to be Your Excellency's most obdt. and humble Servt.

G. WASHINGTON

LETTER OF THOMAS NELSON, SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, AND GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA, TO BRIG-GEN. WEEDON

Richmond, Sept. 3d 1781

Dear General

After congratulating you on the arrival of 28 French ships of the line, six Frigates & 3000 Troops, permit me to request your assistance for the support of a considerable Army that are now on their march from the Northward. Their route will be from George Town thro' Alexandria and Dumfries to Fredericksburg. The necessary orders are given to the

Commissary General and the Quarter Master respecting Provisions & Forages, but as delays are sometimes apt to take place in these departments, I shall be much oblig'd to you for your attention to these objects, dissapointment to so large an Army would be attended with the most fatal effects. I think the Game is nearly up with Cornwallis.

I am Dear Sir,

Your obedt. Servt,
THOS NELSON.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF JONATHAN TRUMBULL ("BROTHER JONATHAN," GOV. OF CONN.) TO THE EARL OF DARTMOUTH

Lebanon, Conn., — 1784.

It may somewhat surprise your Lordship to receive a Letter from a Governor of one of the United States of America, and at a time, too, when your Lordship hath ceased to hold that Ministerial office, which formerly gave me occasion to write officially to you, I flatter myself, however, that you will not take it amiss, that I thus trespass a few minutes upon your time.

Your Lordship will recollect that I had frequently the honor of writing to you, at the beginning of these troubles, which brought on a War between Great Britain and this Country; and that I took the Liberty, as I thought it my duty, to offer my Sentiments with freedom on that occasion.

My Letter of March 1775, in particular, I had great faith would have done some good in setting aside the false Representations, which had from time to time, been made against this Country. That Letter, my Lord, was dictated by an honest heart, and how far it marked the consequences of Britain's *persevering* in her plan, your Lordship is now well able to judge. Had the Truths, then frankly made know to your Lordship for the mutual good of both Countries been attended to, what Blood & Treasure might not have been saved on both sides! What Friendship and Affection had been preserved!

(In a postscript Gov. Trumbull adds: I have taken the liberty to inclose your Lordship a Copy of mine of March, 1775, less thro' multiplicity of Business the Original should have been mislaid.)

LETTER OF WASHINGTON TO JOHN LAURENS IN REFERENCE TO THE
MANNER IN WHICH HE QUIETED THE REVOLT IN THE JERSEY LINE,
AND REFERRING TO ARNOLD IN VIRGINIA

[This letter has been damaged on one margin, destroying a small portion of the text. We quote the letter entire, the brackets denoting the probable missing words.]

New Windsor 30th Jany 1781

Dear Sir:—

Before this letter reaches Boston, you will, no doubt, have heard of the Revolt of part of the Jersey line—I did not hesitate a moment upon the report of it in determining to bring the matter to a speedy issue, by adopting the most vigorous coercion—accordingly a detachment Marched from the Posts below, and on the Morning of the 27th surrounded them and brought them—without opposition to unconditional submission.—Two of the principal actors were immediately executed on the spot, & the remainder exhibiting genuine signs of contrition were pardoned.

Much praise is due to the detachment which Marched to quell the Insurgents; for its obedience, patience and perseverance in traversing the Highlands through Snow; Eighteen or twenty Inches deep; and its readiness to execute any order the emergency of the case should require.

Letters by the last Southern Post advise me of Arnold's having landed high at James River—Marching to Richmond—destroying a few Public Stores, and a public foundry—and then retiring to the place of his debarkation—Since which I have heard nothing further of him.—I am also advised, by General Greene, that the detachment under the command of Leslie had landed (on the 21st ulto.) at Charlestown; and was in [full] March to join Cornwallis' [army] from the exhausted state of [the country] about, Charlottesbury, he has [turned] to his left, and had taken a pro [] at a place called Checaws on the [] side of the River Pedee.—His pro [] circumstances, and future pro [spect]s are distressing & gloomy,—[How] loud are our calls from every [quar]ter for a decisive Naval superiority and how might the enemy be crushed if we had it.

I have recollected (in addition to the mem'm. I gave you at hand [] a few articles, by the purchases [of] which you will oblige me, [] has recovered his fever, but [is] weak & Low.—We all unite in bes [t] wishes for you, and

I am—Most Sincerely

D'r Sir

Your Obdt Servt.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

The Honble. John Laurens.

LETTER FROM LAFAYETTE ON HIS LAST VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES,
TO MR. SKINNER

Washington, Nov. 23, 1824.

I am arrived here this Morning and Have only the time on My return Home to write a line with My request you will be pleased to Communicate the Contents to those gentlemen as are concerned in it. Mr. Montgomery Has more kindly informed me that I was Expected in Baltimore as the place where I Have found an affectionate Hospitality, and we will avail ourselves of it to arrive to-morrow some time in the Night so as to be ready to attend the Agricultural Meeting early the next day 25th, to Mr. Howard be pleased to say that not being able to attend the Masonic Meeting on the 27th December I think it safer to wait on my brethren on this Visit to Baltimore, Say the 26th if Convenient to them &c.

LETTER OF WASHINGTON IN REFERENCE TO THE CAPTURE OF PRINCE
WILLIAM HENRY, AFTERWARDS WILLIAM IV OF ENGLAND

One of the most interesting letters of Washington in existence, and of the utmost historical importance. It is written to Colonel Ogden, of the First New Jersey Regiment, in the form of a military order, giving him permission to try to capture Prince William Henry and Admiral Digby, who were then in New York. The plan was never carried out on account of the British receiving information in reference to it, but it has been recorded on the pages of history, as one of the boldest conceptions of the Revolutionary War.

To Col. Ogden of the 1st
Jersey Regiment.

Sir:—

The spirit of enterprise so conspicuous in your plan for surprising in their quarters, and bringing off, the Prince William Henry and Admiral Digby, merits applause; and you have my authority to make the attempt; in any manner, & at such a time as your own judgment shall direct.

I am fully persuaded, that it is unnecessary to caution you against offering insult or indignity to the person of the Prince, or Admiral should you be so fortunate as to capture them; but it may not be amiss to press the propriety of a proper line of conduct upon the party you command.

In case of success, you will, as soon as you get them to a place of safety, treat them with all possible respect, but you are to delay no time in conveying them to Congress; & in reporting your proceedings with a copy of these orders.

Note Take care not to
touch upon the ground

which is agreed to be neutral—viz
from Raway to Newark & four miles back.

Given at Morristown this 28th
day of March 1782

GEO. WASHINGTON.

When Louis McLean was Minister at the Court of St. James, he took this letter with him and showed it to Prince William Henry, then William IV, who, after perusing it, remarked: "I am obliged to General Washington's humanity; but I am glad I did not give him an opportunity of exercising it toward me."

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XVII

“**A**ND why,” thought Bradshawe, as, wrapped in his cloak, he now stretched himself out for repose, “why may not the burning of this indigenous plant be emblematic of the career of the thousands of my countrymen who are reared almost upon it alone. Here is the quick flash of their first outbreak of rebellion, the noisy sputtering far and wide, in which men more wise than myself thought that it would vent itself and have an end. And here are the live coals at the bottom, that will burn on steady through this long winter’s night!—Pshaw! what care I, though, if men are such asses as to light the fire, so I only can warm my fingers by the blaze?” And, concluding his unwonted strain of thought with this characteristic reflection, the worthy trooper resigned himself to slumber.

The dawn found Bradshawe again upon his journey. But the rain of the preceding night, followed by one of those mild, foggy days which sometimes occur in midwinter, made his road a difficult one: the half-thawed snow was converted into slush, which yielding and slipping beneath his horse’s feet, made the track at once heavy and insecure. The rivulets upon the hillside too, released for a brief period from their icy fetters, were swollen frequently to torrents, which were absolutely perilous in the passage. The road he was traversing could scarcely, indeed, be dignified with the title of a bridle-path; and though the cavern toward which he was urging his course, has of late years been frequently visited by the curious, it would be difficult to designate the route by which Bradshawe had hitherto approached it by any precise geographical data of the present day.

CHAPTER XVIII

In the hilly region of Schoharie County, where the Onidegra ridge of the Helderberg mountains extends its flanking battlements of perpendicular rock along the lovely vale of the Schoharie Kill, there ran in former days an old Indian pathway.

The principal route between Schoharie court-house and the hamlets

to the east and west of that settlement, as well as the great Indian trail between Catskill and Canajoharie, had a course nearly parallel with this path, and it had therefore been neglected for so many years as to be nearly forgotten by every one, save some roving Indian that now and then straggled into the settlements, or the white hunter, who, tired with traversing the forest thickets and rocky defiles of the adjacent mountains, took his homeward way along this secluded but well-beaten path.

This trail, where Bradshawe was now travelling it, was walled by huge buttresses of rock upon the west, while its terraced edge commanded through the leafless trees, a complete view of the vale of the Schoharie upon the east; and as a burst of sunshine ever and anon lighted up with smiles that landscape which even in winter is most lovely, even the heart of so reckless an adventurer was touched with the idea of carrying rapine and devastation into a scene so exquisitely calm and rural; "yet such," thought he, with a sternness more in unison with his general character, "such is our only policy, if the king's party ever again get the ascendancy in the district. We must take the hearthstones from under these people, and then they'll bother us no longer about their parchment privileges."

Alas! did Bradshawe mean to prophesy that Johnson and his bands should sweep, like the besom of desolation, over this fated region within two years afterward? Did he foresee the part which men as ruthless as himself should play in those dark days of monstrous violence?

But now, as he remembers the devious route that he has travelled to avoid the settlements, and looks back upon the road behind him, circling wide to the east and south of his ultimate destination, the desperado remembers again that Brant may have reached it before him. He spurs his horse along the narrow path, descends toward the valley, approaches the village, wheels off, skirts the valley, and ascending once more, tracks his way through a forest of walnut and maples, and arrives at last at the yawning mouth of Waneonda.

A moment sufficed Bradshawe to secure his horse, and then he impatiently hurried to descend. The top of the pit, some twenty or thirty feet in diameter, was wholly hidden from the eye by some huge trees which had probably been felled across it purposely to screen the opening. But their roots were so grown around with thickets, and the

trunks lay tossed about in such disorder, that no design was apparent in their arrangement; and they might have been thought to be blown by the wind, or fallen from natural decay precisely where they now lay.

Below this funnel-like cavity, which was not more than ten feet in depth, there opened a narrow fissure about half that breadth, but extending downward into perfect darkness. The top of this black chasm was likewise crossed by several sticks of timber; and to the stoutest and longest of these was attached a perpendicular ladder of rope fifty feet in length, secured by the lower end to the rocks below. The ladder was coated with ice, and Bradshawe was compelled to clutch closely the frozen rungs as his feet slipped repeatedly in descending. A sloping declivity of rocks received him; and so rough and precipitous was his pathway, now rendered doubly perilous by the mud and half-frozen slime from the dripping walls above, that he would scarcely have dared to venture farther amid the darkness that reigned below. But, groping about for a few moments, he felt the broken limb of a tree, and, passing his hand along it toward the trunk, discovered that a new convenience had been provided since last he visited the spot, and he readily perceived that it must have been for the accommodation of Alida that the ponderous piece of timber had been plunged down and placed in its present situation. Lowering himself down the tree in an oblique direction, he soon entirely lost sight of the opening above him; and the temperature of the cave became so mild that traces of ice were no longer discovered. A ladder of wood then gave him a firmer foothold down the third descent; and a fourth declivity of rough rocks brought him to the bottom of the cavern.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be continued.)

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LOYALISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS AND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By James H. Stark. 8vo. VII+509 pp. Illust. Map. Boston: James H. Stark, 17 Milk Street, 1910.

In civilized countries the world over, those who opposed the then existing forms of government and were thereby defeated themselves became traitors; those whose opposition succeeded, became patriots. Those who remained loyal to the existing forms of government were considered patriotic so long as the existing government remained stable; that being overthrown they had to retire to the shades of oblivion and to suffer ostracism. Such are the plain facts which the reviewer has gleaned from his study of the history of civilized nations.

Whenever success or defeat has been accomplished in the world, there is no changing of the facts in the case. The ought to ought not, the unjust to the just, the wrong to the right, has never been changed after it has occurred. Nations must stand or fall by what they are—not by what they have done, whether the thing ought or ought not to have been done. Whenever a contest between parties has arisen which was settled by a resort to arms the ethical standards of justice and right have been largely ignored and disregarded by both parties in contest. High standards of justice and right have not come from the historical examples afforded by the great military struggles for supremacy among nations and colonies. It is true that the contending forces have set forth the justice of their cause and the injustice of

their enemy's—but this has too often been a pretence to gain political supremacy.

The American Revolution was the culmination of opposing ideals partly religious and partly political which had existed among the English people for several centuries. No palliating excuses can change the facts that such differences had long existed, were the cause of the separation of the American Colonies from Great Britain and ultimately gave each nation a higher regard of the rights of the other.

To attempt to preserve the memorials of those who remained loyal to the existing government which had given them security and protection is a praiseworthy undertaking, provided it is done without referring to the failings and short-comings of the people who were on the *other side*.

The author of this volume has taken up the achievements of a somewhat neglected class who were active citizens in Massachusetts prior to 1775. Their memorials deserve to be preserved, as they were high-minded, influential, intelligent citizens. Possessed of conservative natures they believed it was better to suffer some injustice from the Crown rather than to rebel from the mother country. As they were not members of the Puritan or Independent Church they naturally disliked the independent spirit in public affairs. So far as these united empire loyalists were high-minded, so far as they rendered efficient service in the King's colonies in their day and generation, their deeds deserve to be magnified that the world may better know them. The evil which they did should be forgotten.

To attempt to magnify their acts by publishing the crimes, the scandals, the dishonesty or the illegitimacy of any patriot even though it may be absolutely true

places the publisher in a class with the yellow journalists of the twentieth century—not with the great historians of the world whose work gives perspective to the high and noble purposes for which nations, kindreds and tongues deserve to be remembered.

The evil which has always existed in the world impersonated in particular individuals known to have performed many good deeds is published at the expense of the reputation of the person publishing them and regardless of his church affiliations or his nationality, places him among those of whom the consensus of opinion will be that he was "lacking in discriminating judgment."

The effective historian of the twentieth century must magnify goodness in all and carefully omit the evil which he finds in the lives of those who cannot change their past careers. Deeds which fail to contribute to the betterment of the soul deserve to be forgotten on both sides and the author who sets forth evil under the pretext

of telling the truth will add nothing to the heritage of the world.

The biographical sketches of the volume cover 335 pages beginning with Governor Thomas Hutchinson of Massachusetts and ending with Governor William Franklin of New Jersey. Some of these sketches do not appear to relate to the individuals named in the headings. Future students are likely to continue to consider Sabine's *Loyalists* as the authoritative work in this field of study.

As a whole the work appears to be a compilation from printed books and not to any considerable extent the gleanings from original records, long since forgotten by Americans and Britons alike.

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WITH
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THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI A CENTURY AGO

FINDING the source of a great and historic river is a fascinating labor for the explorer; but for twenty years of our history, the determination of the head-waters of the Mississippi had more than a sentimental interest. The Treaty of 1783, in which our independence was recognized by Great Britain, also fixed our national boundary. This on the north-west was to run from the "most north-western point" of the Lake of the Woods on a "due west course to the River Mississippi." Obviously no such line could be drawn, but the peace commissioners could not know this, and the contemporary geographies show great uncertainty concerning the upper waters of the great stream. By the time Jay and Grenville drew their treaty in 1794, it was recognized that possibly the boundary of 1783 could not be established. That agreement, therefore, provided (Article IV): "Whereas, it is uncertain whether the River Mississippi extends so far to the northward as to be intersected by a line to be drawn due west from the Lake of the Woods . . . it is agreed that measures shall be taken in concert between the two governments for making a joint survey of the said river from one degree of latitude below the Falls of St. Anthony, to the principal source or sources of the said river and also of the parts adjacent thereto." A new line was to be negotiated, were such intersection not found to exist. This agreement does not seem to have been acted upon. The Louisiana Purchase nullified it by requiring a westward extension of the northern boundary beyond the longitude of the Mississippi; and this extension was agreed to in 1818. The expedition which Lieutenant Pike conducted in 1806 to the head-waters of the great river, therefore cannot be regarded as having any reference to Article IV., of the Jay Treaty.

But at that time there were a goodly number of questions requiring the attention of an army officer on the upper Mississippi.

Above the mouth of the Missouri, east and west of its great confluence, was wild country a hundred years ago. The Indians were there—the dreaded Sioux, the Foxes, reputed to raise great quantities of corn, beans, and melons; the Iowas, Winnebagoes, Menomenees;—all sustained by fish, game, wild rice, and the products of a rude agriculture; and bestialized by “fire-water” brought in by the traders. There was game—immense quantities of it—reminding one of Mr. Roosevelt’s enthusiastic descriptions of British East Africa. There were game birds, raccoons, foxes, wolves, bears, elk, buffaloes. One day the explorer Pike reports running on to one hundred and fifty elk moving in single file, “a large buck, of at least four feet between the horns, leading the van, and one of equal magnitude bringing up the rear.” Animal life was quite ubiquitous and always in sight.

This presence of game and Indians brought the trader. The North West Company, a Canadian corporation, had establishments on the Lakes at the head of the Mississippi, and how great was the traffic in furs and peltries procured by the Company’s agents, appears from returns apparently obtained by Pike while at the agencies. From these it appears that, in 1804 and ’5, 233 packs of furs and peltries were in the possession of the Fond du Lac Department, half at three posts. Since a single pack usually contained from sixty to seventy beaver furs, or thirty-five to forty-five deer skins, or a proportionate quantity of other peltries, it readily appears that the annual “kill” of fur-bearing animals of all kinds, from musk-rats, otter, foxes, to bears, lynxes, and wolves,—was enormous. The published “returns” of the business of the North West Company,—which operated on the upper Mississippi and throughout the great north-west,—show that, in the season closing in 1806, the agents of the Company purchased as many as eighty thousand skins of beaver; fifty-four thousand muskrats; forty thousand martens; better than twenty-six hundred bears; and a great number of other species of North American game.¹ The figures are startling: they are eloquent of

¹ “The manuscript Journal of Alexander Henry,” etc. (Coues Ed.); New York, 1897; p. 283.

the profusion of animal life in the American northwest. Nor is the waste of nature's bounty decried to-day, an innovation. The myriads of buffalo in the valley of the Red River of the North, a century ago, were as wantonly and wastefully slaughtered as on the great plains at a later date. We can readily understand why the British fur companies should have desired to exclude American traders from this lucrative field and traffic, and, in no small degree, they actually accomplished this by Article III. of the Treaty signed by Jay and so vehemently denounced in the United States Senate and reluctantly ratified.

Wild man, wild beast, wild nature at the source of the Mississippi, a century ago,—and only the trader the pioneer of a new order. At the heart of the continent, in the country of the lakes, the pine, and the hardwoods, the great river began its meandering southward trend in which it was to gather up the waters between the mountains of the east and the mountains of the west, and bear them to the Gulf. But, as we have said, the origin of the river was undetermined a century ago. Conditions on the upper Mississippi, however, were demanding attention. Military posts needed establishment by the new proprietor of all that region—the United States. For these posts cessions of land must be obtained from the Indians. Quarrels among the tribes must be pacified, and some recent murders of Americans must be punished. The illicit sale of liquor to the red men must be put down; and the payment of customs duties enforced. Finally, information was desired about this vaguely known country.

To deal with all these matters, Lieut. Zebulon M. Pike was ordered to conduct an expedition northward from St. Louis in the late summer of 1805. He was a young officer of the First United States Infantry,—little tried as yet; and it is not clear just why General James Wilkinson should have placed detailed instructions in his hands, looking especially to a comprehensive survey—ethnological, topographical, mineralogical, botanical, commercial, military,—of the north Mississippi valley. Did he have some personal scheme in mind, later turned, in collusion with Aaron Burr, in a south-westerly direction? Pike was to proceed to the source of the River “unless the season forbids your further progress without endangering your return before the waters are frozen up.”

These instructions did not emanate from Washington, although, when they were communicated to the War Department, they were approved by it and the President.¹ Wilkinson was responsible for them. The expedition, it was officially declared,—had received no special encouragement from the Government, nor was special compensation for what it accomplished, ever granted.²

Lieutenant Pike's orders bear date at St. Louis, of July 30, 1805. On the ninth of August he was ready, and left that place with "one servant, two corporals, and seventeen privates in a keel-boat seventy feet long provisioned for four months."

The fountain heads of the Mississippi are found in Lake Itasca, Hubbard County, northern Minnesota. Its waters, meager at first but soon augmented from Leech Lake and Lake Winnibigoshish, meander in a south-easterly trend to the Minnesota boundary, and then divide the southern portion of that State from Wisconsin, and continue to form state boundaries almost to the Gulf of Mexico. Going up river from St. Louis, Pike had the Illinois and Wisconsin shores on his right; those of Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota on his left, until the stream became intra-state at a point where the St. Croix enters it from the north. The expedition found an ever-diminishing volume of water, as one by one the great feeders were left behind. According to a United States Engineer's report of 1879, the river which passed by St. Louis 225,000 cubic feet of water per second,—tumbled over the "drop" at Minneapolis only one-twenty-second of that quantity.³

Lieutenant Pike was not long in discovering that his autumnal journey was to be plentiful of difficulty. Mark Twain has taken great pains to explain the trials of a Mississippi River pilot at a later date and down the river. Northward from St. Louis, the Mississippi, now rapid, now slow—as the expedition found—slipped over shoals and sand-bars, or scurried among islands; and was often perilous from unseen obstructions. The two long and troublesome rapids above the Des Moines and

¹ "The expeditions of Zebulon Montgomery Pike," ed. by Coues, New York, 1895, p. 842.

² *Ibid.*, 841 note; 842.

³ Exec. Doc. No. 54, 45th Con., 3rd Sess.; pp. 21, 33.

Rock Rivers had not been improved by United States engineers. At the Falls of St. Anthony, a portage was necessary.

By September 21, the Sioux village of eleven lodges near the site of St. Paul, was attained. So far the party had not passed through an unknown wilderness. From Hennepin to Carver explorers had gone up and down this portion of the River. From Michilimackinac traders sought the Mississippi by way of the Illinois or the Wisconsin. At Prairie du Chien was a considerable settlement of whites and mixed bloods. Lower down, Julien Dubuque was working his lead mines. On the site of Nauvoo, Illinois, James Ewing, an unofficial Indian agent, was reputed to be teaching the red men agriculture in an improved fashion. But the "rage of retiring back" does not seem to have carried many Americans into this region. Yet Bradbury—the botanizing traveller who came out from Liverpool in 1809 and is responsible for the apt phrase just used—notes how our enterprising countrymen were getting possession of the Mississippian lead mines and displaying national character in working them. Whereas the French creoles were content with such ore as could be obtained without the labor of rock excavation, he says, the new-comers went into the rock and were well rewarded for their trouble.¹

Heretofore the Falls of St. Anthony seemed to spell "Terminus" to the northward advance. The whites that entered the region above, seem mostly to have come from Canada by way of Lake Superior or Michilimackinac. The waters that jostled together over the rocks at St. Anthony's, came from a terra incognita to the people of the United States. Indeed, it was questioned, might they not have origin within British territory? Ignorance or self-interest prevented the Canadian fur company, whose agents were on the spot, from changing that opinion. But the United States Government considered the upper waters of the Mississippi to lie within the new Louisiana Purchase; and Pike's party proceeded up-river to enforce American sovereignty.

It was the golden weather season, when the north country by a subtle transmutation comes aglow, flames and is radiant in multifarious coloration, flickers and fades—the beautiful gift of the oaks and maples

¹ Thwaites: *Early Western Travels*, V. 251.

before they take their winter rest. By September 29, the falls were passed, the boats and supplies brought over the portage with great labor. Pike availed himself of his last opportunity to send despatches and letters down the River—which appeared to him, he says, “like a last adieu to the civilized world.” On the first of October, the last and most venturesome portion of the northward expedition was begun. The daily entries in Pike’s journal clearly indicate the increasing wildness of the country. Notices of game are far more frequent, of human beings very rare. Buffaloes are noted for the first time; and bears become more common. Pike and some of his companions spent much time on shore in killing game for food. The many rapids and the increased shallowness of the River made navigation more difficult. When, on October 16, the morning showed the ground under a cover of snow, winter quarters had to be thought of. The party had reached a point four miles below Little Falls of to-day; and this seemed advantageous for a winter camp. Game for food, timber for buildings and boats, was abundant. They were in the pine country, and these stately trees were soon down and built into a blockhouse and canoes. It was Pike’s purpose to leave the larger number of men at this point, 111 miles above the Falls of St. Anthony; and with light equipment and few companions to make a mid-winter dash for the head-waters of the Mississippi. One of the new canoes, loaded with baggage and ammunition, sank before the start was made; and, while attempting to dry the powder over a fire, it exploded with narrow escape from disastrous consequences. Pike then delayed to make sleds and to help stock the camp with game. On December 9, the party set out. Each sled of some four hundred pounds capacity—laden with provisions and ammunition—was drawn by two men.

When the northern winter closed in, there was suffering for the little band. If possible, the sleds were drawn along the ice of the River; but where the ripples brought thin ice, there was danger, often realized, that the heavy loads would break through. One entry in the journal tells how on one occasion it was necessary for the men to stand waist-deep in the wintry water and search for the ammunition at the bottom of the river. Failure to have found it would have closed the enterprise then and there. The land was safer but slower, and was used when the ice could not be trusted. One night the Lieutenant was awakened by the

sentinel who was "swearing" the men awake to extinguish a fire that was consuming the tent where the commander was sleeping. It was time, too, for he was reposing close to the powder of the expedition. Had the fire reached it a high mountain of Colorado would bear another name. Yet all these trials were hardly comparable to those which the young officer was to undergo, during the following winter, when on another quest that should give that mountain his name. There was balsam for the frost bites, and balsam boughs for beds. There was fuel in the forest and game for food. At their destination, hospitality at one of the North West Company's stations was assured by the unwritten law of the frontier. Still, if the expedition had started in May instead of in August, much suffering would have been spared it; and more of the information which Wilkinson desired would have been acquired. In proceeding above the Falls of St. Anthony, Pike was acting largely on his own discretion; for he might readily have fulfilled the mandatory portions of his instructions and returned to St. Louis before Christmas. As it was, he pressed on, in the depth of winter, with a young man's eagerness to achieve better than is required of him.

January 8, 1806, Pike and one companion pushed ahead to Sandy Lake where the River makes its last great bend to the east. Crossing the Lake on the ice, they arrived at nightfall at the station of the fur company. The rest of the party coming up, they were all hospitably entertained here for nearly a fortnight. Then, when new sleds had been constructed after the fashion of the country, a shorter route was taken north-westerly to Leech Lake, which was regarded as the source of the Mississippi. Their course brought them thither, February 1. "I will not attempt to describe my feelings on the accomplishment of my voyage," runs the journal of this date, "for this is the main source of the Mississippi." It was in fact not so. The ultimate source lay twenty-five miles in an air-line to the west, and at a much greater distance by the sinuous line of the River.

The discovery waited a few years longer. In 1818, after his "pedestrious tour" of four thousand miles, Estwick Evans was able to inform—or misinform—his New England readers that the Mississippi "runs principally through Bear and Red Lake;" that "one branch of it, however, runs pretty much in the direction of the Missouri River;" that

"both below and above the Falls of St. Anthony an almost innumerable number of rivers pour their waters into the Mississippi, some of which are several thousand miles in length."¹ In 1832, Schoolcraft and Allen "made" Itasca Lake at the true source, whose name was then evolved out of decapitated and de-caudalized "veritas, caput."² But it was left to the Savoyard geographer, Nicollet, in the employ of the United States Government, to make in 1836 those surveys and final determinations that settled the question of the "true head" once for all.

On the nineteenth of February, Pike set out from Leech Lake to return to St. Louis, where the party arrived, the last of April. The expedition had not been barren of results. Pike had noted and located sites for three military posts along the Mississippi, including the cession of 100,000 acres at the Falls of St. Anthony, gained from the Indians "for a song"—so he says; but we may believe that the sixty gallons of whiskey allowed the red men "to clear their throats," assisted in the transaction. At all events, it was agreed "that the Sioux nation grant unto the United States for the purpose of establishment of military posts, nine miles square at the mouth of the St. Croix, also from below the confluence of the Mississippi to include the Falls of St. Anthony, extending nine miles on each side of the river."³ The two thousand dollars voted by Congress to recompense the Indians for this cession, indicates that this was the minimum price at which land should be sold within the limits or vicinity of modern Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Other tangible accomplishments of the expedition of 1805 and '6 need not detain us, for they were of transitory importance. But for the student of the history of institutions, the glimpse which Pike more or less unconsciously gives us of conditions on the upper Mississippi, a century ago, has a very keen interest. Here we see primitive human beings living under primitive conditions, brought in a very primitive way into contact with men bound by inheritance to civilization, but choosing to live in a remote wilderness where life could ignore the conventions and where pecuniary profit was certain. Primeval impulses

¹ Thwaites *supra*. VIII, 235.

² Pike *supra*, 331.

³ Pike, 231.

held white men to a life that to the majority of their kind would have been intolerable. "I can only account for the gentlemen of the North West Company," says Pike, "contenting themselves in this wilderness for ten, fifteen, and some of them for twenty years, by the attachment they contract for the Indian women. It appears to me that the wealth of nations would not induce me to remain secluded from the society of civilized mankind, surrounded by a savage and unproductive wilderness without books or other sources of intellectual enjoyment, or being blessed with the cultivated and feeling mind of a civilized fair [one.]"¹ And again he writes: "There are a few gentlemen residing at the Prairie des Chiens, and many others claiming that appellation; but the rivalry of the Indian trade occasions them to be guilty of acts at their wintering grounds which they would blush to be thought guilty of in the civilized world. They possess the spirit of generosity and hospitality in an eminent degree, but this is the leading feature in the character of frontier inhabitants. Their mode of living has obliged them to have transient connection with the Indian women; and what was at first policy is now so confirmed by habit and inclination that it is become the ruling practice of the traders with few exceptions; in fact, almost one half the inhabitants under twenty years have the blood of the aborigines in their veins."² One Indian chief of whose hospitality Pike partook, told him that "he knew some Americans at his nation who had half a dozen wives during the winter."³ This miscegenation is an unpleasant aspect of frontier liberalism; but neither historian nor sociologist may ignore it.

Pike found three stations of the North West Company on as many lakes of the upper Mississippi. Their *raison d'être* was the fur trade. So important was this traffic in the Northwest that fur was itself the standard commercial exchange. One prime beaver skin was the basis in computing the exchange value of commodities.⁴ Thus: A North West Company gun was reckoned as worth ten beaver skins,—a skin being "convertible" at two dollars. A beaver trap went for four skins; a fathom of glass beads for two skins; a fathom of twist tobacco, a half-

¹ Pike: 145.

² *Ibid.*, 304-305.

³ *Ibid.*, 185.

⁴ Pike: 283n.

pint of powder, or a knife, for one skin. On his first "campaign" for skins, Alexander Henry put down his "house expenses" at fifteen hundred skins for seventeen persons, and calculated the profit and loss of the venture by the same currency.¹ Going in 1800 from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, Henry bought a canoe of an Indian for "sixty skins," giving his receipt for that amount "payable at Lac la Pluie."² It should not be supposed that the Indians actually received the skins to satisfy their credits, but rather liquor, cloth, blankets, powder, or other articles desired by them. A gentleman who had been eighteen years in the country and was familiar with the fur business, told Pike that "the real price of goods here in exchange for peltry, is about 250% on the prime cost." From this ratio of exchange it is easy to understand how immense fortunes were made on the Northwest frontier, a century ago. But it must be noted that the cost of freighting these exchange-goods into the country was great. Mackinac—then known as Michilimackinac—and probably the most important distributing-point for the north-west trade—was five hundred miles in a direct line from the head of the Mississippi, and was the nearest United States Custom House. If the understanding reached by Pike and the Company's agent at Leech Lake, were adhered to, it would be henceforth necessary for all supplies to be entered there and to pay duty before starting for the posts west of Lake Superior.³ Goods intended for the posts on the head waters of the Mississippi, Pike tells us, entered by way of Fond du Lac (Superior) and the water routes to Sandy Lake on the upper course of that River;⁴ while all the trade between the Crow Wing River (a little below Sandy Lake) and St. Louis was supplied from Michilimackinac by way of the Fox-Wisconsin route.⁵ The cost of getting goods over the portage between the last-named streams, is given as one-third of a dollar per hundredweight; five dollars for a canoe, eight dollars for a boat.⁶

But in its way, the country on the upper Mississippi provided bountifully for the people on its frontier. Wild rice was abundant and extensively used by whites and Indians. Fine groves of hard maple yielded that delicious maple-sugar—by no means restricted to Vermont. The

¹ Henry: 4.

² Henry: 15.

³ Pike: 249, 251.

⁴ Ibid., 231.

⁵ Ibid., 294.

⁶ Ibid., 302.

supply of fresh meat, in the utmost variety, was unlimited. Gardens adjoining the traders' stations produced potatoes and other vegetables. Of the post at Sandy Lake, Pike wrote: "They have horses procured from Red River of the Indians; raise plenty of Irish potatoes; catch pike, suckers, pickerel, and white-fish in abundance. They have also beaver, deer, and moose; but the provision they chiefly depend upon is wild oats [read *rice*], of which they purchase great quantities from the savages, giving at the rate of about \$1.50 per bushel. But flour, pork, and salt are almost interdicted to persons not principals in the trade. Flour sells at 50 cents; salt, \$1; pork, 80 cts.; sugar, 50 cts.; tea, \$4.50 per pound. The sugar is obtained from the Indians and is obtained from the maple tree."¹ And again: "While at this place I ate roasted beavers, dressed in every respect as a pig is dressed with us; it was excellent. . . . I also ate boiled moose's head which much resembled the tail of a beaver."

If a denizen of the post would be abroad, ready means was available. The myriad lakes and connecting waters, between the upper Mississippi and the Great Lakes, afforded a complete system of inland communication. Were it the open season of navigation, frail birch-bark, clumsier dugout, or long-boat, conveyed one from point to point almost whithersoever he would go, providing a portage now and then did not discourage him. Were it in winter, over-land journeys might be made by "racket," or snowshoe; or by *traineau de glace*, described by Pike as "made of a single plank turned up at one end like a fiddle-head," and the baggage "lashed on in bags and sacks."² A "cariole" might be used, constructed of "boards, planed smooth, turned up in front about two feet, coming to a point, and about two and a half feet wide behind; on which is fixed a box covered with dressed skins painted; this box is open at the top, but covered in front about two-thirds of the length. The horse is fastened between the shafts. The rider wraps himself up in a buffalo-robe and sits flat down, having a cushion to lean his back against. Thus accoutred, with a fur cap, etc., he may bid defiance to the wind and weather."³

These were the conditions of life on the American north-west fron-

¹ Pike, 139.

² Ibid., 140.

³ Pike, 156

tier, a century ago. We cannot say that they do not appeal to our interest or to our imagination. They possess their own fascination for the imaginative student of History, and their own significance in the development of the American race. They have helped to evolve what is in reality a new race, different from anything known to the Old World. And the distinctive characteristics of this new American race seem clearly to be traceable in a large degree to the fact that we have had a true frontier. These distinctive marks consist of a characteristic buoyancy of spirit, free hospitality, dislike of restraint, readiness to enforce immediate punishment without waiting for slow justice; peculiarity of physique, due, shall we say, to ozonic climate, to diet, or what not?

The north-west frontier, which was reaching out towards the upper Mississippi, a century ago, has steadily receded, until now it approaches the vanishing-point. With six trans-continental lines of railway built or building through it,—sending out innumerable feeders that may even some day tap the Hudson Bay and Peace River country,—there is no place for a north-west frontier. With excellent farming country available indefinitely remote from the sources of the Mississippi, that River has come to be the center of things,—not the “Ultima Thule.” It gave us once the illustration of a social order now quite disappeared. Agriculture has followed that vanished order, and more recently manufactures. And as the frontier leaves the American Continent, we shall have to settle down to that “hum-drum” Old World life, which wants the glamour and the opportunity of the land with a frontier. Then must we face the problem of dealing with those turbulent elements of society which formerly left civilization with the unanimous consent of the civilized, to make or destroy themselves on the frontier where the chance was best offered of doing either the one or the other. This time is upon us, and that other time is approaching when we may have to revise Emerson’s dictum, that America means opportunity. Still another possibility comes into view: May not that energy of wayward genius which once exhausted itself in the free life of the frontier, eventually turn to art and to literature for a different form of expression, supported by that patronage and intelligence which established wealth and established appreciative taste can give?

KANSAS STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

LEW. ALLEN CHASE.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

At White Plains, New York, June 14, was unveiled a handsome stone monument, on the site of the original County Court House, where, on July 10, 1776, the Provincial Congress proclaimed the birth of the independent state of New York. The monument, which cost \$3,500, was built in part of stones from the original edifice. The whole cost was met by the White Plains Chapter of the D. A. R. The exercises were of an elaborate character, and we regret that we can not spare space for more than the speech of Judge Isaac N. Mills of the Supreme Court.

OURS is an age distinctly of commemoration. During the adult life of even the older, not to say the oldest, of us here present, nearly every leading event in the record of our country has been celebrated and the memory thereof preserved in some form of enduring monument.

During my own manhood life, which in professional practice began with the centennial year, very many of the important occurrences in American History, going back even to the landing of Columbus, have been formally celebrated. The literature issued as incidental to those celebrations alone constitutes a liberal course in American History. These several ancestral, historical and patriotic societies, such as the Daughters and Sons of the Revolution, of either branch or title, are the direct product of this particular spirit of our times; and they have now become its chief promoters and exponents.

It would take long to tell the celebrations of historical events which in the last twenty-five years have been held under their auspices, and to recount the monuments and tablets which they in that time have set as memorials thereof. The spirit of patriotism so largely prevalent among the youth of the land is in no small measure due to these things. In this State and even in this county much has already been accomplished in this direction. In this great work no one of the patriotic ancestral societies has performed better service than the Daughters of the American Revolution, which has reared this monument that we here to-day, under its auspices, dedicate. Certainly no proceeding of the sort could be of greater interest or promise more of lasting benefit than the per-

manent commemoration of the "Birth of the Independent State of New York."

In all American History, few events can have been of greater moment. Notwithstanding the marvelous growth and development of the West during the last forty years, our State still remains and promises long to continue the "Empire State of the Union."

In the early period of the Revolution the formal and accomplished revolt of the Province of New York from the dominion of the British King and Parliament was an event of the utmost importance to the success of the Revolution; and the time and the place of that event, if they may be clearly designated, mark unerringly the birth-time and place of the State. At the celebration of this place as the Birthplace of the State, held here July 9, 1892, by the Sons of the Revolution, the speaker of the day, upon the point of the importance of New York, said:

"New York was of prime importance to the revolutionary cause. Her geographical location, manifold resources and the character of her people made her aid indispensable. Her majestic Hudson, with connecting water ways, formed the only easy and practicable means of access to and from the northern provinces. The noted highways crossing her territory from the passes in the highlands and from the city to her eastern boundary afforded the usual, and in case of war with a nation ruling the seas, the only avenues of communication between the eastern and southern colonies. One of those highways with unchanged course still passes this very place. New York was the keystone of the continental arch. With her sustaining strength the arch might stand, without that it must fall. Without her the Revolution would have been in history but a rebellion, with her it was bound to be and was a Revolution."

I may, I trust, be pardoned if I digress a moment to recall that celebration. It was the first time, so far as I have been able to ascertain that this place and the 9th of July, 1776, were ever in any way commemorated as the natal place and date of this State. Near the close of the exercises a short address was made by the late Mr. Charles Butler, then over ninety-two years of age, a veritable son of the Revolution,

as his own father served with the Continental forces. Through him we seemed to touch hands, as it were, with the very actors in those great events, which so stirred and tried the souls of the men of that period. Rarely in my life have I felt as inspired by a man's words as I was by his on that occasion.

That meeting was in a substantial sense the initiation of the work this day here accomplished.

Here and now, as we dedicate this monument and publish it to the world, we are, by the very nature of things called upon to prove the legend which these Daughters have engraven upon it, which is, in effect, that this is the birthplace of the State of New York.

Upon what warrant is this proclamation made and justified? Upon what grounds is this place thus declared to be "The Birthplace of our State?"

It is more than barely possible that in the zeal for historical commemoration, which characterizes our times and especially societies of this kind, a monument may be reared here and there upon insufficient proof and so stand as a false and not a true witness. There is special need that our evidence of the truth of the declaration upon this monument here should be at hand, because it is well known that our local assertions in that regard have been challenged by some in times past, at least since 1892, when that other commemoration was held. I beg therefore, briefly but distinctly, to present the leading proofs upon which we base our assertion and contention that this place should be regarded as the birthplace of our State.

Before attempting to recite such evidences, we should have well in mind what constitutes the birth of a commonwealth. It is the first formal act of the people thereof, by direct vote or by their duly authorized representatives, declaring themselves or their government to be a State and no longer a colony or province,—that is a mere dependency of some external power. It is not necessary or indeed to be expected that the new-born State shall at once be complete in all its attributes and equipments, any more than that the new-born child will at once be a grown man or woman.

The following are the special leading proofs of the verity of the legend upon this monument here and now unveiled and dedicated.

FIRST PROOF.

Prior to the assembling here in the old Court House of the Fourth Provincial Congress on the morning of the 9th of July, 1776, there had been no declaration of the independence of New York from Great Britain, that is of statehood, made by the people either by direct vote or by the action of their duly authorized representatives in Congress or convention assembled.

There had been no pretence even of any such direct popular vote.

The preceding Provincial Congress the Third, had only thirty-three days before, namely on the 6th of June, practically refused to concur in the resolutions passed by the Virginia Convention on the 15th of May previous in favor of an immediate declaration of independence; and only twenty-eight days before, viz., on the 11th of June, that Congress had unanimously resolved, "That the good people of this colony have not in the opinion of this Congress authorized this Congress or the delegates of this colony in the Continental Congress to declare this colony to be and continue independent of the Crown of Great Britain."

The Fourth Provincial Congress first organized here on the morning of July 9th, and of course had taken no prior action.

However it may have been with the delegates of other colonies in the Continental Congress, which adopted the Declaration of Independence, it is plain that the New York delegates therein were not authorized to declare the independence of their province. Their own recognition of their want of such power is evidenced by their letter to the Fourth Provincial Congress, dated at Philadelphia, July 2nd, and received here by that Congress at its first opening meeting on the 9th. In that letter the delegates wrote: "We wish therefore for your earliest advice and instructions whether we are to consider our colony bound by the vote of the majority (i. e., in the Continental Congress) in favor of independence, and vote at large on such questions as may arise in consequence thereof, or only concur in such measures as may be absolutely necessary

for the common safety and defence of America exclusive of the idea of independency."

Moreover, their want of power to act for and bind the province to that extreme extent was recognized in their later letter in which they transmitted to that Congress a copy of the Declaration, because in that letter they also asked for instructions. The instructions thus prayed for were that day given by this resolution, duly passed July 9th, viz., "Resolved, that the delegates of this State, in Continental Congress, be and they are hereby authorized to consent to and adopt all such measures as they may deem conducive to the happiness and welfare of the United States of America."

It was only upon the strength of that resolution that the New York delegates in the Continental Congress finally signed the declaration. On the 2nd of July they declined to vote upon the resolution of independency that day adopted by the Continental Congress by the vote of the other twelve colonies; and they so declined upon the ground that they were not authorized to act for their colony upon that question. (Bancroft, Vol. IV., pp. 440-441); and upon the same ground they declined upon the 4th to agree to the Declaration itself. Later, after they received notice of the resolution just quoted passed by the Provincial Congress on the 9th, they did agree to and sign that document.

SECOND PROOF.

A positive and direct declaration of independence, that is of statehood, was here on the 9th of July, 1776, made by the Fourth Provincial Congress.

On the afternoon of that day, probably about this hour (three o'clock) that Congress adopted a series of four resolutions reported by a committee of five headed by John Jay; the first of which was the following: "Resolved that the reasons assigned by the Continental Congress for declaring the United colonies free and independent states, (meaning the Declaration of Independence) are cogent and conclusive; and that, while we lament the cruel necessity which has rendered that measure unavoidable, *we approve the same* and will, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, join with the other colonies in supporting it."

On the following morning, July 10th, the Congress resolved and ordered: "that the style or title of this house be changed from that of 'The Provincial Congress of the Colony of New York' to that of 'The Convention of the representatives of the State of New York.'" Later on the same or the following day, by order of the Convention, the Declaration itself was published by being read from in front of the Court House here; and that is the special act which the inscription upon this monument recites.

On the 16th of July the convention while still here, directed "all magistrates and other officers of justice in this state, who are well affected to the liberties of America, until further orders, to exercise their respective offices, providing that all processes and other their proceedings be under the authority and in the name of the *State of "New York."*

It also, by resolution passed on the 9th, declared that "all persons, members of this *State* * * * who shall levy war against the said *State* within the same, or be adherent to the King of Great Britain or others the enemies of the said *State* within the same, giving to him or them aid and comfort, are guilty of treason against the *State* and being thereof convicted shall suffer the pains and penalties of death."

All these resolutions passed on July 9th were carried by a unanimous vote.

The term "colony" or "province" as a designation of the body politic is to be found in all New York official acts or records prior to July 9, 1776. Thus the resolution of the third Provincial Congress of May 31, 1776, providing for the election in June of the delegates to the Fourth Congress, used the term "colony," viz. "And if a majority of the counties, by their deputies in Provincial Congress (to be thus elected) shall be of the opinion that such new government ought to be instituted and established, then to institute and establish such a government as they shall deem best calculated to secure the rights, liberties and happiness of the good people of *this colony.*"

The first time that the term "State" as a designation of the body politic of New York in such acts or records can be found is in the series of four resolutions passed by the Fourth Provincial Congress, July 9th,

1776, of which the first approved the declaration, the second and third provided for its publication throughout the county and state, and the fourth authorized the delegates of the State in the Continental Congress as above quoted. "The term 'State' as a designation of such body politic is used three separate times in those resolutions, viz. in the second, 'within the State of New York': in the third, 'in this State'; and in the fourth, 'the delegates of this State.'"

Therefore there can be no possible doubt that that Congress and later Convention did, at its session here, declare the existence of the State as an independent sovereignty.

THIRD PROOF.

The Fourth Provincial Congress was fully and expressly authorized by the people to declare the State and to establish its government.

The resolution of the Third Provincial Congress, passed May 31, 1776, in effect, as above stated, called upon the people of the respective counties to authorize their delegates to establish a new government. Later, on June 11th, that Congress passed a further resolution requesting the electors at the coming election, which had been called by the resolution of May 31st, to vest "their representatives or deputies with full powers to act upon any subject." Bancroft summarized that action in these words: "On the 11th of June the New York Congress on his (Jay's) motion called upon the freeholders and electors of the colony to confer on the deputies whom they were about to choose, full powers of administering government, framing a constitution and *deciding the great question of independence.*" (Bancroft, Vol. IV, p. 430.)

Moreover the credentials of the deputies elected, as presented to the Fourth Provincial Congress here on the morning of July 9th, and entered upon its journal, gave to those delegates such plenary power. That those deputies so construed their credentials is evident from the fact that after they had declared the independence of the Province and its establishment as a State, they undertook the work of preparing its first Constitution and adopted that at Kingston, April 20, 1777, and at once thereafter elected many of the first set of officers under that constitution, —all without any further grant of power from or submission to the

people. Moreover, the people of the state acquiesced without a murmur in this action of that Congress or convention and there was no sort of submission of that constitution to a popular vote.

FOURTH PROOF.

The First Constitution of New York, adopted by the same Congress or Convention, declared in substance that the State had its establishment complete by the adoption of the resolutions on July 9th approving the Declaration of Independence.

Thus, the preamble of that Constitution, as the sources of the power of the Convention to make a Constitution, recited:

First.—The resolutions of the Third Provincial Congress of May 31st, calling the election;

Second.—That election;

Third.—The Declaration of Independence made by the Continental Congress; and

Fourth and Lastly.—The resolutions of July 9th, above recited.

In effect the preamble declared that with the last named action all power reverted to the people of the State, viz. "All power whatever therein hath reverted to the people thereof"; in other words, that by that Act all the power of Great Britain in and over the Province had ceased. Obviously, when that power ended the State began. "Nature abhors a vacuum";—there was no vacuum between Province and State.

FIFTH PROOF.

The forefathers of those very times in subsequent official action most emphatically testified that they held the view which we here maintain.

A marked and conclusive instance of this is found in the noted Act passed by the Legislature of this State at its third session on the 22nd of October, 1779, and entitled: "An Act for the forfeiture and sale of the estates of persons who have adhered to the enemies of this State,

and for declaring the sovereignty of the People of this State in respect to all property within the same."

The first section of the Act named fifty-nine persons, and declared each of them to be by the Act convicted and attainted of the crime of treason against the State and "All and singular the estate, both real and personal, held or claimed by them * * * shall be and hereby is declared to be forfeited to and vested in the People of this State."

The second section of the Act provided that each of those fifty-nine persons was thereby forever banished from the State; and that each and every of them, who shall at any time hereafter be found in any part of this State shall be and are hereby adjudged and declared guilty of felony and shall suffer death as in cases of felony, without benefit of clergy."

Subsequent sections provided for the indictment, conviction and punishment of other persons for the crime of treason, and declared to be overt acts as evidence of treason the following: "That is to say being at any time since the 9th day of July in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six (*the day of the declaration of independence of this State within the same*) in any part of the United States not in the power or possession of the fleets or armies of the King of Great Britain, and afterwards voluntarily withdrawing to any place within the power or possession of the King of Great Britain, his fleets and armies."

The Act also, in Section 14, provided that all public property on the 9th day of July, 1776, passed from the Crown of Great Britain to and became vested in the People of this State, "in whom the sovereignty and seignory thereof are and were united and vested in and from said 9th day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six."

Thus, on October 22nd, 1779, the people of this State by their legislature declared and enacted that the 9th of July, 1776, was "the day of the declaration of independence of this State within the same"; and, further, that all public property therein up to that day belonged to the King of Great Britain, and on that day passed from him and became vested in the People of the State.

Of what stronger evidence of the truth of our proposition that this spot is the birthplace of the State can the human mind conceive? Here we have in that most vital enactment, the express declaration of the fathers of that day to that effect.

In all the history of New York, colonial or state, there is no more extraordinary enactment. It illustrates for all time the strenuousness of the conflict between New York Patriots and Loyalists and the intensity of the passions engendered thereby. Consider the wholesale proscriptions and confiscations; and even attainder of life of the fifty-nine persons named, without trial or opportunity of defence, if ever thereafter found within the limits of the State. It is a tradition that my predecessor Thomas Jones, then a Justice of the Supreme Court, which has had unbroken existence in this Province and State since 1691, was included in that list because, at the last term of Oyer and Terminer held in this county under the authority of the British Crown, which was held in the latter part of 1775, in his charge to the Grand Jury, he strongly recommended that the men, who, under the leadership of the noted Isaac Sears, had then recently from Connecticut raided through Westchester County to New York City, where they destroyed Rivington's press and had seized and carried back into Connecticut several citizens of this county, among them Bishop Seabury and Judge Jonathan Fowler, should be indicted as trespassers and rioters at least; and because at that time he discharged four persons then confined in the Jail upon commitment by the Committee of Safety.

As to the value of contemporaneous testimony in such a discussion as this, it may be remembered that Mr. Lincoln made that the keynote of the great speech which he delivered in New York City in February, 1860. In that address he sought to demonstrate that "Our fathers, who framed the government under which we live," had the same understanding of the slavery question which he held and maintained. He agreed with Douglas that "Our fathers who framed the Constitution" ought to have understood the matter; and he undertook to demonstrate their understanding from their own acts and words. So do we here claim and undertake as to the matter here at issue.

The contention opposed to our view, is that the Act of that Con-

vention at Kingston, of April 20, 1777, in adopting the first State Constitution, was the birth act of the State; that there was prior to that act no legal State of New York.

In that view of the matter, of course Kingston, not White Plains is the birthplace of the State. Such reasoning is utterly unwarranted. The State was not made by the Constitution, but the Consitution was made by and for the State, that is by the people thereof acting through their representatives. During the interim of nine months between July 9, 1776, when those resolutions were here adopted by that Provincial Congress, and the 20th of April, 1777, when the Constitution was enacted by it, that body, as representing the People, actually in the name of the State of New York exercised all the powers of a complete sovereignty;—incurring debts, waging war and under civil process arresting and imprisoning individuals and even inflicting the death penalty. No government of the State ever exercised greater or more complete sovereign power than that Convention did during that period.

Several of the other original thirteen States existed as States and exercised all the sovereignty of free and independent commonwealths for considerable periods before adopting any State Constitution. Thus, the first constitution of the State of Massachusetts was adopted in 1780; that of Connecticut in 1818; and that of Rhode Island not until 1842. Doubtless in each of those States the Colonial Charter, so far as applicable to the new statehood, remained in force until the adoption of the State Constitution. I fancy that no serious student of history or political science would presume to claim that Rhode Island was not a State until 1842. Shortly before that time one Dorr attempted to act upon that theory. His movement was a wretched failure and passed into history as a sort of a burlesque rebellion, known as "Dorr's War." It is just as unreasonable to claim that New York did not become a State until April 20, 1777, as it was and is to declare that Rhode Island was not a State until 1842. Such an utterly unfounded claim is all there is or can be in any opposition to our contention that this is the very spot where our State had its completed inception.

These evidences, which I have thus reviewed, establish and even as it seems clearly to me, demonstrate that upon this spot, on the 9th of

July, 1776, this State had its birth; that then and here, by the action of the Provincial Congress, New York ceased to be a vassal province of the British Crown and became a free and independent State. Well and truthfully speaks the legend which the Daughters of the American Revolution have inscribed upon this memorial stone. For their work in thus perpetuating, as long as stone and bronze may endure, the memory of this place as distinguished and even hallowed by a great historic deed, they have richly earned the gratitude of every patriotic heart. To the many historic memorials in Westchester County they have added another and perhaps the one most deserving to be treasured.

ISAAC N. MILLS.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.



GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT

From this issue onward we expect to print not less than four pages of Genealogical matter monthly. Contributions to it will be welcome, queries or answers.

ZECHARIAH BOODEY AND SOME OF HIS DESCENDANTS

Corrections and additions are solicited.

ZECHARIAH BOODEY (1) the emigrant came from France about 1695, he died about 1755, married an American woman named Elizabeth *—. Children: Azariah or Hezekiah (2) born, Aug. 15, 1720, baptised Sept. 10, 1721, married Bridget Bushbee. She died in Barrington, N. H., July 30, 1785, he married secondly **—, 1787, (from Maine). He was of Marbury, later of Canaan; Elizabeth (2) married Ebenezer Pitman; Charity (2) married Abednego Leathers; Mary (2) baptised Mar. 31, 1716, married James Rowe; Sarah (2) baptised Sept. 7, 1718, married Benjamin Jenkins; Hannah, married Robert Huckins; Abigail (2), married David Drew; Keziah (2), died 1758, unmarried; Moses (2), married Ruth Wittum, Nov. 29, 1697. References, New England Register, vols. 24; 30; 36. Boody Gene.

Wanted—Names of * and **.

Azariah Boodey (2), Zechariah (1), living in Saco, Me., 1792, settled in Goshen Gore, about 1802. He died Feb. 26, 1803. Children: Robert (3), baptised Aug. 25, 1743, born April 3, 1743. Was first selectman living in Saco, 1792 married Margery Hill, died April 21, 1814; Zachariah (3) born Aug. 12, 1745, baptised May 22, 1746, married Mary. Demeritt, she was born Nov. 28, 1743. He was a Revolutionary soldier and died June 14, 1821; Capt. John (3), born June 23, 1749, married Susanna Langley, of Barrington, N. H. She was born March 6, 1750, died April 23, 1815; Molly (3), born June 23, 1749, married Peter Hodgdon, he died April 19, 1827; Joseph (3), born May 16, 1752, baptised Sept. 14, 1752, married Olive Drew, (born June 3, 1752); Sarah (3), born Mar. 8, 1755, married Isaac Waldron; Hannah (3), born Mar. 29, 1758, married Aaron Waldron; Azariah (3), born Nov. 29, 1761; Betsey (3), born Nov. 2, 1763,

married John Caverly. References, Vt. Hist. Gazette, vol. 1; N. E. Reg. vols. 37 and 41; *Saco Valley Settlers* by Ridlon.

Rev. Robert Boodey (3), Azariah (2), Zechariah (1), married Margery Hill, April 13, 1763, she was born April 23, 1744. They settled in New Durham, N. H., 1772, removed to Limington, Me., he was first a Quaker, then a Freewill Baptist, he died April 21, 1814. Children: Azariah (4), born Feb. 6, 1764, married Betsey Chick, Mar. 30, 1789, died Nov. 16, 1836. She died May 10, 1843; Molly (4), born May 26, 1766, married Robert Hastings; Robert (4), born Aug. (or Sept.) 27, 1768, married Mary (or Mercy) Storer, 1770-1834, of Limerick, in 1795. He died April, 1836; Abigail (4), born Nov. 2, 1770, in Barrington, N. H., died Nov. 17, 1770; Sarah (4), born Aug. 28, 1771, in New Durham, married David Storer; John H. (4), born Sept. 18, 1773, married Patience Redman, of Scarborough, Me., both died in Jackson, Me., he July 15, 1848, and she Aug. —, 1854; Betsey (4), born Jan. 15, 1777, married Ebenezer Morton, Aug. 5, 1798, died Feb. 4, 1848; Ruth (4), born June 13, 1779, married — Greene; Joseph (4), born Jan. 31, 1782, married Soloma Clark; Israel (4), born Feb. 12, 1784, married Hannah Strout, Dec. 12, 1800, died Dec. 1, 1855. She was born Oct. 26, 1783; Benjamin (4), born April 11, 1786, in Limington, married Jane C. Winslow; Edmund (4), born Aug. 15, 1788, married Lydia Jones; Henry H. (4), born Aug. 15, 1788, married Mary Pond. References, Boodey Gene.

Rev. Joseph Boodey (3), Azariah (2), Zechariah (1). They resided at Barrington, Canaan, thence in Strafford, N. H. Olive his wife died —, 1824, and he died Jan. 17, 1822. Children: Molly (4), born Dec. 23, 1773, married James Howe; Jonathan (4), born June 24, 1776, died July —, 1847; Azariah (4), born Dec. 3, 1779; Joseph (4), born Mar. 16, 1782, married Molly Boodey; Olive (4), born Sept. 10, 1788, married George Foss; Comfort (4), born Feb. 10, 1791, married Charles Caverly, died Mar. 30, 1876; John (4), born Apr. 16, 1795. References, Boodey Gene.

Capt. John Boodey (3), Azariah (2), Zechariah (1). Children: Azariah (4), born Sept. 11, 1772; Aaron (4), born Dec. 30, 1773, died Apr. 7, 1815; John (4), born Jan. 1, 1777, died Apr. 18, 1815, married

Susanna Hayes; Zechariah (4), born Feb. 2, 1779; Robert (4), born Dec. 10, 1780, died June 18, 1804, (drowned); Elizabeth (4), born Mar. 24, 1782, married Obadiah Langley, of Durham, N. H.; Molly (4), born Apr. 11, 1785, married Joseph Boodey, Jr.; References, Boodey Gene.

(To be continued.)

Any one having Boodey ancestry is requested to send their line to this Magazine, and information supplying missing items will be appreciated.

QUERIES

RATAN-RETAN-RUTAN

1. *Ratan.* Abram Ratan, married Joanna Elset, and had Daniel, baptised 1735. Wanted anything about Abram and whom Daniel married.

2. *Rutan.* Abraham Rutan, of New Barbadoes, N. J., married Mary Rutan, 1703, his will proved May 19, 1713. Her estate was inventoried May 22, 1713. They had children: Daniel; Abraham; Susanna; David; and Peter. When was Abraham born? Whom did the children marry?

3. *Ratan.* Abram Ratan married Sarah Van Gelder, had children: Daniel, baptised Jan. 26, 1735; Susanna, baptised Oct. 3, 1736; and Jacobus, baptised, Dec. 25, 1738. When was Abram born? Whom did the children marry?

4. *Ratan.* Abraham Ratan, married Sara Webbers, had children: Abraham born 1767; and Annatje, baptised Oct. 23, 1774. When was Abraham born? Whom did the children marry?

5. *Ratan (Rutan).* Abraham or Abram Ratan or Rutan married Aeltie Van Tassel. Estate administered Oct. 30, 1770. Had children: Johannes, baptised Apr. 14, 1755; William, baptised Apr. 14, 1761; and David, baptised Apr., 1769. When was Abraham born? Whom did the children marry?

6. *Ruton (Rutemps)*. Abraham Ruton married Mary Petilon, had children: Paul, baptised, Mar. 20, 1685-6; David, baptised Apr. 19, 1688; Esther, baptised May 14, 1690; she was born 1684, died Aug. 3, 1690; and Peter, baptised Oct. 24, 1691. When was Abraham born? Whom did the children marry?

7. *Retan*. Cornelius Retan married Hettie Fellow, had Margaret, born Dec. 3, 1793. When was Cornelius born? Whom did Margaret marry?

8. *Retan (Reton)*. Daniel Reton, married Rachel Berdan. His will was proved Nov. 15, 1825. When was he born? They had children: John married (1), Susanna Storm (2), Mrs. Mary Frost. When was he born? Daniel born Mar. 25, baptised June 1, 1787, married Sarah ——. What was her last name? William, When was he born? Mary born May 26, 1790, married first, — Matthews, second, — King; third, — Blauvelt. What were the first names of these husbands? Rachel born May 26, 1790, died Feb. 21, 1876, married William Rothery. What was the date of her marriage? Susan, born Feb., baptised Dec. 10, 1780, married John Lemoine. When did she die? Sarah married — Bennett. When was she born? Catharine married William Joline. When was she born?

9. *Reton*. Daniel Reton, the son mentioned in the list above, died Mar. 10, 1845, his wife Sarah, died Dec. 24, 1852, aged 64 years, therefore born 1788. They had children: Sarah, born Aug. 12, 1824, married John Elias Van Court Whitehead, M. D., Apr., 1845, she died Oct. 31, 1865, and he married second, Sarah Hugg Hildebrandt. He was born Nov. 13, 1822; Jacob, born 1825, married Kate — of Penn. between June and Dec., 1853. What was her surname? Daniel D. married Ellen —, he died 1865. When was he born? George, a minor in 1845, married Katherine —. When was he born? James, born 1831, married Cordelia —, he died Sept. 25, 1856. What was her last name? Ann married — Wallace. When was she born? Mary married William Wallace. When was she born?

10. *Reton*. Daniel D. Reton mentioned above married Ellen —. What was her surname? Had children: Albert, died Dec. 1845, aged 4 months, 28 days; Daniel, died Feb. 25, 1852. When was

he born? George. When was he born? Susan V. married Frederick M. Lincoln. When was she born? Sarah A. married Frank B. Harrison. When was she born?

11. *Rutan.* Daniel Rutan was at Esopus, N. Y., prior to 1700. His birthplace does not appear, but he was no doubt a Hollander (likely a Huguenot). He was at Passaic, N. J., as early as 1702. Whom did he marry? He had children: Abraham, who married Mary Rutan, mentioned above. Daniel, married Mar. 9, 1710, Anne (Armtie) House (Hause) Spier, of Bergen. When was he born? Peter born in Esopus, married Nov. 7, 1713, Gertrude Vanderhoff, of New Barbadoes, N. J. When was he born?

12. *Reton.* Daniel Reton married Willemina Bogert, had Abraham. When was Daniel born? When was Abraham born?

13. *Rathan.* David Rathan married Hillegonda Webbers, had Hendrik. When was David born? When was Hendrik born?



AN AMERICAN LOYALIST—MOODY OF NEW JERSEY.

OUR Revolution, like all movements of a similar character had identified with it in one capacity or another many who had hitherto lived in obscurity, unknown to their countrymen save in their immediate locality. A vast majority of them offered their aid to their country voluntarily, but there were a few, who while they held decided views upon the subject, yet preferred to remain as non-combatants from regard to the safety of their families, and other plausible reasons. Of this class there were those who managed to maintain a passive attitude during the course of the entire war while others were obliged to abandon this position through compulsion. A great many of the New Jersey men were Loyalists and among them may be numbered one who became noted, James Moody of Sussex County.

The exploits of this man were for many years remembered with satisfaction, or hatred, as the case might be, by his numerous friends and enemies. He never attained the prominence of the Galloways, the De Lanceys or the other Loyalists of the day, but it is certain that among his party in America there was no one else who rendered more real service, endured more hardship or endangered his life to a greater degree than did James Moody. Prior to the commencement of the war he was a typical farmer, in possession of a fertile, well-cared-for tract in Sussex County. As he states himself, he was "without wish or idea of any other enjoyment than that of being happy with a beloved wife and three promising children." He felt kindly towards his neighbors and hoped "that they were not wholly without regard for him." It appears that he seldom gave much thought to political affairs, at this time being busily occupied with the care of his farm. However he was an out and out supporter of things as they were, and what appeared to him to be the beneficial advantages of the Royal government. We can readily understand why such a person should be looked upon with aversion, when the troubles began, by every Whig with whom he came in contact. A man holding his opinions and firmly determined to adhere to them at all cost, was regarded by the patriots as a decidedly "undesirable citizen."

He of course perceived that it would be but a simple matter to

express a pretended belief in the principles of the Whigs, and thus escape any unpleasant attentions from his patriot neighbors. Such a course was followed by many, but was entirely abhorrent to him. He held the foolish opinion that open resistance was not the proper method of redressing wrongs, and therefore believed that a mutually satisfactory agreement could be entered into between Great Britain and her American colonies which would obviate all necessity of a revolt. Such a fact is not surprising, when we recall that this mistaken view was held by many, especially during the early period of the Revolution. Foreseeing fully what he styles a "torrent of reproach, insult and injury" which he felt sure he would draw down on himself, by avowing his antagonism to the patriot movement, Moody admitted that these considerations caused him misgiving for a time, but notwithstanding his fears he deliberately determined to give his unreserved support to Great Britain in the impending contest. It is plain to be seen that his action was not the result of snap judgment; he had carefully weighed the matter, and fully realized the fate of those others of his class, such as Samuel Curwen and Thomas Oliver, who had boldly expressed their anti-Whig sentiments and had suffered in various ways for it. Nevertheless his innate though misguided sympathy for the old *régime* and a desire for its continuance in the Colonies seems to have outweighed all personal considerations. Moody took a rather curious and biased, but for a Tory, a perfectly natural view of the Revolution. Like the French Royalists, twenty years later, he could see no advantage in a movement which had for its aim the extinction of the old and the installation of a new and better order of things. He regarded the Revolution as the foster-child of a set of men some of whom inherited a dislike for British institutions from their forefathers, and these together with some "forward demagogues" set themselves the task of influencing that section of the people found in any country who are always ready for a change. Like most of his kind he stoutly maintained that the majority of the people were unfavorably disposed towards rebellion, but through the machinations of the Whig politicians the country was thrown into excitement and political unrest with "associations, committees and liberty poles."

During the early stages of dissension Moody was constantly importuned by the committees in his locality to cast in his lot with the popular

party the cry being "join or die." He bluntly declined to ally himself with them, reminding them at the same time that he desired to be left alone in the enjoyment of his property as an "unconcerned spectator." By now he had probably seen the impossibility of a peaceful life in his present situation, and had no doubt frequently debated in his mind the advisability of seeking British protection.

He had reached no decision when an incident occurred which caused him to speedily make up his mind to leave the neighborhood. On Sunday, March 28th, 1777, while walking in his garden with a friend, a Mr. Hutcheson, he noticed a number of armed men approaching. They proved to be a number of Whigs, who as soon as they saw Moody greeted him with a shower of bullets, without result. He thereupon followed by his friend, rushed into the house and barred themselves in. Their assailants, after firing a few times at the windows, passed down the road. Not wishing to risk a repetition of such a visit, in the following month Moody and his family and seventy-three of his Tory neighbors set out for the British lines. When next he visited the vicinity of his former home it was as a partisan enrolled among the enemies of his country.

The march of Moody and his band contained its element of danger, for when about half way to their destination they encountered a party of Whigs, with whom they had a brisk skirmish. They beat them off, however, and at length after a fatiguing journey over bad roads arrived safely at Bergen, where they were assigned to Barton's battalion of the brigade of Loyalist infantry known as the "New Jersey Volunteers." Two months later (June, 1777) Moody, in company with his friend Hutcheson, embarked on his first enterprise, the forerunner of many more dangerous ones. The two went on a recruiting expedition into the rural districts of northern New Jersey and after a great deal of hard work managed to secure five hundred men for their brigade. He then communicated with and placed several of his agents in advantageous positions through the State, along the then contemplated march of Sir William Howe to Philadelphia. That commander however pursued his usual vacillating course by returning to New York, and embarking soon after on his expedition against Philadelphia by way of the Chesapeake. Moody had planned to help the British by disarming all of the Whigs

whom he found it possible to apprehend, by recruiting and arming Loyalists and in fact rendering aid wherever possible. He was no doubt astonished at Howe's inexplicable course.

Shortly after this disarrangement of his plans Moody set out on a fresh excursion. This time with about one hundred men he moved through northeastern New Jersey, on a scout more than seventy miles to Perth Amboy. While resting at this place the party was surprised by a detachment of militia and after a short engagement was badly cut up and dispersed. Sixty prisoners were taken, though Moody and eight others, managed to escape. Late in this same year Moody received a promotion to the rank of ensign, (having served hitherto as a mere volunteer without pay). He continued with his battalion on garrison duty and routine work up to May, 1778, when he was ordered to take a small detachment and range through the northern part of the State as long as he deemed expedient. He was instructed to render any service he might see fit. He had been thus engaged but a short time when he endeavored to capture a Whig named Martin, who was a Commissioner employed in selling the confiscated estates of Loyalists. Shortly after this, perceiving that there was no further advantage to be gained by remaining "out" any longer, the party returned to New York City.

Our Ensign's next project was a raid on Shrewsbury, a village in Monmouth County, where the patriots had stored a quantity of ammunition and supplies. On June 10th, 1779, accompanied by thirty men, he left Sandy Hook. After a rapid march the Tories entered the town unmolested, having taken its inhabitants completely by surprise. They captured five militia officers, destroyed all the ammunition, arms and military supplies they could find, and gathered together a respectable booty. The alarm had been spread by this time, however, and on their return to New York they were overtaken and attacked by a party of New Jersey Militia. The Loyalists were compelled to maintain a running fight to a place called Black Point, where they made a stand and engaged the patriots with spirit for about three-quarters of an hour, when their ammunition giving out, Moody ordered a charge. His men advanced with the bayonet, routed their opponents and killed eleven of them, among whom was their leader, a Captain, shot by Moody himself. The party

returned to New York without further molestation. This expedition netted Moody and his companions £500, which was equally divided among them.

After being engaged during the Summer in some unimportant work in New York City, Moody during the following October secured some intelligence for Lieutenant Colonel Barton, respecting the composition of Washington's army, and one month later he performed some valuable and dangerous services for Sir Henry Clinton. The British Commander-in-Chief was desirous of obtaining information regarding the Sullivan expedition, which was then on its famous raid through the Indian settlements of Pennsylvania and New York. Moody was selected by Clinton as the most dependable man for the task, and set out attired in a backwoodsman's dress, for Sullivan's army. He travelled over eighty miles into Pennsylvania and established himself close to the American camp. After a great deal of difficulty he managed to obtain an exact account of the number of men and horses accompanying the expedition, together with some minor information. Having executed his hazardous commission he began his return, stopping on the way in Morris County, N. J., where he secured information relative to the condition of Washington's commissary department, and then continued his journey to headquarters.

MALCOLM G. SAUSSER.

PHILADELPHIA.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALLEY, HAWLEY, PERRY, PIKE, ETC.

Third Series: Fifth Paper

Arthur E. Garnier, Esq., 26, Albany Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex, England, supplies the following notes (4th January, 1910):—

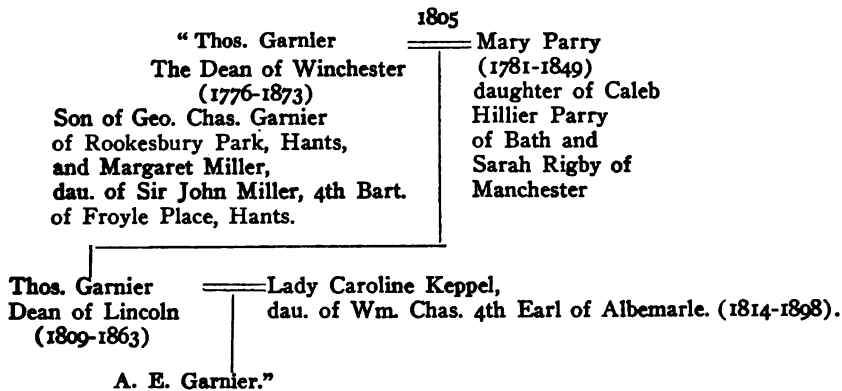
“Joshua Parry (born 1719; died 1776) married Sarah Hillier (died 1786). They had, to my knowledge, several daughters, and seem to have favored the initial ‘S.’ . . .

2. Sally
3. Susannah
4. Sarah
5. Sophia

The last died 1784. The eldest, Mary, died 1777.

Charles Parry, who died in 1860, left a Parry genealogy. . . . many dates and Christian names are missing. I cannot find ‘Sybilla’ among those mentioned. The only Parry who lived at *Greenwich* was my great uncle, Sir William Edward Parry, the Arctic navigator. I know of no *Soper* who married a Parry, but a *Frances Soper* married Isaac Garnier, Apothecary General to Chelsea Hospital (born 1701; died October, 1739). He was buried there; will at Somerset House. Mrs. Garnier remarried (before 1745) Philip Aubert, Esq., and went to reside at Stanmore, Middlesex. This marriage appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, an incorrect register to depend upon! *Frances Soper* is described as a ‘rich heiress of Dummers’ and King’s Down, North Oakley, Kingsclere, Hants.’ I can find out little about her, for George Garnier, of Rookesbury Park, Wickham, Hants, first cousin of Isaac, married, in 1736, a *Frances*—also a rich heiress. She is said by some to have been a *Frances Soper*! by others to have been a *Frances Hopkins*, and I am desirous of apportioning the correct *Frances* to each of the cousins, for it is quite certain that they both married *Franceses*. I fear this is all the information I have concerning *Sybilla* and *Soper*, but it looks as if the Garnier and Parry marriage in 1905 (? 1805) might have been brought about by a former acquaintance of Thomas Garnier’s namesake and great

uncle (who married F. Soper) with the Parry family. The first connection of the Garniers and Parrys was in 1805."



Here end the interesting notes supplied by Mr. Garnier. It will be observed that the same do not reveal any direct connection between the families of Parry and Soper.

Mr. J. G. Bradford, before mentioned, kindly sends additional entries, as follows, extracted from Phillimore's, Gloucestershire marriages:

TETBURY

"Joseph Pike and Mary West, 27 Nov., 1698. Isaac P. and Mary Mallard, 16 Nov., 1699. Isaac P. and Anne Aish, 5 April, 1724. Tho. P. and Eliz. Harris, 16 May, 1725. Isaac P., tiler and Lydia Pittis, 16 Sept., 1762. Giles P. and Mary Hone (? Hone: my note not quite clear), S. lic. 24 Dec., 1768 (? or Hine). Mr. Tho. P., junr. b. s. of Mr. Tho. P., wool-stapler, and Mrs. Sarah, s. d. of Mr. George White, mercer, Lic. 13 Feb., 1772."

Mortimer's Guide to London Trades and Professions (in Guildhall Library, London) dated 1763, has: "Henry Halley, Leather-tanner, Long Lane, Southwark."

Register of St. Benet's Church, Paul's Wharf, London, shows these two entries:—

1634, Jan. 11., Baptised Sibble (i.e.: Sybilla?) daughter of Edward Parry.

1716, March 13, Baptised Ann, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Parry (born 27 Feb., 1716).

Register of Freemen, City of London, has (page 109):—38th year of King Henry VIII, a son of Wm. Grene, of Duffield, Derby, apprenticed to Thomas Halley, Feb.

Two new items on the Halley and kindred families appeared in *Notes and Queries* (London), 11th Series, Vol. I, January, 1910 (pages 55 and 66) under the respective captions of "*Hen and Chicken Sign*" and "*Ward, Wright and Day Families*."

Third Series. Sixth Paper

To increase the interest of this series, some queries from American correspondents will be inserted:

What connection existed between the Hayley families in England and those of Greenville County and Warwick County, Virginia?

What coat of arms, if any, belongs to either of the two latter families of Hayley in Virginia? Notes on the Virginia Hayleys were given in the First Series of this collection.

Were Andrew Haley of Kittery, Maine, and Thomas Haley, of Saco, Me. (before 1650) related to each other? Were they immigrants? When and where were they born? Of what parentage?

What was the parentage and the birthplace of John Holly, born in 1618, in South of England or Wales; emigrated to New England before 1642; settled at Stamford, Conn., where he died in 1681. "Traditionally was connected with ancestors of Edmond Halley, the astronomer."

One Abraham Pyke emigrated from England about 1749-50 to Nova Scotia, and married a Scroops. Where was he born and when?

They had only one child, John George Pyke, who was educated in England and represented Halifax for about forty years.

A book entitled "Heads of families at the first census of the U. S., taken in the year 1790:—Pennsylvania" (Washington, D. C., Government Printing Office, 1908) contains the following entries of the surname McPike:

PAGE	COUNTY	TOWNSHIP	NAME OF HEAD OF FAMILY	FREE WHITE MALES 16 AND UP.	FREE WHITE MALES UNDER 16.	FREE WHITE FEMALES.
112	Fayette	Wharton	McPike, Daniel	3	3	4
139	Lancaster	Little Britain	McPike, Robert	2		1
53	Bucks	not returned	McPike, William	1	2	1
53	do.	do.	McPeak, William	1	3	2
287	York	Berwick, etc.	McPike, John	1		
290	York	do.	McPike, Sarah			2
290	do.	do.	McPeacke, John	1		

Saffell's "Revolutionary Soldiers" mentions the following:

Samuel Pike, private, of the Invalid Regiment of Pennsylvania as it was discharged April, 1783.

Robert McPike, Feb. 5, 1776; enlisted as private in Col. Wayne's Pennsylvania Battalion. James Taylor, Captain.

James McPick, private, Col. St. Clair's Pennsylvania Battalion; Captain John Brisban's Company, from Jan. 5 to Nov. 25, 1776.

John Pike, private, date of enlistment not known. Col. Joseph Cilley's New Hampshire Regiment. Isaac Farwell, captain; from Nov. 8, 1776 to June 1, 1779.

Zebulon Pike, Captain 4th Regiment Light Dragoons; member of the order of the Cincinnati of Pennsylvania, subscribed 17 Dec. 1783; pensioned Indiana Act, May 15, 1838; died July 27th, 1834, Dearborn County, Indiana.

Owing to the tradition that James McPike (born circa 1751) emigrated to Baltimore, Maryland, and served in the American Revolutionary forces throughout the war, under "General Little" [?], Colonel Howard, Lafayette, &c., some search has been made in the printed archives of Maryland.

John Eager Howard was Captain of Baltimore County Company, July 17, 1776, was promoted to Major and finally rose to rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, serving in the latter capacity, in the Fourth, Second and Fifth Maryland Line, successively. He was deranged Jan'y 1, 1783. Numerous biographies of him exist. No "General Little" appears in vol. XVIII of Maryland archives as printed; a corporal of that name is the highest rank. Perhaps there was a British officer known as General Little. (?)

One James Pike, private in First Maryland (Continental) regiment enlisted Mar. 21, 1777; discharged Mar. 21, 1780.

James Pike, Sergeant, 16 April, 1778; private, 1 August, 1778; (4th Reg't.)

Other references to members of the Pike and McPike in America (*circa* 1776-1781) have been given in the First and Second Series of these notes, together with some facts as to the official records of military services during the American Revolution.

Third Series. Seventh Paper

The Pennsylvania *Archives* contain several references to members of the McPike family, as follows.

Second Series; vol. X:	Third Series; " <i>McPike</i> ," viz:—
Page 138, Robert McPike	Daniel, xxi, 393; xxii, 425, 588
Page 79, James McPick	James, xii, 632; xxi, 394
Page 496, James McPike	John, xxi, 393; xxiii, 582
Page 506, James McPike	Roger, xxii, 561
Page 528, 567, Thomas McPike	William, xxi, 393
	Dennis, xii, 718
	James <i>Pike</i> , xxvi, 491
	Richard <i>Pike</i> , xxiii, 3, 17

As family tradition, through two sources, recites that James McPike (born *circa* 1751) participated in the storming of Stony Point, under General Wayne and was there wounded in one hand, it seems reasonably certain that he was identical with the James McPike, sergeant in Captain Benjamin Fishbourne's Company, Fourth Pennsylvania Line, William Butler, Lieutenant-Colonel. The official records of that engagement show that some American sergeants were injured.

See *N. Y. Genealogical and Biographical Record*, vol. 34, page 55; also *Pennsylvania Archives*, Second Series, vol. 10, page 496.

The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography for 1902 (vol. IX, p. 12), mentions one James McPeak of Henry County, Va., in "lists of persons renouncing allegiance to Great Britain and swearing allegiance to the Commonwealth of Virginia."

Records of the Revolutionary War, by W. T. R. Saffell (N. Y., 1858, page 202) mentions "Robert McPike, enlisted Feb. 5, 1776, private in Capt. James Taylor's Company of Colonel Wayne's Pennsylvania Battalion."

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

(To be continued.)

AN IMPORTANT SOCIETY IN NEW ENGLAND

THE formation of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities marks a departure from the usual line of historic, patriotic, antiquarian societies in New England. There is in Virginia a society with a similar name, which aims to do for that State what this new society aims to do for New England, but up to date, the Virginia Society has occupied a pretty lonely position, being, so far as we know, about the only society in the United States whose sole object is the preservation of antiquities.

No part of the country is more plentifully supplied with societies of an historic nature than is New England. The list of these in Massachusetts probably exceeds in length that of any other state, and when to that list are added the patriotic, genealogical and antiquarian societies, family associations, and societies of a memorial nature, it is found that almost every city and town among us has some organization devoted to preserving the printed records of the past.

This historical field is amply covered, but does not exhaust the entire work of such societies. They plan also to look after the preservation of old buildings, sites and monuments of all kinds. This work is difficult and costly, and so the hardest work which these societies have to perform. In actual practice, it works out this way: Almost every town has some one of the oldest or very old buildings of supreme interest, which by dint of great effort it manages to secure for the use of its historical society. Then the building is fitted up in the colonial style without regard to any special period, but in such a way as to make it a museum of great interest, and when all this is done, the people of that town are apt to consider their work of preservation as accomplished, and any other landmark is apt to be sacrificed to the feeling of security and the situation engendered by the possession of one memorial. Such a condition of affairs is distinctly wrong, and a grave and permanent menace to every other historical monument in that town.

It generally happens that important and interesting buildings are close together, and a town which has one is very apt to have more, and

some places such as Salem, Portsmouth, Newport, Marblehead, Newburyport, Concord, Lexington, Farmington, New Haven and many others reckon their interesting old buildings in large numbers, even by the score in some cases.

The local societies are unable to cope with such a situation, partly, as we have pointed out above, because of the tendency to rest on their oars as soon as one building has been saved for a society home.

In addition to this there is the frequent great cost of buying and restoring the property, a cost which could be easily borne if its burden could be sufficiently scattered, but which is only too apt to be crushing when laid on the home locality only. The point of danger shifts from town to town with the years, and while one of them is losing an important landmark, the others rest in a sense of fancied security, although their turn may come next.

Such a condition is eminently unsatisfactory, and calls for some radical changes unless the greater number of our remaining monuments are to be lost. We think that the formation and incorporation of "The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities" marks the turn of the tide. This new society invites to its membership the members of all historic, patriotic and similar societies in New England as well as all persons connected with New England by birth or residence. It aims to relieve all existing societies of their hardest work, that of preservation, taking it upon its own shoulders, ready to face danger wherever it may threaten throughout its territory. In order to do this effectively, the membership must be very large indeed, and in order that this may be the case the dues have been made very low, so low that no one who takes the slightest interest and pride in New England can have any excuse for not joining.

Associate Membership is but	\$ 2.00
Active Membership	5.00
Life Membership	50.00

All members receive the quarterly bulletin, but the Associates may not vote or hold office. Life memberships are funded and the interest only used.

The treasurer is Mr. William C. Endicott, Ames Building, Boston, and the corresponding secretary, to whom all communications should be addressed, is Mr. W. S. Appleton, 8 Park Street, Boston.

In concluding we would say that there are now two or three dozen buildings of the greatest historical and architectural importance, which may be lost to us at any moment, and the larger our membership, the more of these we shall be able to save. They all deserve to be kept and the loss of any will be a misfortune. Everyone should feel it his duty to do what he can to help save them by joining the society which makes their preservation its sole object.

WILLIAM SUMNER APPLETON.

BOSTON.

The formation of this society is a matter for congratulation. As Mr. Appleton justly says, New England possesses so many antiquities which should be preserved, that a society having this for its sole object should be well supported. An opportune comment on a state of things which is not confined to Massachusetts, is found in the following extract from the London "*Graphic*" of July 9—which contains an admirable article on "History under the Hammer," apropos of the sale (the result of which we have not seen noted) of the Scottish estates which include the famous Pass of Killiecrankie, in Perthshire. The writer says with truth: "There is no reason as yet to think that any man who buys it will desire to spoil its beauty; but is not this a case where the Nation, rather than a private individual, should go to the auction, and does not the sale of the Pass of Killiecrankie raise the larger question of the nation's duty to preserve some of its most historic and most beautiful plots of earth from any danger of degradation and spoiling? Surely there are some yards of earth—where Harold died at Hastings, where Magna Charta was signed, where men fought to the death at Bannockburn and Flodden—which should be held as sacred soil, not to be overbuilt by dwelling-houses or workshops, and not to be claimed as the back-gardens of wealthy men, where 'trespassers will be prosecuted.'"

Public opinion is being educated, slowly, to this respect for historic buildings and historic ground. A Society has been formed to keep a watchful eye upon these treasures, and the work of 'The National Trust

for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty' has been most admirable and patriotic. They have saved many old buildings threatened with ruin or destruction. * * * They have bought and saved many scenes of national splendor as national heirlooms. They are now making a public appeal for the purchase of Borrowdale, one of the most beautiful parts of the Lake Country—but the Trust is not yet supported fully by public enthusiasm and national pride. * * * The Pass of Killiecrankie should belong to Scotland, and not be the private property of any man who may fell its woods and desecrate its soil."—(ED.)



MINOR TOPICS

SENHOUSE AND JOHNNY APPLESEED

IT seems hardly possible that Maurice Hewlett should have happened upon an almost legendary figure in the footnotes of our early nineteenth-century history for the hero of his Senhouse trilogy; but certainly Senhouse is of kin to Jonathan Chapman, more familiarly known as Johnny Appleseed, not only in his outward life but more particularly in temperament.

Jonathan Chapman's history, like that of Senhouse, begins upon the road. In the cider-making season of 1801, Jonathan Chapman, then a young man, appeared among the orchard lands of Western Pennsylvania. He loaded a wagon with the seed gathered at the presses and set forth into the territory of Ohio. Under his hand the wilderness was to blossom and bear fruit. For fifty years he wandered back and forth through Ohio and Indiana, planting and cultivating the apple tree. Within those years many thousands of young trees grew to maturity under his care and wafted forward a civilization that still lingered in the East. Senhouse, it is to be remembered, spent his days in sowing the waste places of England with flowers.

Chapman and Senhouse are not unlike in personal appearance. Chapman is described as a slender wiry man, full of a restless activity; his hair was long and dark; he wore a scraggly beard that was never shaven; he had keen black eyes that sparkled with a peculiar brightness. Senhouse is lean and tall with densely black hair, his moustache thin and drooping; "his eyes were what is called black and had a burning quality."

Chapman's dress was of the simplest, cast-off garments of homespun or buckskin, obtained in exchange for his young apple trees. He went bare-footed, even in the coldest weather, occasionally wearing rudely constructed sandals for travel in rough places. Later in life, he grew to scorn such conventions of dress as he had before observed, and clothed himself in a single garment of coffee-sacking. It is interesting

to note that, while Senhouse also dresses simply, bare-headed and with sandaled feet, he finally comes, in *Rest Harrow*, to wrap himself in a white burnous when he sits in meditation.

There is also a marked similarity in their relation with other men. Neither man, in spite of his odd mode of life, met with ridicule from the world that each shunned. The peasants and gypsies believed that Senhouse had a wisdom and a healing power peculiar to himself. The Indians looked upon Chapman as a medicine man, while his extreme piety filled the settlers with awe.

If Hewlett drew wholly upon his knowledge of the human soul rather than upon concrete fact in the creation of Senhouse, the correctness of his deductions is not to be questioned; for not only do the real Chapman and the fictitious Senhouse resemble each other, in the details of their physical life, but their spiritual life is consistently analogous. Each is a poet and a mystic, each loves nature with his whole being, and each worships God in nature. Their tenderness extends to all living things. They were both vegetarians, because they could not take life. Senhouse is made to say: "Whether the beasts perish or not, it is very clear that they live to the full in this world." He would injure no living creature. Chapman refused to kill an attacking wasp, "because it did not mean to injure him."

The doubts of one, the perfect trust of the other, represent a difference in time and experience rather than in soul or character. Hewlett's hero is modern and sophisticated. He enters upon his strange life with a full knowledge of good and of evil and is always conscious of the workings of his own spirit.

Whatever the chance that drove Chapman into the forest, it is certain that he went about his work with the unconscious simplicity of a child. He professed himself a Swedenborgian, he believed in a personal God, in angels and in spirits. Nature was not God, but he inspired it with his essence and therefore was it sacred. It is thus that Johnny Appleseed would account for his own tenderness toward all living things, never in his humility conscious of the poetic harmonies within himself.

We have yet to read what end Hewlett makes of Senhouse. Chapman's end was the perfect climax of a simple life. An old man, he

stopped at evening at a settler's cabin. Food and shelter were offered him; the latter he declined. After, reading the Beatitudes aloud to his hosts, he was left sitting at the door with his eyes upon the setting sun; and so he passed away.

Certainly, if the chroniclers of Jonathan Chapman have spoken true, and there is little reason to suppose they have not, these two characters, the real and the fictitious, have too much in common to let the similarity go quite unnoticed.

RICHMOND, IND.
The Nation.

ELISABETH M. COMSTOCK.

EARLY RESPECT FOR THE AMERICAN FLAG

The earliest British official order for respect to be shown the Stars and Stripes was given in New York City while it was still in the hands of the British; October, 1783, about a month before the evacuation of the city.

It was an official proclamation, applying to the Army and Navy and all persons then under British control in the city and harbor. The wording is as follows:

A PROCLAMATION

Having received information that an outrage has lately been committed upon an American Vessel in the harbour of this city, by seizing & destroying her colors, in a riotous & disorderly manner, which behaviour is not only a breach of peace of the city but has a mischievous tendency to prolong the animosities which it is the design of the Provisional Articles to assuage & extinguish:

This is therefore to warn all persons whatever from offering any insult to the colours of any foreign nation within this harbour, under penalty of being severely punished.

And as the persons concerned in this outrage have not yet been discovered the officers of the police & of His Majesty's Navy and Army

are hereby strictly charged to cause all persons who have been guilty of this offence to be apprehended, that they may be brought to trial & upon conviction be punished with the severity due to the offence.

Given under our hands & seals, at the city of New York, this 27th day of October, 1783.

GUY CARLETON
R. DIGBY.

By command of their Excellencies:

Fred. Mackenzie
Tho. M. Palmer.

There is no record that the offenders were ever apprehended or discovered, or that any other effort was made, or that the offence was ever repeated while the British remained in New York.

R. S. GUERNSEY.

NEW YORK.

STATES AND THEIR FLAGS

In South Carolina one would suppose that the State flag would flap in the breeze everywhere and be a familiar sight. That State rights and State flags do not always go together is, however, the burden of the experience of Governor Ansell, who has encountered considerable difficulty in obtaining an authentic ensign of the sovereign State of South Carolina. At last he has secured one, which is on exhibition in his office at the Capitol in Columbia, as a pattern for others which the governor hopes to see made and displayed. The *Charleston News and Courier* says that the pattern flag attracted a great deal of attention and was viewed almost as a curiosity. It seems passing strange that South Carolinians of to-day should be so ignorant of its flag. The North is not "states right" in its doctrine, but throughout the North militia regiments carry the State color alongside that of the nation. It would seem that in South Carolina at least matters have been ordered differently, and its militia must have marched solely under the Stars and Stripes.

Of late years there has been a considerable revival of interest in State flags, notably so in Massachusetts under Governor Guild's inspiration and efforts. Several States have with heraldic care revised their flags and escutcheons to exclude corruptions that had crept in with the years. New York officially decreed that the ground color of its State flag should be "buff." Maine had quite an interesting

archæological controversy as to its flag and its bearings. The last legislature finally decided that the State flag should have a blue ground, and the device of the pine tree should be placed as per official direction together with the proud legend "Dirigo." Even the location of regimental designations on the flag is fixed, lest esprit de corps should interfere with heraldic accuracy. The "white standard" of Massachusetts has long been known and carried. It waves over the State House in amicable companionship with the national banner, emblematic in its companionship of the harmonious duality of our political system. The Indian on our State arms is no longer the conventional chief of our fathers, but is thought more to resemble the real redskin. It took much patient labor to bring about this "reform," but whether it was worth while to go through so much trouble for so little was and still is a question.

Some of the State flags are of peculiar appearance, as for instance that of Maryland, which on a field of brilliant yellow bears the arms of the Colonists which are of rather complicated pattern and high coloring. As the folds of the State flag wave above a Maryland regiment, it has something of the suggestion of a glorified checkerboard.

Transcript, BOSTON.



GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XVIII *Continued*

THE adventurer was now one hundred and fifty feet beneath the surface of the soil; and no one, unless as perfectly familiar with the cave as was Bradshawe, could have safely effected the descent amid the darkness which reigned around him. The horizontal passage in which he now found himself was about ten or twelve feet in breadth, nearly half of which space was occupied by a rivulet running in a southern direction; and keeping as close to the wall on his left as possible, Bradshawe followed it for a few paces, until the roof of the cavern drooped so low that he could feel it with his outstretched hands as he placed them before him. Dropping now upon his knees, he crawled along for several yards, until his eyes were greeted by a stream of light which came through a narrow aperture on the left. He crawled through the opening, and entered an apartment some thirty feet in diameter by a hundred or more in height.

Had Bradshawe possessed a taste for the grand and beautiful in nature, the appearance of this chamber might have arrested his attention. The ceiling was fretted with stalactites; the walls hung with a rich tracery of spar, which likewise, in a thousand fantastic forms, encumbered the floor upon which, in the course of ages, its broken fragments had fallen. But a solitary lamp, fed with bear's fat, which stood upon a truncated column in the centre, dimly revealing the glistening objects around, seemed only to claim his attention as he eagerly advanced toward it. A bugle lay by the side of the lamp; and, taking the latter only in his hand, he repassed through the fissure which had admitted him into "the Warder's Room," as it was called by his followers, and regained the low-arched passage from which he had temporarily digressed.

Crawling now cautiously a few paces in advance, he paused, and, placing the bugle to his lips, blew a blast which resounded through the cavern. Several minutes now elapsed; the last rumbling echoes seemed to have traversed every chamber of the cavern which could send back a sound, and died away at last in some unfathomable abyss remote from them all. At last a sound like the dip of an Indian paddle was heard. A shred of light then seemed to flicker upon the bottom of the cave, like a

glow-worm crawling along its floor toward him. A moment after the feeble ray became stronger, and separated itself into two dots of light, which were still approaching; and then, again, from the brighter reflection upon the water as the taper now neared Bradshawe, it could be seen that he was standing upon the brink of a subterranean lake, and that a canoe, with one solitary voyager, was approaching him.

"Valtmeyer, is he here, my good Charon?" asked Bradshawe of the deformed half-breed that steered the canoe, as the man turned a rocky promontory on the left, and suddenly presented his features in full view by the ruddy torchlight.

"He is here, captain," replied the Hunchback, respectfully.

"And the lady?"

"I know nothing of the lady since the first day she came down among us."

"How saw you her, then?"

"I carried her along the River of Ghosts to the place at the north end of the cavern, which our men call the 'Chapel.'"

"And has no one else been there?"

"None but Red Wolfert—he seems to go near her as seldom as possible."

"It is well. Shove off."

There was a silence for a few moments as the shallop kept her way over the deep and mysterious flood; and Bradshawe, as he sat with folded arms in the stern, seemed busied only in trying to pierce with his eye the undiscoverable height of the black vault above him.

"Who of my band are here?" he at length resumed abruptly.

"As many as we can provide for. Some whom my captain would not have trusted with the secrets of Waneonda."

"Ah! how came they here, my trusty Charon?"

"They were quality folks who sought a refuge. Syl Stickney, Red Wolfert's Yankee recruit, guided them to this."

"Syl Stickney and be d—d to him! I must pistol that officious rascal some cold morning," muttered Bradshawe; and then added aloud, "And have these fellows seen the lady?"

"Neither they nor Syl. But Syl guesses that there is some mystery shut up at the other end of the cave."

"Why so?"

"Because Wolfert has forbidden that the new-comers should be told there is such a place as the Chapel; and swears he'll cut Syl's throat if he approaches it."

"Admirable Wolfert!" said Bradshawe, mentally; "thou hast thus far been the truest of ruffians, and well earned thy reward."

The boat had now reached the farther shore of this "Black Acheron," where a shelving indentation among the steep rocks affords a landing-place to the voyager, who, having passed the gulf proposes to penetrate the Cimmerian region beyond. This enterprise, though unattended with danger, is sufficiently awe-inspiring to any one who has been ferried over that dark, still river, upon which no beam of sunshine has ever fallen. But a man less bold than Bradshawe might have shrunk from adventuring farther, if unfamiliar with the sounds which now met his ear as he scaled a rough ascent leading up from the water side; for never from Tartarus itself arose a wilder discord of horrid blasphemy, intermingled with drunken laughter. The strange, unearthly oaths echoed from the hollow depths around, seemed to tremble long in air, as if it thickened with the damning sounds, and held them there suspended as in their proper element. The peals of eldrich merriment were first shrilly reverberated as in mockery from the vaulted roof; and then, as if flung back into some lower pit, some burial-house of mirth, died away in a sullen moan beneath his very feet.

This strange confusion of sounds, however, lost its effect upon the ear the moment Bradshawe had entered the outlaw's banqueting hall, where he suddenly presented himself in the midst of his men, who, in every variety of costume, were variously grouped about the vast circular chamber. Some were carousing deeply around a board well filled with

flagons; some, seated upon the ground, were deep in a game of cards together; the rattling of a dice-box betrayed the not dissimilar occupation of two others; while some, more remote from the rest, were amusing themselves with jumping for a wager, and other feats of strength and agility. The size of this apartment, which formed a rotunda forty paces in diameter by fifty feet in height, afforded ample room for all this diversity of occupation.

Syl Stickney and others of Bradshawe's Tory followers, who were not willing to identify themselves completely with Valtmeyer's especial band of outlaws, though they had long consorted with them, kept partially aloof; a herd of them being collected around the worthy Sylla himself, who, with a tankard by his side and a pipe in his mouth, sat upon a ponderous fragment of fallen spar, discoursing much to his own satisfaction, if not that of his hearers.

"Why, do tell!" he exclaimed, breaking off in his discourse, "if there aint the capting now! Did I ever! Why, capting, I was jist saying to my brother Marius and these gentlemen——"

"Your brother Marius be d—d. Keep your seats, gentlemen. Stickney, where's Valtmeyer?"

"I guess, if you follow the turning to the right, you'll find him in one of the chambers to the north o' this," said the cool Syl, without ever moving from his seat to salute or welcome his officer.

"Nay, my good fellows," said Bradshawe, turning to the others, who were beginning to explain how they had become his guests in his absence, "the king's friends are always welcome to any shelter I can afford them; and I ought, perhaps, to thank our friend Stickney here for gaining such valuable recruits for my band in times like these."

"Ought ye, raaly, capting? Well, now, that's jist what I told Red Wolfert when he showed signs of kicking up a muss, 'case, when I went up into daylight one day to lift a rebel sheep or two, 'Wolfert,' says I—but, by darn, the capting's cleared out without speaking to one of the company but ourselves." And, true enough, Bradshawe, seizing a torch from a cleft in the rock, had glided out of the apartment, unobserved by all save those who had marked his entrance.

Taking now a northern direction, he soon encountered the outlaw in a long narrow passage leading from some secret chambers where arms and munitions were said to be kept, but which Valtmeyer probably appropriated to the stowage of booty; a matter which Bradshawe, who did not care to mix himself up with the predatory doings of his lieutenant, never inquired into. Valtmeyer, exchanging but few words with his leader for the present, led him back to the Outlaw's Hall, where every one seemed to be too much engaged in their own pastime to notice them, as, passing along the wall on one side, Bradshawe entered a narrow aperture toward the south, leading to a distinct suit of apartments. Here Valtmeyer soon brought him the refreshment he so much needed after the toils he had undergone.

In one of these chambers, where the air was ever cooled and kept in motion by the dripping of water from above, a thin plate of stone upon which it fell emitted a sound not unlike that which proceeds from the body of a guitar or other stringed instrument when the wooden part is lightly tapped by the finger. These monotonous tones varying only at times to a higher and wilder key, as if the chords of the instrument were swept by some unseen hand, mingled strangely with the low murmur of their voices as the two adventurers conversed together while the huge Cyclopean frame of the freebooter, and fiery eye and reckless features of the Tory captain which looked doubly wan by the blazing torch that the other held before them—while sitting in deep shadow himself—formed one of those studies which the old masters so loved to paint.

A few moments sufficed Bradshawe to despatch his hasty meal, and possess himself of all the information which his zealous coadjutor had to impart; and, repassing again through the Outlaw's Hall, without pausing to make himself known to the half-drunken revellers who were still grouped about it much in the same attitudes in which they were first introduced to the reader, he motioned silently to the weird-looking ferryman who had brought him into these gloomy realms, and once more regained the shores of the subterranean lake.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be continued.)

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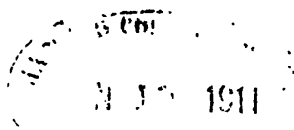
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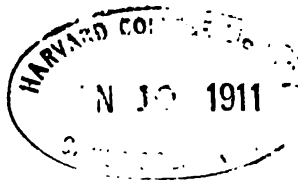
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THE AMERICAN THANKSGIVING DAY

ITS DEVELOPMENT

There has been no nation but, in the beginning of its history, had the consciousness of a relation to a world which it did not conquer with its swords, and whose fruits it did not gather in its barns nor exchange in its markets.—MULFORD.*

THANKSGIVING in America is confined to a single day late in November. In England it is a season. The custom is of very ancient origin and was known in the early days as the feast of ingathering, or harvest time. Since then it has had various names in different countries, and the forms of observance are as varied as the peoples of the earth.

Herrick writes of Thanksgiving in the seventeenth century, and even then it was ancient. As a matter of fact, to trace it to its source it is necessary to go back to the time of Moses, for the Jewish feast of ingathering and tabernacles was the true beginning of this festival. Since

*"Who was Mulford?"—Presumably Elisha Mulford is meant. I found this selection at the head of a newspaper Thanksgiving article. The phrasing is quaint and the thought came to me that the quotation must be found in Mulford's great work, *The Nation*. I read it through, but could not find the passage, whereupon a friend suggested that the careful revision of the work by Mulford, at a later period, may have caused its omission.

Elisha Mulford was born in Montrose, Pennsylvania, in 1833, from the stock of the Puritans who settled the eastern end of Long Island. He graduated at Yale in 1855; after a year in Germany, he was admitted, in 1862, to the priesthood of the Episcopal Church. But this was not his field; he turned his attention to literature and philosophy, and finally settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he died in 1885. His grave is in the cemetery at Concord, Massachusetts, not far from Emerson's and Hawthorne's.—M. C. S.

the Hebrews kept their annual feast of the tabernacles, no nation, save America, has regularly set apart one day in each year as a day of thanksgiving to God, though many countries have at various times held thanksgiving services.

The feast of Demeter, observed by the ancient Greeks, greatly resembled the Hebrews' festival. In fact, the Greeks probably borrowed largely from the Jews, since their feast was held in honor of the goddess of the cornfield and the sacrifices offered at its celebration were largely products of the soil, with oblations of wine, honey, and milk.

The Romans also observed a harvest festival, which they called Cerealia, at which time processions of men and women marched to the fields, and there, with music and rejoicing, engaged in worship and rustic sports.

The "Harvest Home" of old England was simply a thanksgiving festival at the time of the ingathering, and during the reign of Elizabeth the farmer and the shepherd also held ingathering feasts. Indeed Elizabeth issued proclamations for special thanksgiving services, saying therein:

"On Thanksgiving day no labor may be performed and thanks should be offered to almyghtie God for ye increase and abundance of His frutes upponne ye face of ye erthe."

France, Germany, Sweden and other nations have on special occasions held national thanksgiving services.

The first thanksgiving service in North America was not held within the bounds of the United States, but on the bleak and rugged coast of Newfoundland. It was on Monday, May 27, 1578, by the Rev. Mr. Wolfall, an English minister who accompanied an early colony from the mother country. This it is claimed was the first occasion on which a Christian sermon was preached in the New World and the first time the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was celebrated.

There has been some dispute as to the actual origin of the Thanksgiving festival in this country. Mrs. Alice Morse Earle in her book, *Old New England*, asserts that the first Thanksgiving "was not observed

either by the Plymouth Pilgrim or the Boston Puritan," but that "Gyving God thanks for the safe arrival of the ship and other blessings was first heard on New England shores, on August 7, 1607, from the lips of the Popham colonists at Monhegan, Maine, in the Thanksgiving service of the Church of England." No one disputes that such a service was held and that it was at an earlier date than any associated with Pilgrim or Puritan history in America. It is contended, however, that the Monhegan thanksgiving was in no sense the historic source of the present national festival, but was "an isolated act of worship as far as the subsequent history of New England was concerned, and was in no way different from ordinary worship as far as the Monhegan colony was concerned." In other words, it was a regular Sunday service, which had in it an element of thanksgiving for the safe arrival of the ship, *Mary and John*,* after a good voyage.

In tracing the history of the American Thanksgiving, a more significant event than that recorded by Mrs. Earle is found in the family Bible of William White: "William White married in ye 3d day of March, 1620, to Susannah Tilly. Peregrine White born on board ye Mayflower in Cape Cod harbor. Sonne born to Susannah White, Dec. 19th, 1620 at six o'clock morning. Next day we meet for prayer and thanksgiving." This meeting was not the regular Sunday service, for it occurred on Tuesday. But there was no feast worthy of special mention; this is therefore not regarded as the origin of the American national custom. What is regarded as the original Thanksgiving observance in America occurred in the year following the landing of the Pilgrims. The exact date was December 13 (O. S.), 1621. The following record of the festivities of that occasion is from a letter written by Edward Winslow to a friend in England:

*"Sondaye being the 9th of Auguste, in the morninge, the most part of our holl company of both our Shipes Landed on this Illand which we call St. George's Illand, whear the Crosse Standeth and thear we heard a Sermon delyvred unto us by our preacher gyvinge God thanks for our happy Metinge & Saffe aryvall into the Country & So returned aboard aggain."

Taken by the writer from *The Relation of a Voyage Unto New England Began from the Lizard ye first of June, 1607, by Captain Popham in ye Ship ye Gift, & Captain Gilbert in ye Mary & John.*

The Indians who guided the Popham Colonists were called Skitwarroes.

The Rev. Richard Seymour preached the sermon—Aug. 9, 1607. See *Abbott's History of Maine.*

"Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent four men on fowling that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They killed as much fowl as with a little help beside served the company about a week. At which times, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest King, Massasoyt, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer which they brought and bestowed on our Governor and upon the Captains and others."

THANKSGIVING DAY IN COLONIAL TIMES

Jehovah feedeth me, I shall not lack,
In grassy folds, He down doth make me lye,
He gently leads me quiet waters by.

—Ainsworth Psalm-Book.

We read with interest of the Pilgrim harvest Thanksgiving celebration of 1621, and of the later days that were set apart by our forefathers as special occasions therefor arose, but we might examine many records of these particular Thanksgivings without finding any evidence of the feast in them. "How is it then," one writer asks, "that our New England Thanksgivings came to mean both religious service and feasting? When was the happy *first day*, that knives and forks were allowed to aid the fingers, and rattle so merrily on the pewter plates?" To be sure there was a time of general merry-making with feasting following religious observance recorded fifteen years after the famous festival week of 1621; we read that an important Thanksgiving celebration was held at Scituate in Plymouth Colony: "In ye Meeting-house beginnunge some halfe an hour before nine and continued untill after twelve aclocke, ye day beeing very cold, beginnunge with a short prayer, then a Psalme sang, then more large in prayer, after that another Psalme, and then the Word taught, after that prayer,—and then a Psalme,—then making merry to the creatures, the poorer sorte beeing invited of the richer." This is an isolated case, but from a combination of the occasional Thanksgiving and the annual Harvest Festival, grew the annual Autumn Thanksgiving with which we are familiar.

Of the customs of those early times, Jeannette A. Marks gives a most vivid picture: "What bounties did the New England table set forth in Puritan days, what dishes made family or public festival a feast? Any recorded bill of fare we do not have, but from detached bits here and there, let us reconstruct a possible menu for a festival day. They had oysters—enough to stuff a million turkeys—for the oyster beds were then as rich in oysters as the South Seas used to be in pearls; they had, too, all the nicest kinds of fish. Ducks and geese they raised, and we may be sure our Puritan forefathers were not so unhuman as to despise a piece of the fat back of a fat duck. Venison was brought in from the great silent forests which lay behind the little strip of coast the Puritans had managed to make theirs; either our steeple-crowned progenitors shot the gentle deer, or the friendly Indians brought them in to exchange for fire-arms or cheap baubles. We have a late record taken from the Rev. Laurence Conant of Danvers in 1714, which shows that venison, even then as now, had an irresistible attraction for lovers of good game: 'When ye services at ye meeting-house were ended, ye council and other dignitaries were entertained at ye house of Mr. Epes, on ye hill near by, and we had a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner with bear's meate and venison, the last of which was a fine buck, shot in the woods near by. Ye bear was killed in Lynn woods near Reading. After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Garrich of Wrentham, word was brought that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's day by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a lye in his mouth, like Ananias of old. Ye council, therefore, refused to eat ye venison, but it was afterwards decided that Pequot should receive forty stripes, save one, for lying and profaning ye Lord's day, restore Mr. Epes ye cost of ye deer, and considering this a just and righteous sentence on ye sinfull heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on ye meete, ye council all partook of it, but Mr. Shepard, whose conscience was tender on ye point of ye venison.' "

In addition to the royal deer, there were no less royal turkey and the partridge, which were broiled on skewers in front of great open fires. Barley loaves and cakes of Indian meal, also beans, peas, parsnips, carrots, turnips, onions, melons, cucumbers, radishes, skirets (an umbelliferous plant whose roots are very sweet), beets, coleworts, cabbages, and the indigenous squash and pumpkin were heaped upon their festival

tables. By the middle of the seventeenth century, sturdy Captain Edward Johnson had written in defense of the pumpkin: "Let no man make a jest at pumpkins, for with this fruit, the Lord was pleased to feed His people to their good content till corne and cattel were increased." We do well to have the golden fruit within our Thanksgiving pies; indeed, some of us might not be here to give thanks, were it not for these very clumsy pumpkins which preserved our forefathers in days of scarcity.

A formidable array of fish and meat and vegetables, we see, *could* be commanded for the Puritan table. Ah, but in those days in Massachusetts, the Thanksgiving table set forth no such array! The bountiful provision of the present is a matter of later origin. The early Thanksgiving was a day of prayer and such feasting would have been considered "popish"; the "Biskets, and Beer, and Cider, and Wine" of Samuel Sewall's *Diary*, were probably far more customary than any culinary profusion.

This is one of the many erroneous opinions centering round our first Thanksgivings of which we do well to rid ourselves. But it is a solace to know that it was customary from the first for the family and friends to come together. We will quote again from the Sewall Diary: "Nov. 29. Thanksgiving: Madam Usher and Mr. Odlin, Mrs. Kay and her daughter dine with us."

The character of this day was jealously guarded; it was to be a day of prayer, when men should give thanks for their mercies, whether private or public; no manual labor, no riotous feasting were tolerated. The unfortunate Mr. Veazie, who claimed to belong to the Church of England, and who objected to being taxed for the support of the Congregational Church in New England, chafed against these stringent rules, and attempted to follow out his own inclinations. It is recorded of him: "Wm. Veisy is bound over for plowing on the day of Thanksgiving." "Beware," says the compiler of the record, "Beware, Mr. Veazie, of those New England bake-pans which you see Beelzebub tending!" There was danger, according to our forefathers' way of thinking, even in dwelling too much on our mercies. Mr. Torrey's fears "lest a Thanksgiving should tend to harden people in their carnal confidence," were common

fears; and because of this spirit, greater emphasis was placed upon Fast Days than upon Thanksgiving Days.

The first religious festival called for the definite purpose of thanksgiving, set apart by authority of the civil government by previous proclamation in America, was near the end of July, 1623. The previous year had been one of repeated misfortune. For six weeks after the third week in May hardly a drop of rain had fallen. The corn withered and appeared dead and other crops seemed as if parched with fire. The hopes of the colony were set on the expected arrival of a ship from England, but a fishing vessel brought tidings that it had been lost. In that extremity, "a day was appointed by publick authority and set apart from all other employments" to pray for the mercy of God on the ill-fated colony.

When the service of prayer was begun in the morning, the sky was clear. The meeting continued for nine hours, and before it closed the clouds were gathering from all sides. Next morning came the rain, and it continued for fourteen days, with such "soft, sweet, moderate showers, mixed with seasonable weather, as it was hard to say whether our withered corn or drooping affections were most quickened and revived; such was ye bountie and goodnesse of God."

During this time, Myles Standish received word that the ship supposed to have been lost had been sighted, whereupon, it is recorded: "Having these many signs of God's favour and acceptance, another solemn day was set apart and appointed, wherein we returned glory and honour and praise with all thankfulness to our good God, who had dealt so graciously with us." Even the savage Indian rejoiced and said: "Now I see that the Englishman's God is a good God."

FIRST CIVIL PROCLAMATION. 1630

After the arrival of the ship *Success*, in July, 1630, came the first Thanksgiving proposed by the civil authorities.

The first Thanksgiving proclaimed in Boston was on February 22, 1630. The winter had been a hard one. Food was nearly gone, and

hunger and scurvy abounded. It was a winter in which the prosperous shared with the unfortunate, and if there were any deeds of selfishness, they are not recorded. Governor Winthrop was in the act of giving away his last handful of meal to a needy man at his door, when a ship was sighted in the harbor, bringing supplies to the distressed city. This was in February, just before the 5th of the month, a day that had been set apart for fasting and prayer. The day of fasting was not kept. The citizens thought they would honor God more by making free use of His blessings. No one, however, was permitted to make merchandise of the cargo of the ship. It was bought entirely with public funds and distributed to every man according to his needs. The famine was over, and on February 22d the people came together in their meeting-houses and gave God solemn thanks for their deliverance.

Now, for thirty years dating from 1630, there were observed but ten Thanksgiving days in Massachusetts. In 1742, there were two proclaimed by Governor Shirley of Massachusetts, and for a long period Thanksgiving days were proclaimed only at irregular intervals and for special purposes. Sometimes they served other ends than those for which they were designed. In 1771, Governor Hutchinson issued a proclamation in which thanks were expressed for "the continuance of our civil and religious privileges." Some ministers commented severely on this phrase, and only two in Boston would read the proclamation.

OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS. 1631

"Days of Thanksgiving or Fasting," wrote Henry Jacob, "which by men are appointed upon some special occasion and are to be used accordingly—in no wise constantly and continually—we approve and allow, as having warrant from the Spirit of God, both in the Law and in the Gospel." Of such occasional appointments we find many records in old documents.

One bit of gallantry it is pleasant to recall. "On the second of November, 1631, the ship *Lyon*, bearing Margaret Winthrop, the wife of the Governor, came to the port of Boston. Margaret Winthrop was to be the first lady of the land, and, when on the fourth of November she and her companions disembarked, the Military in full Splendour and

Gorgeousness met her and escorted her home. 'Vollies of shot' were fired and fat hogs, kids, venison, poultry, geese and partridges were presented. Feasting was continued for several days, and concluded by a final prayerful Thanksgiving on November eleventh."

At the close of the Indian troubles in 1676 we read of a picturesque but gruesome happening in Plymouth. As the people were coming out of their fortress church, upon whose flat roof the sentinel paced to and fro, and from the edge of which peered the cannon, they were met by Captain Church's little company, bearing the ghastly head of poor King Philip. Do you not suppose that they turned to their Ainsworth Psalm-Books and shouted forth with redoubled energy and thanksgiving unction:

"Jehovah King forever is, and to continual aye:
Out of His land, the Heathen-Men are perished away."

NEW YORK THANKSGIVINGS. 1645

The first proclamation in New York of which we have definite knowledge was that closing the Indian troubles in 1645. This proclamation, after setting forth their mercies as shown in different ways and especially in reaching the long-wished-for peace with the Indians, was to the end that, "in all places, where within the aforesaid Country, Dutch and English Churches are established, God Almighty may be specially thanked, praised, and blessed on next Wednesday forenoon, being the 6th September, the text to be appropriate and the Sermon to be applicable thereto. Your Reverence will please announce this matter to the Congregation next Sunday, so that they may have notice. On which we rely." The day appointed, you will notice, was Wednesday, instead of the universal Thursday of New England.

An interesting prejudice lies behind this simple fact: the Separatists and Non-Conformists had a horror of the Catholic Fridays and Wednesdays, and assiduously avoided them. The New Netherlanders, however, did not share this antipathy, and, too, it was their custom to make only half the day a time of religious observance, the latter part being given up to amusement and feasting. The Dutch were not unused to Thanksgivings, but in Holland, these were of a civil rather than of an ecclesiastical nature. Besides the Dutch interests were in trading and not so much in

agriculture. At one time, however, they were moved to set a fast-prayer, for *two* reasons, viz.: "fevers in some hamlets," and "for deliverance from a new and never-heard-of Heresie named Quakers."

The Southern Colonies, even after the New England custom had established itself widely, seem to have remained suspicious of Thanksgiving; probably they were afraid of some concealed Puritan doctrine.

COTTON MATHER'S LEGACY. 1696

Says Cotton Mather, that quaintest of Puritan divines, in his *Christian Thank-Offering*: "Oh, let us make a Catalogue, as far as we can, of our Mercies: nor, indeed, can we easily leave a better Legacy to our Families, than such a catalogue of our Ebenezers of our Experiences."

Even when Mather wrote his remarkable sermon, in 1696, certain features of the early Thanksgiving had disappeared forever: the palmy years of the Theocracy were over. No longer was the authority of the Thanksgiving Appointments vested in the ministers, for the regulating power was gubernatorial rather than ministerial. This change, like all changes, had followed a struggle. How bitterly must those theocratic divines have missed the sonorous wording of the proclamation in which no glittering generalities were used!

SAMUEL SEWALL. 1696

Samuel Sewall makes a stand for literalness and sincerity, which qualities, in the judge's opinion, would seem to be lacking in the proclamation recorded in his Diary of the year 1685(?).

He writes: "Oct. 31.—Order for Thanksgiving is past. The Secretary writ Peace; the Governor added Happy; which I objected against; because we saw but one side, we saw not what the French had reserved for themselves. Voted it not. I would have had it plentiful '*later*' Harvest; because the Wheat and Rye were much blasted; the Barley much diminished, but I prevailed not."

Again let us refute the common error of thinking that our Thanksgiving Days have always been annual: this mistake, no doubt, is due to

one of our eighteenth century historians, Thomas Hutchinson. We must distinguish between Thanksgiving services which occurred on Sundays and at other times, and Thanksgiving Days which fell eventually on weekdays. Thanksgiving services have always been common in the Church of England, whereas, Thanksgiving Day is a festival to which we, as Americans, have rather an exclusive title.

FIRST NATIONAL THANKSGIVING, DECEMBER 18, 1777

This is a day that we as Americans should never forget,—our first National Thanksgiving, which after the surrender of Burgoyne, was appointed by Congress as a day for the American people to thank God for "Independence and Peace."

It is well to recall the fact that there were three fasts, 1775, 1776, 1777, set by the Continental Congress before the first Thanksgiving. These furthered the idea of union. On the committee appointed to draw up the proclamation, North Carolina and Massachusetts joined hands, in the persons of William Hooper and John Adams. After the surrender of Burgoyne, Congress resolved: "That a Committee of three be appointed to prepare a recommendation to the several States to set apart a day for thanksgiving for the signal success lately obtained over the enemies of these United States."

The members chosen were Samuel Adams, Richard Henry Lee, and Daniel Roberdeau, and thus Massachusetts, Virginia, and Pennsylvania were represented in the event.

FIRST PRESIDENTIAL PROCLAMATION

✓ We come now to our first national Thanksgiving day, November 28, 1789. It was named by act of Congress, in which gratitude was expressed that God had been pleased to "smile on us in the prosecution of a just and necessary war, for the defence and establishment of our inalienable rights and liberties."

After the adoption of the Constitution a day was set apart as Thanksgiving day by resolution of Congress and proclamation of Washington.

There was some discussion as to the propriety of the President's asking the people to give thanks for a Constitution of which some of them did not approve, but nevertheless the last Thursday in November was set apart, and the thanks of the nation, united under the Constitution, were expressed on that memorable date, November 28, 1789.

Considering, then, the Thanksgiving Day as an institution, apart from its annual and harvest features, the day at that time appointed merits the honor of being the first National Thanksgiving Day in America, and as such is worthy of record.

(See p. 400, *Book on Fast and Thanksgiving Days in New England*.)

We have seen how the national harvest Thanksgiving day was consecrated at Plymouth in the autumn of 1621. If it were given us to devise a seal for this institution, it would represent a little company of our Pilgrim forefathers gathered in devout gratitude about their simple board, with the Indian chieftain, Massasoit, as their guest. This would be emblematic of a festival which is now celebrated by American citizens representing all the ancient races, the descendants of those men that went forth out of Noah's ark. The day is now ordered by the Executive in States and Territories, regions, many of them, as vast as the lands bounded in a colonial charter, extending between two great oceans, and from Arctic cold to torrid heat.

Its proclamations bear seals with devices as various as the vine of Connecticut, the palmetto of South Carolina, the bee-hive of Utah, and the seal islands of Alaska. The acceptance of the institution is assured, it is fulfilling the mission for which the Pilgrims consecrated it, though among a people and in a land of which they never dreamed.

The evolution from a local to a national and from an occasional to an annual Thanksgiving we have seen was gradual, slow, and of com-

NOTE.—Two years ago the writer, or rather compiler, of this Thanksgiving article came quite by accident to the place where the British prisoners were taken after Burgoyne's surrender. It is on the top of Prospect Hill, Somerville (a suburb of Greater Boston), that these prisoners were encamped. A commemorative structure of stone has been erected to mark the spot, by the city of Somerville, and suitably inscribed. A picturesque affair, partaking somewhat of the features of fort and castle. [I have not seen any mention of the above in our American histories.]—M. C. S.

paratively recent consummation. During the Civil War, there were days of thanksgiving following victories. Abraham Lincoln was the first President to make the Thanksgiving proclamation literature. All other proclamations seem tame and timeworn, in phrase and sentiment, when placed beside his, written "in the pure, simple, refreshingly sweet language which he drew from his 'well of English undefyled.'"

Since Lincoln's famous proclamation of November 24, 1863, the custom never has been omitted. Once or twice another day has been added, as in 1876, when General Grant proclaimed July 4th as a day of thanksgiving for one hundred years of national life. But increasingly, the harvest feature has become prominent, and is year by year referred to with emphasis in the proclamations of Presidents and Governors.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER IN 1779

The following account of a Thanksgiving dinner, in 1779, is given in a letter of Juliana Smith's, of Sharon, Connecticut, copied by her into her diary—a praiseworthy practice not uncommon at a time when letters were written with care and might easily be lost in transmission. It is addressed to the writer's "Dear Cousin Betsey," who was presumably the daughter of the Rev. C. M. Smith's elder brother, Daniel. After the usual number of apologies for delay in writing, Juliana proceeds:

"When Thanksgiving Day was approaching our dear Grandmother Smith [born Jerusha Mather, great-granddaughter of the Rev. Richard Mather of Dorchester, Massachusetts], who is sometimes a little desponding of Spirit, as you well know, did her best to persuade us that it would be better to make it a Day of Fasting and Prayer in view of the Wickedness of our Friends and the Vileness of our Enemies,—I am sure you can hear Grandmother say that, and see her shake her cap border. But, indeed, there was some occasion for her remarks, for our resistance to an unjust Authority has cost our beautiful Coast Towns very dear the last year, and all of us have had much to suffer. But my dear Father brought her to a more proper frame of Mind, so that by the time the Day came, she was ready to enjoy it almost as well as Grandmother Worthington did, and She, you will remember, always sees the bright side. In the

meanwhile, we had all of us been working hard to get all things in readiness to do honour to the Day. This year, it was Uncle Simeon's turn to have the dinner at his house, but, of course, we all helped them as they help us when it is our turn, and there is always enough for us all to do.

"All the baking of pies and cakes was done at our house, and we had the big oven heated and filled, twice each day, for three days, before it was all done. And everything was Good though we did have to do without some things that ought to be used. Neither Love nor Money (Continental note paper at the time) could buy Raisins, but our good red Cherries dried without the pits did almost as well, and happily Uncle Simeon still had some spices in store. The tables were set in the Dining Hall, and even that big room had no space to spare when we were all seated. The Servants had enough ado to get around the Tables & serve us all without oversetting things. There were our two Grandmothers side by side. They are always handsome old Ladies, but now, many thought they were handsomer than ever, & happy they were to look around upon so many of their descendants. Uncle & Aunt Simeon presided at one Table & Father & Mother at the other. Besides us five boys and girls, there were two of the Gales and three Elmers, besides James Browne & Ephraim Cowles.* We had them at our Table because they could be best supervised there. Most of the students had gone to their own homes for the week, but Mr. Skiff & Mr. — (name not given) were too far away from their homes. They sat at Uncle Simeon's Table, and so did Uncle Paul & his family, five of them in all, & Cousins Phin & Poll.† Then there were six of the Livingston family, next door. They had never seen a Thanksgiving Dinner before, having been used to keep Christmas Day instead, as is the wont in New York Province. Then there were four Old-Ladies who have no longer Homes or Children of their own, and so came to us. They were invited by my Mother, but Uncle & Aunt Simeon wished it so.

"Of course, we could have no Roast Beef. None of us have tasted Beef this three years back, as it all must go to the Army, & too little they

*Five of the last named seven were orphans, taught and in all ways provided for by Parson and Mrs. Smith.

†Probably Phineas and Apollos Smith, sons of Daniel.

get, poor fellows! But, Nayquittymaw's* Hunters were able to get us a fine red Deer, so that we had a good haunch of Venisson on each Table. These were balanced by huge Chines of Roast Pork, at the other ends of the Tables. Then there was on one, a big Roast Turkey & on the other, a Goose & two big Pigeon Pasties. Then there was an abundance of good Vegetables of all the old Sorts & one which I do not believe you have yet seen. Uncle Simeon had imported the Seede from England just before the War began & only this Year was there enough for Table use. It is called Sellery and you eat it without cooking. It is very good served with Meats. Next Year, Uncle Simeon says he will be able to raise enough to give us all some. It has to be taken up, roots & all & buried in earth in the Cellar through the Winter & only pulling up some when you want it to use.

"Our Mince Pies were good, although we had to use dried Cherries as I told you, & the Meat was Shoulder of Venisson instead of Beef. The Pumpkin Pies, Apple Tarts & big Indian Puddings lacked for nothing, save Appetite, by the time we had got round to them.

"Of course we had no Wine. Uncle Simeon has still a Cask or two, but it must all be saved for the sick & indeed for those who are well, good Cider is a Sufficient Substitute. There was no Plumb Pudding, but a boiled Suet Pudding, stirred thick with dried Plumbs, & Cherries, was called by the old Name & answered the purpose. All the other Spice had been used in the Mince Pies, so for this Pudding we used a jar of West India preserved Ginger which chanced to be left of the last shipment which Uncle Simeon had from there. We chopped the Ginger small and stirred it through with the Plumbs & Cherries. It was extraordinary good. The Day was bitter cold & when we got Home from Meeting, which Father did not keep over long by reason of the cold, we were glad eno' of the fire in Uncle's Dining Hall, but by the time the dinner was one-half over those of us who were on the fire side of one Table was forced to get up & carry our Plates with us around to the far side of the other Table, while those who had sat there were as glad to

*"Nayquittymaw," the name of an Indian chief of the region round about Sharon, Connecticut; he was the last Chief of the time to sign away his lands to the whites. Unable to write his name, his mark X appears in the deed, as printed from the Connecticut State Records, in the history of the town of Sharon." See History of Sharon, Connecticut.

bring their Plates around to the fire side to get warm. All but the Old Ladies who had a screen put behind their chairs.

"Uncle Simeon was in his best mood, and you know how good that is! He kept both Tables in a roar of laughter with his droll stories of the days when he was studying Medicine in Edinborough, & afterwards he & Father & Uncle Paul joined in singing Hymns & Ballads. You know how fine their Voices go together. Then we all sang a Hymn & afterwards my dear Father led us in prayer, remembering all Absent Friends before the Throne of Grace, & much I wished that my dear Betsey was here as one of us, as she has been of yore.

"We did not rise from the Table until it was quite dark & then when the Dishes had been cleared away, we all got round the Fire as close as we could & cracked Nuts & sang songs & told stories. At least, some told & others listened. You know nobobdy can exceed the two Grandmothers at telling tales of all the things they have seen themselves, & repeating those of the early years in New England & even some in the Old England which they had heard in their youth from their Elders. My Father says it is a goodly custom to hand down all worthy deeds & traditions from Father to Son as the Israelites were commanded to do about the Passover & as the Indians here have always done, because the Word that is spoken is remembered longer than the one that is written. . . . Brother Jack, who did not reach here until late on Wednesday, though he had left College (Yale) very early on Monday Morning, & rode with all due diligence, considering the snow, brought an Orange to each of the Grandmothers, but, Alas! they were frozen in his Saddle bags. We soaked the frost out in cold water, but I guess they wasn't as good as they should have been."

This ends the letter which, together with numerous extracts from the diary kept for "Brother Jack's" benefit, may be found in a most interesting volume entitled *Colonial Days and Ways*, compiled by Helen Evertson Smith. The diary above referred to was kept by Juliana, with comparatively few breaks, all through the four years of her brother Jack's college life at Yale.

According to the narrative, "Juliana seems to have had an especially

strong love both for hearing the ancestral traditions and for committing them to paper."

Juliana Smith was destined to fill a high position in life. Soon after peace was declared, probably about the year 1784, she married Jacob Radcliffe, a man of good mind and courtly manners, who, removing with Juliana to Albany, New York, became in time one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature.

At a later period they went to live in New York City, of which Mr. Radcliffe was Mayor for three terms between 1810 and 1818. Juliana died in 1823, leaving two daughters. The elder of these, Maria, married Mr. W. Tillman of Troy, New York, while the younger, Julia, married an English gentleman named Spencer and settled in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

The "Brother Jack" of the diary used often to state in later years that his mother and his sister Juliana were the most intellectual and the wittiest women whom he had ever known, and this during a long life of social intercourse with the best society which our Union then afforded.

"Brother Jack" himself was a "child of destiny," for as John Cotton Smith, we find him taking his degree of A.B. from Yale in 1783, of A.M. in 1786, serving in State legislature and later as Representative to Congress in 1801-09. He became Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut in 1810, and was called to the office of Governor of the State in 1813-17. Yale conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1814. His wife was Margaret Evertson, a woman of fine and cultured mind. John Cotton Smith was the last Federal Governor of his State, retiring in 1817, "the most popular man of a popular party," says S. G. Goodrich in his *Recollections*. The correspondence between Parson Smith and this son, from 1779 to 1806, says the compiler of the book (*Colonial Days and Ways*), is a beautiful record of paternal and filial affection.

NOTE.—Of the Rev. Cotton Mather Smith, Juliana's father, we will quote again from his descendant of to-day, Miss Helen Evertson Smith:

"The Rev. Cotton Mather Smith was a member of what the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* used to delight in calling the Brahmin Class of New England, meaning the

THANKSGIVING OBSERVANCE BY THE INDIANS

The American Indians, strange to relate, were the first alien(?) people to receive this institution of the Pilgrims. They made its acquaintance at Plymouth, and as Christianity spread among them through the efforts of John Eliot and others, the Indians entered into the religious observances of the whites. For fast days, particularly, they had a use, humbling themselves and confessing their sins. So early as November 15, 1658, we find them keeping a fast on account of excessive rains, as descendants of the early ministers and magistrates of the Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Connecticut colonies.

"The ministers from whom he was descended were the Rev. Henry Smith of Wethersfield and the Rev. Richard Mather of Dorchester, while he was collaterally related to all the 'preaching Mathers,' and to the Rev. John Cotton of Boston.

"Mr. Smith's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather of his own surname, all fought in the numerous colonial wars. A colonial governor and a major-general were numbered among his ancestors, besides many magistrates and officers of lesser rank. Hence it is not wonderful that while he was a man of peace, he was also in favor of fighting in a good cause, as is shown later.

"The chronicle reads, that in the early summer of 1775, the widowed Mrs. Samuel Smith, formerly of Suffield, Connecticut, and then living with her youngest son, Simeon, saw her second son, the Rev. Cotton Mather Smith, depart as chaplain to Colonel Hinman's regiment, in General Schuyler's army at Ticonderoga, where he remained until incapacitated for further duty by the camp-fever. A year later, the old lady bade a Spartan mother's God-speed to her son Dr. Simeon Smith, who as captain of a company of Sharon men, equipped largely at his own expense, joined the troops under Washington's immediate command, enduring all the hardships and misfortunes of the Long Island campaign.

"This is the 'Uncle Simeon,' his niece Juliana, in her diary, speaks of as entertaining their Thanksgiving party with anecdotes of 'his student days in Edinburgh.'

"'Parson Smith,' as he was familiarly called in Sharon, had a long and useful pastorate of over fifty years. He was blessed in the assistance and ministrations of his noble wife, who was Temperance Worthington, a granddaughter of Captain John Gallup, that redoubtable fighter and defender of colonial times. In 1805, Mr. Smith preached his half-century sermon from the text, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' He survived but little more than a year, dying in November, 1806. His greatly lamented wife had died six years before, while in Albany, visiting her daughter Mrs. Radcliffe, the 'Juliana of the diary.'

"John Cotton Smith was the only one of the sons who reached adult age. From all of Parson Smith's three daughters have descended noble, strong and sweet men and women, but time permits mention only of the marriage of the youngest daughter, Mary, who became the wife of the Rev. Daniel Smith of Stamford, Connecticut. Years after the latter's death, it was discovered that he also was descended from the Rev. Henry Smith of Wethersfield. Their son the Rev. Thomas Mather Smith was father of the Rev. John Cotton Smith, D.D., for more than twenty years, the much-loved rector of the Church of the Ascension in New York City. He died in 1882. It is interesting to note that a son of the above, also by name the Rev. John Cotton Smith, has recently presented in memory of — [The writer got thus far when she, to her regret, discovered the loss of her data, relating to a beautiful memorial window, etc., etc.]

So do noble family characteristics perpetuate themselves in the present generation.

—C. M. S.

their white neighbors had done a few days before. An early writer says of them: "They observe no holy-days but the Lord's day, except upon some extraordinary occasion, and then they solemnly set apart whole days, either giving thanks or fasting and praying with great fervor of mind." So they received the thanksgiving day and there were occasions when their example was a rebuke to their teachers.

The missionaries carried the practice westward into the wilderness, and in the light of this and other facts, there is a deep significance attaching itself to the words which Principal Chief Bushyhead of the Cherokees used in his proclamation, nearly fifty years ago: "While Thanksgiving Days last," he said, "and are sincerely kept, we need not fear that a magnanimous people will see their Government drag down and thrust the remnant of our race into the abyss."

In honor of the Indian guest at Plymouth, we quote this and likewise the following from the proclamation of another great chief of the Cherokee Nation in 1891: "Whereas Benjamin Harrison, our great father, the President of the United States, has 'issued a proclamation setting apart the 26th instant as a day of joyful thanksgiving, in which to thank God for the bounties of His providence, for the peace in which we are permitted to enjoy them, and for the preservation of those institutions of civil and religious liberties.' It is proper that the Cherokee People should participate in this joyful praise and thanks to God for the peace and prosperity they now enjoy and ask Him to continue to the Cherokee People that civil liberty they have enjoyed from time immemorial and ask that they may continue in the peaceful possession of their land and home to a time without end: Now, therefore, I, J. B. Mayes,* Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation, do hereby appoint Thursday, November twenty-six, 1891, to be a day of Thanksgiving and praise to God, that He still permits the Cherokee Nation of Indians to live in the enjoyment of this civil and religious liberty, and in the struggle for the right of soil, and self-government, ask Him to shield us from all danger."

*In the early spring of 1910 a Cherokee princess, but calling herself simply "Miss Mayes," lectured before the New England Women's Club of Boston, on the manners and customs of her people. Presumably the daughter of J. B. Mayes, the enlightened chief above referred to.

Thus does the enlightened representative of Massasoit's race summon his people to Thanksgiving. The fact brings into a clear light the present popularity of the institution. To what proportions has it come, that so many millions are bidden to keep this ancient festival!

Nowadays, it is generally true that we omit particulars from our proclamations, but let us consider what Thanksgiving means to us as a people. We are, indeed, "a folk of many families and nations gathered together," and just as New England has been the center of so many of our American ideals, so has this New England custom become the center of so much that is ideal in our family life. We would not have the day without its religious observance, for this is where we are indebted to our forefathers. There are none now in our broad land who will dispute the right the day has to be revered. It has made conquests among all our heterogeneous races, has come to be regarded in every commonwealth and has received the sanction of all religions.

Nearly three centuries have rolled away since the beloved forefathers christened it at Plymouth in the golden autumn of 1621, but though in this connection we may consider it as the ancient of days it is to us moderns as young now as then. But the world has changed and with it the observances of that former time.

The Pilgrims were not fond of festivals. It was part of their stern creed to choke all outlets of human emotion. Such Catholic festivals as the Anglicans had retained, were excluded from the Puritans' sombre calendar. They made no exception of the holy and joyful Christmas, and even the mince pies were banished by the more severely-minded as savoring of "papal suggestions." The Puritans thought to please Heaven by banishing from religion almost all ideas of happiness, in thought, word and deed. Their creed, as one poet expresses it:

"Impelled too far, and weighed poor nature down,
They missed God's smile, perhaps, to watch His frown."

We may have swung too far from the ancient ideals. Throughout all life, to-day, it is the element of joyousness that prevails, and there is no more beautiful embodiment of the Thanksgiving or the thankful spirit

than is found in the closing stanza of Henry Van Dyke's poem, "Gratitude":

"For when we gladly eat our daily bread, we bless
The hand that feeds us;
And when we walk along life's way in cheerfulness,
Our very heart-beats praise the Love that leads us!"

Let us, then, continue to cherish this festival day,—a day which brings back the dear familiar faces, binds closer those who love each other, quickens fading ideals, and makes us all more thankful to God for His mercies. It is a day, in truth, of which any nation and any people may well be proud!

MARY CAROLINE SWEET.

LAWRENCE, MASS.



PENNSYLVANIA COUNTY NAMES

(Second Paper)

BRADFORD, third in the tier of counties bordering on New York westward from the Delaware, was formed by the General Assembly, March 3, 1811, and was originally called Ontario. The following year the courts were organized by the distinguished jurist John Bannister Gibson, who when a young man was elected President Judge of the district, embracing five counties. At his suggestion the county was given its present name in honor of William Bradford, Attorney-General in Washington's Cabinet during his second administration.

In 1768, Thomas and Richard Penn, proprietors of the province by a treaty with the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix, New York, bought all that region south and west of the Susquehanna, even beyond the mountains, for the sum of \$10,000. About this time the first white settlers took up their abode in the lands now embraced in Bradford County. This region was the tramping ground of the Six Nations, when they moved down the Susquehanna to contend with the smaller tribes along its lower waters. The Cayuga and other tribes owned a right to the territory when it was purchased by the Penns in 1768.

Tioga, an Indian name, which means "a meeting of the waters," was the original name for the present Athens, and was a famous Indian settlement, visited by Conrad Weiser and Benjamin Franklin during the stormy days of the Colonial Wars. One of the romantic characters among these Indians was Catharine Montour, a half-breed of Canadian descent. She was known as Queen Esther and for many years occupied a log building known as Queen Esther's Castle, at Tioga.

Moravian missionaries first visited the Indians, residing in Bradford County about 1765. They succeeded in converting a number of the red men to the Christian faith and named their mission Friedenshütten, which means "tents of peace." This Indian village prospered under the care of these religious instructors for several years.

Owing to troubles resulting from the Colonial Wars, two hundred and forty of these half-civilized Indians, together with the Moravian missionaries, moved westward over an Indian trail across the mountains into the present area of Ohio. They were succeeded in Bradford County by small bands of hostile Indians who committed depredations during the Revolution. Colonel Thomas Hartley, commanding a regiment of Pennsylvania troops in 1779, marched to this country and destroyed the Indian villages. Sullivan's army, in its movement northward in 1779 to punish the hostile Indians of Southern New York, crossed this county.

Cambria County was formed out of Huntingdon and Somerset in 1804. Most of this county lies on the summit of the Allegheny Mountains. It is one of the highest counties in the State.

Among the early settlers was a colony of Welsh who came from the northern part of Wales shortly after the Revolution. When the new county was formed it was called Cambria, the ancient name for Wales or the Britannia Secunda of Roman History. Ebensburg is its county seat. Johnstown, situated near the western base of the mountain, will always be remembered as the scene of one of the most destructive floods known to American history. It lies in the center of a narrow valley, drained by the Conemaugh River. A dam broke, and an hour later rushed in a mad torrent down the narrow valley, flooded the city and caused the death of nearly two thousand people.

Cameron County was carved out of Clinton, Elk, McKean and Potter counties in the year 1860. It was named in honor of General Simon Cameron, Secretary in Lincoln's Cabinet, Minister to Russia, United States Senator, and for thirty years a leader in national politics.

Clinton County was organized from parts of Centre and Lycoming in 1839. Because the American eagle was abundant in this region, it was originally intended to name this county in honor of the king of the American birds. But before the first courts were opened, Clinton was substituted in memory of the builder of the Erie canal, and the Governor of New York.

For nearly half a century Clinton furnished some of the best lumber obtained in Pennsylvania.

No other section of Pennsylvania is so fertile in the romance of history as the picturesque region, twenty miles square, known as Carbon County. Its area originally belonged to Northampton and Monroe.

Carbon, one of the elements of nature, is familiar to all students of science, and when this county was formed in 1843, the inhabitants petitioned the commissioners who ran the boundary line that it should be called Carbon, the scientific name for coal.

Specimens of coal from the anthracite regions of the Keystone State had found their way to Philadelphia as early as 1765, but very little attention was paid to them, for coal as a fuel never came into use until after the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In 1791, Philip Ginter, a German settler, found some pieces of coal on the surface of the ground at Summit Hill in Carbon County, and this date is often given as the time of the discovery of anthracite coal in America. Colonel Jacob Weiss, a prominent farmer of the neighborhood, took samples of it to Philadelphia and showed them to Michael Hillegas, John Nicholson and Charles Cist. Hillegas had served with distinction as Treasurer of the United States during the Revolution, and had accumulated a considerable fortune after the war, and had a keen eye for business. He organized a coal company, went to this picturesque region and took up ten thousand acres of unoccupied land in the present area of Carbon County. He knew that the bowels of the earth to which he and his associates had procured a legal right contained a treasure trove, for he had already learned that coal could be used as a fuel both for heating and for manufacturing purposes.

Wood was still plentiful and charcoal, burned from the abundant chestnut timber, was cheap, so that people even in the large cities did not learn to use carbon as a fuel until after 1800, and the project of Michael Hillegas of organizing a large coal company did not succeed. In 1818 or thereabouts other coal companies were organized. Means of transportation for this valuable product were needed. A plan was devised to transport it over the Lehigh River, and soon afterward the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, one of the most important corporations of this country, came into existence.

The year 1825 marks an important event in the history of coal. During that year 50,000 tons were transported in "arks" down the Lehigh from Mauch Chunk to Philadelphia, eighty miles, and sold at the rate of seven dollars a ton. The following year 31,000 tons were floating down the river in the same way. They sold at the rate almost equal to the price now paid for the many thousands of tons burned in the metropolis of Pennsylvania.

The anthracite of Carbon County is the hardest known to science, and a vein of it, fifty-three feet in thickness, was discovered in the mountains near Mauch Chunk shortly after it came into general use as a fuel. No other vein has been found as thick as this one anywhere else in the world. Such is the early history of coal, a product which during the last century has revolutionized the industrial interests of the present and progressive age.

Near the center of Carbon, on the banks of the Lehigh, Mauch Chunk was founded in 1815. It is built between two mountains whose crests tower eight hundred feet above the village over which they cast their shadows, so that the sun rises here at ten A.M., and sets at about three.

From the summit of Mount Pisgah, the terminus of the famous switchback railroad, the tourist beholds one of the most picturesque regions in America, known as the "Switzerland of America," because of the romantic beauty of the scenery. Even to this day a large portion of Carbon County is still covered with primeval forests.

Moravian missionaries from the settlement at Bethlehem were the first whites to visit this wild region, which had been the hunting ground for the Delaware and Shawanese Indians for half a century. About 1735 a band of Mohicans, driven from New England and Central New York, took up their abode on the summit of a hill near Lehigh, below Mauch Chunk. In 1746 they were visited by Christian Bauch and Martin Mack, who established the mission of Gnadenhütten, and taught the Gospel to these redmen of the forest. These pious men here established one of the most successful missions of the Moravian Church in America. A congregation of five hundred Indians, men and women,

worshiped in a log church built in 1749 by Bishop John de Watteville, a Baron of the German Court, who had come to America as the leader of the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem. The early missionaries taught the Mohicans to read a portion of the Scripture, translated into their language. It was one of the most successful attempts in America to Christianize the aborigines.

A number of Delaware Indians from the banks of the Susquehanna joined them, and the settlement was visited by Conrad Weiser and Benjamin Franklin.

About this time clouds of war began to hover over the American colonies. A contest between the French and the English for the territory of the Ohio Valley brought about the defeat of the English under Braddock in 1755. Indians who allied themselves with the French then crossed the Allegheny mountains and came eastward, terrifying all the settlements of this border county.

A band of these savages reached the Gnadenhütten settlement one night in November, 1775, and without a sound of warning or anything to awaken the sleeping missionaries, their families and the pious Indians, the village was set on fire. Many were killed and the rest were driven away, and thus ends the sad story of Gnadenhütten. Upon this site the following year, at the direction of Franklin, a stockade known as Fort Allen, in honor of the chief justice of Pennsylvania, was erected.

The sad story of the removal of the Indians from Carbon County furnished the plot to James Fenimore Cooper for his famous novel, *The Last of the Mohicans*.

Centre County lies between ridges of the Alleghanies and is the geographical center of the State. It was erected in the year 1800, when the population of the entire county numbered only two thousand.

Soon after the land of this region south of the west branch of the Susquehanna was purchased by the Penns from the Indians at a treaty held at Fort Stanwix, New York, Andrew Boggs, the first white settler of Centre County, built his cabin on the east bank of Bald Eagle Creek near the present town of Bellefonte. On the opposite side of the stream,

Bald Eagle, an Indian chief, had a cabin between two large white oaks. A creek, a valley, a township and a mountain were all named in honor of this noted Indian chief who was famous in colonial days.

Colonel James Potter took up a large area of valuable lands in the beautiful Penn Valley within the limits of Centre County, but there were few inhabitants in this region before the opening of the Revolution. General Potter went to the war and commanded a brigade under Washington at Brandywine, at White Marsh and at Germantown. He was a trained soldier. After the war he returned to Penn Valley and was appointed by the State agent and surveyor for the new lands in the northwestern part of the State.

Near the center of Bald Eagle Valley is the romantic town of Bellefonte. It received its name from a large spring near the center of the town. This spring supplies Bellefonte with water and the motive power for several factories.

Centre County produced four governors—Bigler, Curtin, Beaver and Hastings. Andrew G. Curtin was the chief executive during the whole period of the Civil War. No other person in the Union at that time was closer to Abraham Lincoln than the war governor of Pennsylvania.

Chester, Bucks and Philadelphia were the three original counties established at the first settlement of the Province of Pennsylvania, under the direction of its founder, William Penn. These counties were organized within two months after the arrival of Penn, under the charter granted him by Charles II., on March 4, 1681. It was then, he said, in a letter directed to the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, that they should be governed by laws of their own making, and that he "would not usurp the rights of any."

Chester, the first county formed, obtained its name from the following interesting incident: The landing-place of the proprietary was at Upland (now Chester City), and he resolved that its name should be changed. Turning around to his companions, Pearson, one of his own Society of Friends, who had accompanied him on the ship *Welcome*, he

said: "Providence has brought us safe here. Thou hast been the companion of my perils. What wilt thou that I should call this place?" Whereupon Pearson, in remembrance of the city from which he came, in England, exclaimed, "Chester." Penn replied that it should be called Chester, and that when he divided the land into counties, one of them should be called by the same name.

Chester County is full of historical associations. Within her borders the battles of Brandywine and Paoli were fought. It was the home and birthplace of Anthony Wayne, Bayard Taylor, Thomas Buchanan Reed and many others.

Crawford, the center of the Holland Land Grant of Northwestern Pennsylvania, was one of the many counties organized in the year 1800. It was named in honor of Colonel William Crawford, the famous soldier who had won his spurs in the Revolution then retired to his home in Berkeley County, Virginia, and at the request of Washington led a movement against the Indians of Northern Ohio, where in 1782 he fell into their hands at Sandusky, and was tortured to death.

One of the earliest white men that ever crossed the area of Crawford County was George Washington. In 1753, at the request of Governor Dinwiddie, he went from Virginia to carry a message to Fort Le Boeuf, situated in the northern part of this county.

This region was first populated by civilized people shortly after the Revolution, and in 1788 David and John Mead took up the land upon which the city of Meadville was built. The surrounding country is romantically interesting, containing rich agricultural lands and many beautiful lakes.

When the sons of William Penn in 1750 decided to lay out the second county west of the Susquehanna and the sixth in the province of Pennsylvania, they called it Cumberland because some of the early settlers came from that shire in England. As early as 1730, or six years before the Penns purchased the area west of the Susquehanna, some bold and daring Scotch-Irish people settled in the present Cumberland Valley. Among the earliest adventurers was Captain Jack, a famous Indian scout. It was the inclination of the Scotch from the county of Ulster, in

Ireland, to settle along the western frontier. The only unfortunate result was the fact that they antagonized the Indians and incited them to hostilities. Many Scotch-Irish immigrants had located in Cumberland County, which originally embraced its present area and Franklin, Perry, Huntingdon, Mifflin and Bedford. About 1750 James Logan declared that it looked as if the entire population of Ireland was crossing the Susquehanna and creating trouble with the Indians in the interior of Pennsylvania.

The beautiful valley of the Cumberland, extending from the Susquehanna to the Potomac and under the name of the Shenandoah across Virginia to the base of the mountains was the happy hunting ground of the Shawanese and other tribes of peaceful Indians before the Colonial Indian wars. In 1725 their main settlement opposite the site of Harrisburg moved westward across the mountains to the eastern borders of Ohio.

The inhabitants of Cumberland County organized military companies to oppose British oppression as early as 1774. One of these companies contained some of the first soldiers who enlisted in support of the American colonies and marched to Boston immediately after the Battle of Bunker Hill. Colonel Robert Magaw's three thousand troops, nearly all of whom had enlisted from Cumberland and York counties, fought three times their number of British soldiers in the famous encounter at Fort Washington, in 1776.

Carlisle, the county seat of Cumberland, was a noted *dépôt* for supplies in colonial days, and during the Revolution. It was the military center even to the time of the Civil War, when it was captured by Southern troops under command of Fitzhugh Lee. Dickinson College, named in honor of the author of the "Farmer's Letters," was founded in 1784, and figures in the popular novel of "Old Bellaire."

Dauphin County, including Lebanon, was organized out of the western part of Lancaster in 1785. It was called Dauphin for the name of the eldest son of the King of France because many of the Scotch-Irish people of the present area embraced in Dauphin County had served under Lafayette.

As early as 1719 John Harris ran a ferry across the Susquehanna at the present site of Harrisburg. He was one of the most noted Indian traders of American history. He not only dealt with the red men, but he learned their language and was on terms of friendship with nearly all the local tribes. It happened, however, that he failed to supply some hostile Indians with "fire water," and to avenge the neglect they captured him, tied him to a tree and threatened to burn him. About this time the friendly Shawanese across the river came to his rescue, and his life was saved. His son, John Harris, afterward became the founder of Harrisburg, the capital.

Fayette was named in honor of the youthful hero of France who endangered his life and fortune to aid the Americans in their struggle for independence. This county was formed out of Westmoreland in 1783, the year the Revolution ended. It was first settled in 1767, under Virginia titles. Twelve years before Braddock opened a road and marched across the present area of Fayette County to drive the French and Indians from Western Pennsylvania. His historic defeat followed and his remains now slumber on an elevated spot in this country, never having been removed to England.

Two years after Fayette County was formed, Albert Gallatin, the great financier who served for nine years as Secretary of the Treasury, established the first glass works in Western Pennsylvania, and erected a large mansion at New Geneva on the banks of the Monongahela and spent the remainder of his life as a citizen of Fayette County. It was John Randolph of Roanoke who in answer to a speech from a Pennsylvania representative, in Congress, sarcastically said "Pennsylvania has produced two great men—Benjamin Franklin of Massachusetts and Albert Gallatin of Switzerland."

Fayette is one of the pioneer counties for the production of bituminous coal.

Forest County, erected out of Venango and Jefferson in 1848, lies within the oil belt of Pennsylvania. It took its name from the fact that one hundred years after Eastern Pennsylvania was thickly settled, the territory of this county was a primitive forest.

David Zeisberger, the Moravian missionary, was the first white man to set foot upon Forest County. He went there to preach to the Indians who then occupied the fertile regions along the streams which traverse this county.

Franklin County was cut off from Cumberland in 1784. No other name except that of Washington appears more frequently upon the map of the United States.

This county lies in the southwestern part of the Cumberland Valley, famed for its beauty and loveliness. Her broad acres are among the most fertile in the State. The first settlers came here from the north of Ireland, and their descendants still own and occupy the fertile soil.

Benjamin Chambers, a hero of the French and Indian War and the Revolution, built a stone house upon the site of Chambersburg when the territory was populated by Indians. This house stood until 1864, when Chambersburg was laid in ashes by Confederate troops whom General Early had sent from the Shenandoah Valley on the famous raid into Pennsylvania.

Mercersburg, in the county, was named in honor of General Mercer, who gave his life for his country at the battle of Princeton. In his early manhood Mercer had practiced medicine in Franklin County. James Buchanan, President of the United States, was born in this county.

GEORGE R. PROWELL.

YORK, PA.

(To be continued.)

AN AMERICAN LOYALIST—MOODY OF NEW JERSEY

(Conclusion.)

DURING the remainder of 1779 and the early part of 1780 Moody remained inactive in barracks with his battalion, but we hear of him in May, when with four men he left New York on an expedition, the object of which was the capture and conveyance to the British of William Livingston, the patriot Governor of New Jersey, whom Moody thoroughly detested, owing to the Governor's severe treatment of the New Jersey Loyalists. His instructions on this occasion may prove of interest:

HEADQUARTERS, N. Y., May 10, 1780.

SIR:—

You are hereby directed and authorized to proceed without loss of time, with a small detachment, into the Jerseys, by the most convenient route, in order to carry off the person of Governor Livingston or any other, acting in public station, whom you may fall in with in the course of your march, or any person whom you may meet with and whom it may be necessary to secure, for your own security and that of the party under your command. Should you succeed in taking Governor Livingston, you are to treat him according to his station as far as lies in your power, nor are you on any account to offer any violence to his person. You will use your endeavors to get possession of his papers, which you will take care of and upon your return deliver to headquarters.

By order of His Excellency,

GEORGE BECKWITH, Aide.

LT. GEN. KNYPHAUSEN.

Moody's plan was to surprise the Governor at his home at night, make him prisoner, and have him well on his way to New York before an alarm could be given. The whole scheme, however, was frustrated, owing to the fact that when the Tories were approaching the neighborhood of residence of the Governor they learned that he had been called to Trenton on business. Meanwhile one of Moody's men had been captured by a Whig detachment, and under pressure had admitted that his leader was in the neighborhood, "in quest of some person of note who lived near Morristown." This was amply sufficient to place the local

militia on their guard, and they began to keep a sharp lookout for the Tory "robber," as they called him.

As the result of this bold attempt on his safety Livingston soon issued a proclamation, offering a reward of "\$200.00 of the bills of credit issued on the faith of this State" for the capture and imprisonment of the would-be abductors. When Moody learned of this notice, he issued a counter-proclamation, which is a typical example of the bombastic style of most of the Loyalist declarations of this character:

HUE AND CRY; 200 GUINEAS REWARD.

"Whereas a certain William Livingston, late an attorney-at-law, and now a lawless usurper and incorrigible rebel, stands convicted in the minds of all honest men, as well as in his own conscience, of many atrocious crimes and offenses against God and the King, and among many other treasonable practices, has lately with malicious and murderous intention, published a seditious advertisement in a rebel newspaper, offering a reward of what he calls 200 State dollars, to an assassin who shall take and deliver me and three other Loyalists into the power of him, the said William Livingston.

I do therefore hereby promise to pay the sum of 200 Guineas, TRUE MONEY, to the person or persons who shall bring the said William Livingston alive into New York, and deliver him into the custody of Captain Cunningham, so that he may be safely lodged in the Provost, till the approaching extinction of the rebellion, then to be brought to trial for his numerous crimes and offenses aforesaid. In the meantime if his whole person cannot be brought in, half the sum specified will be paid for his ears and nose, which are too well known, and too remarkable to be mistaken. Observe, however, that his life must not be attempted, because that would be to follow his example of exciting the villainous practice of assassination, and because his death at present would defraud Jack Ketch of a future perquisite.

Given under my hand and seal at arms, in New York, this twenty-third day of August, 1781. (A style which I have surely as much right to assume as William Livingston or any other rebel usurper.)

J. MOODY."

Now that the attempt on the Governor had to be abandoned, Moody determined to accomplish something before his return to New York and made an effort to blow up the American magazine at Succasunna, about sixteen miles from Morristown. He failed, however, being prevented from approaching near enough to the magazine by the watchfulness of the guard. His presence had now become generally known, and he had great difficulty in slipping away from the vicinity. He changed his field of operations to Sussex County, where he had been informed there were several Loyalists in the county jail. These he determined if possible to liberate. Appearing before the jail late one dark and cloudy night, with six men, he tried to deceive the jailer by declaring that he and his party were Whigs with a prisoner in custody. The jailer replied that he had implicit orders to open to no one at night, and refused to admit them, whereupon the Tory changed his tone, "Sirrah," cried he, "the man who now speaks to you is Moody; I have a strong party with me and if you do not this minute deliver up your keys, I will instantly pull down your house about your ears." The jailer disappeared from the wicket without giving an answer. Moody and his men promptly effected entrance by battering in a casement and wrenching away the bars on the inside (the jail being but a poorly constructed affair). Once inside they procured a light, laid hold of the jailer and bound him hand and foot and speedily liberated the prisoners, one of whom was under sentence of death.

After completing their jail delivery the party set out for New York, but stopped on their way at a little village in the upper section of the county, and with the aid of half a dozen Loyalist refugees, whom they picked up on the road, surprised and captured four patriot officers and fourteen Whig committeemen. Moody had now been "out" far longer than he had originally intended, and therefore a quick return to headquarters with his prisoners was his next move. While making for the British lines as fast as possible, they were—on July 21st—suddenly pounced upon and captured by General Wayne, who had been keeping a sharp lookout for the marauders.

Moody and two of his companions were confined at a place called the "Slote," near Tappan, N. Y., where they were imprisoned with their hands bound behind their backs. On the 22d they were transferred to

Stony Point, on the 23d to Robinson's house, opposite West Point, then to Fishkill and finally to Esopus, where they were incarcerated in a strong room guarded by four sentries. Moody was placed on a bed, the guard's orders being to shoot him instantly if he arose therefrom. He protested vigorously but to no avail. After eight days' confinement he was on August 10th again sent to West Point, and there during a period of one month he was subjected to outrageous treatment, with the knowledge of the commander, Benedict Arnold.

He was handcuffed with irons, rough on the inside, which caused a severe and very painful laceration of the wrists. His money was taken away and he was compelled to make his bed on an old door supported by four stones. His dungeon was a cavern formed in the solid rock, into which the rain passed freely through the bars and lodged on the floor of the cell. On this floor at times the water, mud and filth were ankle-deep. During the whole period of his confinement in this loathsome hole he was fed on "stinking" beef and "rotten" flour. The flour was made into dumplings, thrown into a kettle and boiled with the meat. This revolting mess was eaten from a bowl which was never washed and consequently it accumulated a thick crust of dough, grease and dirt. After a month of this misery, his petition for relief reached the ears of the Commander-in-Chief, and an order immediately came from Washington directing that his irons be struck off and humane treatment accorded him. On the first of September he was removed to the General's camp and there informed that in a few days he was to be brought to trial. This arrangement had been effected by Governor Livingston. The prisoner was accused of the assassination of the two officers who had fallen in open battle at Black Point, one of whom had been shot by Moody himself. He was also (and justly) accused of having recruited men for the British service. The penalty for this offense was death. We can understand the evident haste of the patriots to execute Moody, when we remember that he had been a thorn in their side for years. Between Livingston and he existed a mutually bitter hatred; it is quite probable that had the Governor been captured by the British summary punishment would have been meted out to him, therefore it is not surprising, now that Moody was caught at last, that Livingston should exert himself to see that there should be no delay in trying and executing him. His ene-

mies had sufficient evidence of his activity as a recruiting agent to insure a sentence of death upon him. Moody too clearly foresaw the inevitable result of a trial and that escape was his one resource.

He was imprisoned in a small building guarded by two sentries night and day, and the further precaution had been taken to place him in double irons. On the night of September 17th, having managed, with the aid of a piece of plank, to pry his manacles loose, he employed them in opening the wooden door of his prison. He eluded the vigilance of one sentinel, struck down the next without a sound, threw his body to one side and seizing the man's musket paraded up and down as if he was a regular guard on watch. The night was very dark, windy and rainy, which was exceedingly fortunate for him, else he would certainly have been detected. Even as it was he found himself in a precarious situation, being in the midst of a hostile camp surrounded by a closely drawn line of pickets. His escape soon became known, the cry rang out "Moody has escaped," and the search began. Meanwhile taking advantage of the confusion and the darkness he crept carefully through the lines, gained the adjacent woodland and wandered through the woods until the night of the 21st, suffering greatly from hunger (having eaten only a few beech leaves in fifty-six hours). Finally after considerable difficulty he communicated with a Loyalist and from him received aid and advice as to the course for New York. After a tedious journey, during which he traveled by night in order to avoid any search parties, he ultimately arrived at Paulus Hook, opposite the bay.

His next exploit was the result of a request made of him by Oliver De Lancey, during the following Spring, that he make an attempt to intercept Washington's dispatches, which were carried to and from the General by mounted messengers. On the night of March 6th, 1781, Moody with a few companions left the city, traveled about twenty-five miles into the country toward Morristown, and concealed themselves during the day in a morass. That evening when the party was prepared to push on the guide absolutely refused to go any farther, whereupon Moody, cocking his rifle, threatened to shoot him on the spot, but owing to the fact that the man piteously pleaded that he had a wife and family

dependent on him spared his life. Further prosecution of their enterprise being hopeless without the services of a guide, the party returned to New York.

Chafing at his failure and doubly determined on success he set out again on the night of the 10th for another effort. He reached a point in the Ramapo Mountains (frequented by Tory guerrillas) and was there informed that he had missed the "mail" by a few hours. Moody also knew that his only hope lay in heading off the rider and obstructing his way. After a circuitous march at their utmost speed in a heavy snow-storm and intense cold weather the Loyalists at last reached a spot on the road in advance of their quarry. On the 15th the rider, delayed by the bad roads, fell into the trap set for him and one hour thereafter prisoner and dispatches were on their way to New York, which was reached without mishap. This piece of work, with its attendant hardships and exposure, played havoc with the physical condition of the party, being even fatal to some, but their leader was apparently made of iron, for he suffered no ill effects from his venture. A few weeks afterward, he was given a lieutenant's commission. Previous to this he had served one year without pay and three years as an ensign, and during this period he had proved himself of more real value than many officers of a higher rank. The new lieutenant was busy with his battalion in various minor operations around New York City until May, when he was again detached on special service by De Lancey, who wished him to make another attempt to capture a "rebel mail."

On the 15th of May, accompanied by four men, he left the city in the direction of Morristown. Having learned through spies the exact route the mail carrier was to take, the party secreted themselves in a favorable spot close to the highway, and lay in wait for their prize. They had been on the watch for a day and night, when on the evening of the 16th they were discovered by a detachment of New Jersey militia, who surrounded them on three sides. So adroitly had they been hemmed in that it could only have been done through information supplied from the British lines, their presence having been absolutely unknown to any one. Their enemies had not closed them in on the fourth side, for the simple reason that it was the edge of a steep cliff. There was but a single way

of escape and that a doubtful one: by leaping over the precipice and risking broken bones. Moody, though, never hesitated; capture meant sure death by the rope, so followed by his men he cast himself over. Happily for themselves they found the ground soft and escaped with minor bruises. It proved to be a case of being delivered from one peril only to be confronted by another, for they were no sooner prepared to make off than they perceived a second band of Whigs approaching them across a swamp. In the meantime the militia who had surprised them in their retreat had descended the cliff by a path farther up, the two bands now effected a junction and commenced pursuit of the Tories. The Whigs at length gave up the chase and Moody's party made their way unmolested to within four miles of New York, when they were disagreeably surprised in meeting a party of about seventy men who emerged from a nearby farmhouse in their direction. Moody's guide, who was positive that the men were Loyalists, advanced to meet them, but was soon convinced of his error when they opened fire on him. The patriots then rushed toward Moody himself, who attempted to escape by ascending a steep hill. His pursuers followed, and at one hundred and fifty paces they gave him a volley of musketry; several of the bullets pierced his clothes, one passed through his hat and another nipped his arm. He never wavered, but wheeling around put a pistol ball through the nearest of the Whigs, and continued his flight. Through much doubling on his track and by adopting other means of deception, he threw his enemies off the scent and was soon within hailing distance of the British pickets.

On the evening of the 18th (the very night of his arrival), without taking time to rest, he once more left New York with a few companions for a renewal of his attempt on the despatch-bearer. Taking a slightly different route and moving with increased caution at night only, they evaded several American patrols and reached the Saddle River. Finally after a long wait, during which they lay hidden in a dense undergrowth, they captured the rider and all his papers, which had been sent as a result of the interview held between Washington and Rochambeau in Connecticut a short time previously. Moody, in conjunction with his brother John, also directed the seizure of two other mails afterward, but lost part of the contents of one. For a man in Moody's position there was no more delicate or hazardous work performed during the war than

this capturing of dispatches. So exasperated did the patriots become at this frequent interruption of their communications that special orders were issued to seize the "thief" at all costs. Had Moody been detected he would most surely have been hanged. There was still a price on his head, and he was both feared and detested by every patriot in the State, and his death would have meant the permanent removal of one of the most capable of the Loyalist officers.

At the end of October of this same year he started on his last and, had it been successful, his greatest venture of all. This was no less than an attempt to secure the important records and papers of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. Moody's principal accomplice in this project was one Addison, an Englishman, who was in the employ of Secretary Thomson of the Congress, and who had been captured by the British a short time before. Arrangements were made to exchange Addison, who was to resume his former employment with the Secretary. Addison having been exchanged, Moody, his young brother John and one other Loyalist arrived on the Jersey side of the Delaware, opposite Philadelphia, on the night of the 7th of November. Here they found Addison awaiting them. The traitor told them the plot was ripe for execution and that he had gained admission to the most private recesses of the State House, in order to deliver the papers the following night. Shortly afterward the entire party (with the exception of Moody) crossed the Delaware. It was decided that the others were to seize the papers, meet Moody at the ferry house on the New Jersey side, and then to make for New York as fast as possible, Addison, of course, accompanying them.

Next morning, however, greatly to his surprise, Moody heard a stranger telling a person in the house where he lay hidden that "the devil was to pay in the City," that there had been a plot to break into the State House and carry off the records, that one of the conspirators had betrayed his accomplices, and a guard had just crossed the river in search of the leader, who, it was said, lay concealed thereabouts.

The Tory never waited to hear more, but promptly made off. It was fortunate that he did so, for the American search party entered the

house before he had gone a hundred yards. Hotly pursued his situation looked bad indeed. Finally in desperation he threw himself flat on his face in a ditch. His foes passed all around him, even examining part of the ditch wherein he lay fearfully watching the infantrymen pushing their bayonets through stacks of corn fodder in the hunt. At one time he felt sure that he was discovered by one of the men who looked closely in his direction. "Yet as Providence ordered it the improbability of the place proved the means of his security." That night, weary and shaken with his ordeal, he hid himself in a haystack and lay there for two days without food or drink. On the fifth night of his escape, he found a small boat in the Delaware River, and with the aid of some Loyalists whom he fell in with he traveled over lonely stretches of the country at night, and at last gained New York.

His brother John, a courageous young man but twenty-three years of age, met his death on the gallows in Philadelphia with "patience and fearlessness," a victim of treachery. The day before sentence was carried out, he sent his brother a touching letter in which he declared his forgiveness for Addison, who had betrayed him.

This unsuccessful enterprise terminated Moody's active part in the war. Shortly after his return he was advised by his physician to take a sea voyage to restore his health, which had begun to fail owing to his continued exertions. He was urged to visit England by Sir Henry Clinton and accepted the invitation, remaining abroad for two or three years. He did not leave England until about 1785, and while there he must have experienced distress, for we find him presenting several petitions, recounting his sufferings, efficient services and present necessitous condition. He was at length granted an allowance (temporarily) of £100 a year, a lieutenant's half-pay and a tract of land in Nova Scotia of indifferent worth.

In 1786, after a sojourn at Halifax, he selected Weymouth as his future home, and here, after a retired life of twenty-three years, he died at the age of sixty-five.

In speaking of his services during the Revolution he declared that he had "given the strongest proofs of his sincerity" and "sacrificed his

all." He made this sacrifice because he "sincerely believed what he declared and professed." He also complained that he had been granted but a very trifling compensation for his services and sufferings; three years' pay as an ensign, one year's pay as a lieutenant, and one hundred and sixty guineas for his seizure of the several despatch-bearers. He spent what was saved from the wreck of his fortune in enlisting and paying Loyalist soldiers, and at times was compelled to borrow from others to meet his expenses.

To his contemporaries, Moody no doubt appeared as one entirely devoid of patriotism and an enemy of his country, and at this distance we are inclined to agree with them, but we should also remember that the Loyalists professed to a brand of patriotism and a regard for their country which was entirely at variance with the views of their opponents. Their patriotism was composed of a firm belief in the justice of the King's dominance of his American colonies. To them England was "home," and many of them remarked that they could never live happily under any other flag than that of Great Britain, wrong and misguided as was their political faith. It was the faith of that hopelessly conservative portion of the American people of that day, thousands of whom became exiles from their native land when peace was declared in 1783.

It can be plainly seen that the subject of this sketch was possessed of some very admirable qualities. Absolutely fearless, entirely trustworthy, and always above petty jealousies and sordid considerations, he, unfortunately for himself and his family, allied himself with the losing side and paid the penalty, sacrificing everything that was near and dear to him for his principle of a United Empire.

There can be positively no question as to his motive for entering the contest. He took up arms only when he was denied freedom from interference with his peaceful life and thereby lost his estate, made many bitter enemies, sacrificed the companionship of his wife and family, and exposed himself to hardship and danger during a period of over four years. At the end of that time he found himself liable in £1,500 for engagements on account of the British Government.

As a soldier he did not gain widespread fame, his operations were

limited in scope and of such a nature as to hardly permit of attracting universal attention. However, men of his energy, when given an adequate command with proportionate rank, prove very able in the field, causing considerable annoyance and serious damage to an adversary. This was demonstrated by Marion, Sumter and their fellow partisans in the Southern campaign of 1780-1781, by many of the Confederates in the course of our Civil War, and by numerous others.

It is safe to say that had Moody been allowed to roam at large (with a regiment at his back) through New Jersey, to strike where he thought best, not a patriot in the State would have felt safe. Despite his aptitude for conducting predatory expeditions, the British commanders never saw fit to entrust him with more than a hundred men at one time; indeed some of his most important enterprises were undertaken with but four or five companions. There is no reason to believe that he would have been a less efficient partisan than were Marion or Sumter, or Ferguson had he been permitted to conduct his projects on the scale on which they conducted theirs.

Nevertheless the height of his career found him but a lieutenant in a Loyalist regiment, fighting against his countrymen; a career in which he displayed energy and talent worthy of a better cause.

MALCOLM G. SAUSSER.

PHILADELPHIA.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT

DEATH NOTICES OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS,

Taken from the *N. Y. Spectator*.

MOODY. Oct. 3, 1826, at Hanover, Capt. John Moody.

LAKIN. In Pepperell, Mass., Amariah Lakin, aged 66 years.

SPRINGER. Oct. 10, 1826. Died at his residence, near Connellsville, Fayette Co., Penn., on Thursday 21st ult., Major Uriah Springer, in the 73d year of his age.

LEASON. Oct. 17, 1826, at Windham, Jesse Leason, aged 73 years.

STICKNEY. Near Rowley, Mass., Paul Stickney, aged 82 years.

DEVEREAUX. Oct. 27, 1826, at Savannah, Ga., Major Peter Devereaux, aged 74 years.

JAKEWAY. Nov. 1, 1826, at Middlebury, Vt., Joseph Jakeway, one of Paul Jones' men, aged 80 years.

BELLOWS. Nov. 20, 1826, at South Hadley, Mass., Elihu Bellows, aged 73 years.

STEELE. Nov. 21, 1826, at Lexington, Ky., Col. William Steele, aged 71 years.

VORIS. Nov. 26, 1826, near Princeton, James Voris, aged 74 years.

MCINTOSH. Nov. 25, 1826, died in McIntosh Co., Ga., near the place of his birth, Gen. John McIntosh, aged 70 years.

WILLCOCKS. Dec. 22, 1826, Major William Willcocks, in the 76th year of his age.

ROATH. Dec. 20, 1826, at Preston, Silas Roath, aged 70 years.

BLISS. At Newport, R. I., Capt. Jonathan Bliss, aged 67 years.

WIGGLESWORTH. At Newburyport, Mass., Col. Edward Wigglesworth, aged 87 years.

From the *Emporium* (Buffalo, N. Y.).

STARR. Sept. 18, 1824, in Columbus, Mr. John Starr, aged 81 years. he was wounded in the attack on Fort Griswold by Arnold.

FOSTER. In Elbe, Genesee Co., N. Y., Lemuel Foster, Esq., aged 61 years, the youngest of sixteen sons; all of whom, together with the father, served in the armies of the American Revolution. The amount of their united services exceeded 60 years. (Can any one prove this extraordinary record?—ED.).

DOUD. In Bloomfield, N. Y., Dea. John Doud, aged 87 years; he was in the army under Gen. Wooster in 1760, and at the taking of Ticonderoga and Montreal; he left 101 descendants.

CURIEN. In North Providence, R. I., Capt. John Curien; he held a captain's commission under Rochambeau in the Revolutionary War.

CAMPBELL. Sept. 25, 1824, in Fredonia, N. Y., Col. Samuel Campbell, aged 84 years, formerly of Londonderry, N. H.

From the *Niagara Patriot*.

LORING. Oct. 10, 1820, in Hingham, Mass., Col. Jonathan Loring, aged 80 years.

FRANCISCO. Nov. 21, 1820, at Whitehall, N. Y., on the 25th ult., Henry Francisco, aged 136 years.

SPALDING. In Prince George Co., Md., Mr. John Spalding, aged

HADEN. Nov. 28, 1820, In Va., Capt. Joseph Haden, aged 69 years.

RINGER. At Allentown, Penn., Col. Abraham Ringer.

MERKIE. In Harrisburg, Penn., on the 4th inst., Mr. Barney Merkie, aged 65 years.

EDGERTON. At Bennington, Vt., on the 23d ult., Mr. Eleazer Edgerton, aged 71 years.

REED. Dec. 12, 1820, in New Britain, Va., on the 2d ult., Col. Jacob Reed, aged 90 years.

RUSSELL. Nov. 2, 1819. At Augusta, Ga., on the 28th ult., Thomas .
Commander Russell, Esq., aged 66 years.

PIERSON. At Hillsdale, Columbia Co., N. Y., Col. David Pierson.

HOPKINS. Nov. 9, 1819, at Henderson, Ky., Gen. Samuel Hopkins.

FISHBURNE. Nov. 23, 1819, in S. C., Major Gen. William Fishburne.

From the Buffalo *Patriot*.

STONE. Oct. 14, 1828, In Hector, N. Y., Capt. Samuel Stone, aged
70 years.

EMERSON. In Solon, N. Y., Nathaniel Emerson, aged 81 years.

BISHOP. In Henderson, N. Y., Capt. Bishop, aged 91 years.

LEWIS. In Clarendon, Orleans Co., N. Y., Ebenezer Lewis, aged 75
years.

PETTIBONE. In Pembroke, Roswell Pettibone, aged 66 years.

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XIX *Continued*

THE INTERVIEW

THE ruffian Valtmeyer had not, as we have hinted, been wholly unmindful of the comfort of his captive when dragging her from the light of day to become the tenant of this dungeon-like abode. Whether this considerateness arose from motives utterly selfish, or whether the outlaw had really some latent sparks of kindness in his rude bosom, it is impossible to say. But certainly he had been at much pains in preparing "the Chapel" for its occupant before he ever brought her to the cave.

The spot which he had selected for her tent or wigwam of birchen bark had been smoothed by filling up its inequalities with dry leaves; and these, when covered by a piece of Indian matting, afforded an elastic and comfortable carpet. Hither he had, too, with much trouble—from the difficulty of transporting articles of any bulk through these sinuous vaults—conveyed bedding, a chair or two, a table—which he was obliged to take to pieces, and which cost him many an oath in reconstructing—and other household articles. Nor had he forgotten even the ordinary kitchen utensils when preparing one corner of the Chapel for the accommodation of the two colored women who were to attend upon Alida.

It was probably owing to these arrangements chiefly that the health of Miss De Roos was not utterly prostrated by the long weeks she was compelled to pass in the gloomy vaults of Waneonda. For though the air of this remarkable cavern is said to be perfectly pure, and the temperature mild and equable, yet such utter exclusion from the light of day must always be more or less prejudicial, especially to one whose anxious spirit is so worn by emotion that the frame needs all fostering care to prevent its giving way and releasing the throbbing tenant.

But the thought of death, which to most persons in her situation would often have suggested itself as a refuge, had perhaps never once occurred to Alida de Roos. She neither wished for it nor feared it.

But she did fear that her bodily strength must give way; her mind become enfeebled with the decay of her health; that mind, upon whose inborn and conscious energies she had so haughtily relied in the last emergency to which she might be driven. She did fear that the greatest trial of its ascendancy and its powers—for she knew that she was in Bradshawe's hands—might be deferred till her faculties were impaired by suffering and her hitherto indomitable spirit overborne.

The thought that those faculties might fail their mistress, and that she might fall irretrievably into the power of Bradshawe, was maddening to her. She revolted from it whenever it swept athwart her brain. She tried to forget her sorrows; she refused to entertain her griefs; she endeavored to postpone, as it were, reflecting upon the full horrors of her situation; and she caught at every object within her reach that could occupy her attention, if it did not amuse her mind. She divided their duties with her attendants, and assumed all those which appertained immediately to the care of her own person; she borrowed her needle of the mulatto, who was glad of an excuse for remaining unemployed, and sleeping away the indolent and monotonous hours; and, listening for hours to her dotard prating, she drew from the elder negress all the superstitious lore which formed the only furniture wherewith the mind of the decrepit crone was supplied.

Alida unwittingly thus attached these humble companions to her; and as their simple-hearted affection more and more manifested itself, she began at last to derive a certain solace from their sympathy which actually approached to pleasure in their society. The dungeon-doomed captive, who, in his solitary misery, has made friends of animals that belong to the very lowest and most loathsome orders of created beings, can alone, perhaps, appreciate this growth of friendship between a mind the most gifted and refined, and those the least tutored and liberalized.

On the day—if the phrase be allowable in regions where night alone hath, since creation, reigned—on the day that Bradshawe came on his stern errand to the Lady's Chapel, Alida had, from some slight indisposition, remained withdrawn in her tent; and the two blacks, for the purpose of washing some household articles, had kindled a fire upon the brink of the stream, within a few yards of its door, where they sat watch-

ing a boiling kettle, and chattering together after the manner of their loquacious race. The sound of their own voices prevented them from hearing Bradshawe's approach; and as he extinguished his torch the moment he came within the guiding light of their fire, he was wholly unobserved till he stood suddenly before them.

The shriek they simultaneously uttered at the apparition startled Alida from her couch, and she sprang to her feet, lifting, at the same time, the curtain of her tent, so that the light of a lamp suspended from within fell brokenly across her loosely arrayed person.

Bradshawe, motioning with the back of his hand as if he would cuff the negroes aside, pushed his way at once rudely between them. "Shut up, you squalling black brutes," cried the ruffian in a characteristic tone, which changed on the instant, as if belonging to another voice, as, bowing low, he saluted Alida when he had approached a few paces toward her.

"I have come," said he, pausing in his advance, and casting his eyes, as in respect to her, upon the ground, "I have come, unheralded and unannounced, I fear, no welcome visitor."

"Unheralded? Who but the savage Valtmeyer is *your* fitting herald? Unannounced? What better than the terrors of this hideous dungeon could announce its proper jailer! Waste not the soft speeches that sit so idly on your lips, and are thrown away in my ears. But tell me, tell me, Walter Bradshawe, whence come you, why come you? Tell me why I am here; for what monstrous wickedness have I been kidnapped, kept for months aloof from my friends and family, and brought to this spot? and why do you stand there blasting my eyes with your presence? Speak out, man; out with it all, if words can syllable the foul contrivings of your heart!"

Thus haughtily did Alida confront her spoiler; and as she thus, in look as well as words, gave vent to her outraged feelings, while Bradshawe, standing on the declivity below her, seemed to stoop and cower before her presence, she looked—half emerging from the drapery of the tent, with the pale light from within brightening the outlines of her

features and person, and leaving the rest in deep shadow—she looked like some indignant spirit, who descending from a brighter world, had pierced its way into these black realms to rebuke their unhallowed master.

“By Jove, she’ll unhitch lightning against me next,” said Bradshawe, mentally. “She’s a great girl, and no mistake, this same Mistress Bradshawe;” and then, still preserving his obsequious and almost reverential bearing toward her, he rejoined aloud, “I can bear this from you; this, and more, Alida. My heart has not now, for the first time, to be schooled in your unkindness. If you call it kidnapping to rescue you from the horrors of Indian captivity; if you call it outrage to provide a secluded and safe home for you, when the havoc of civil war has made thousands shelterless, and your own friends are either scattered or slain; if you call it wickedness to snatch you from the neighborhood of these scenes of horror as they thicken through the land, and provide you here a retreat which, rude and gloomy as I confess it is, still is not without its comforts and advantages; if these humble, but zealous and unwearying efforts of one who has long since waived his right as a husband to win your regard as a friend, can make no amends for the one rash but well-meant act by which I would have made you mine—then—then, Alida—then——”

“Then, sir!” said the lady, scornfully, as he paused a moment for a word; “well, sir, and what then?”

“I’m d—d if I know,” said Bradshawe to himself. “The jade looks so cursed cool that my stump eloquence fails me. I must go it on some other touch.”

“Why don’t you finish your speech, sir?” repeated Alida, noticing his hesitation. “Why stop you so short in your pleadings and specifications? Even Mr. Bradshawe’s enemies allow him the glibness, as well as the guile, of a county-court attorney.”

He did not reply, and the lady went on. “Bradshawe, you are a skilful actor, a most precious hypocrite, though your selfish passions are too fitful and stormy to make you a consummate one. But you must deem me credulous indeed when you claim for yourself motives of disinterested kindness which would give the lie to all I have known of your

character in long years gone by. The very attachment with whose declaration this cruel persecution began, was——”

“Was true, pure, disinterested, by Heaven!” exclaimed Bradshawe, now really speaking from his heart; “was earnest and devoted as ever mortal man bore toward your sex. No, no, Alida, chafe me not with that. Had you but accepted my honorable proposals when first I dared to press my suit, you might have made me what you would. Wild and reckless as men called me, my mother’s gentleness seemed born anew in my spirit whenever it turned to you.”

“And where,” said Alida, not wholly untouched by this natural burst of feeling, yet shuddering as she spoke the words which followed, “where was that spirit of gentleness when those horrid nuptials were forced upon me; when, by your lawless instruments, I was torn from my home, and my hand to you in wedlock made the price by which alone you consented to redeem me from the licentious hands of that young barbarian with whom you, as well as Valtmeyer, were collegued? That fearful night! oh God! oh God!” And the now agitated Alida covered her face with her hands, as if shutting out some hideous specter which her imagination had conjured up for the moment.

“You have never had reason,” said Bradshawe, coldly, “to believe that I was privy to that deed of violence; and though, for certain valuable political services he has rendered, I have since taken Valtmeyer into my confidence, no man has ever dared to whisper audibly that I was at that time collegued with him. No, Alida, though you *then* disbelieved the tale, I can now only repeat the same story I told you *then*. And what are the circumstances? I have been some weeks from home in a remote settlement, and, returning by a short road through the wilderness, I stop to bait my horse at the solitary lodge of an Indian missionary. I find the timid man in the utmost anxiety about a female prisoner that, within an hour, had been brought to the house by a ferocious young savage, whose band is hovering near. His followers have called the spoiler away for a few hasty moments, and left a white desperado to stand guard over the captive. I ask to see her, and, to my horror, discover that it is Alida; she whom, a short month since, I had hoped to call my Alida; she for whom still, as her rejected lover, I cherished the deepest respect,

the tenderest affection. In my wrath I threaten Valtmeyer for the part he has played in this forced abduction. He derides my anger, and points to the smoke of the Indian fires near by, as seen through the window. I entreat, I conjure him. I add bribes to my entreaties, and he consents to hear me, but rejects the alternatives of flight or resistance as equally hopeless in rescuing the prisoner. There is but one resort remains. I am not personally unknown to Au-neh-yesh; I must plead to him. But will he hear me in such a cause? He has already avowed to the Catholic missionary his intention to marry the white woman; will he be dissuaded from his course by words, when his deeds have just proved the determination of his character? No! there is no way of rescuing you from the ruthless hands of that licentious son of Brant, but by convincing him that you are already married; that, in a word, you are my wife. Proofs are wanting; for, as you do not bear my name, I must make it appear that the espousals long since took place clandestinely. The missionary is the only party at hand whose testimony will be believed; but he refuses to give it falsely. He will not swear that we are married unless the rite be solemnized; but he consents, if we accept his ministry at once, to leave a blank in the marriage certificate, which I can antedate, so that Au-neh-yesh shall have no suspicion of being over-reached. What remains to be told? You startle from a stupor as you hear the dreadful sound of his voice approaching from a distance; there is not a moment to be lost; the service is hurried through; you faint at the last response, but the ceremony is finished, and the demi-savage foiled in his claim before he makes his appearance at the door."

"God of mercy!" passionately exclaimed Alida, clasping her hands together, "is Thy truth like human truth? Not one word which that man has spoken can I gainsay; yet, while the very scene he describes passed before my eyes—my own eyes—I feel, I know, that it was all false; false, fiendishly false. A LIE; a living, breathing, moving lie."

She paused. "Yet I did see that stony-eyed priest; I did hear Bradshawe pleading with Valtmeyer; I do remember leaping forward when I heard the voice of that red barbarian, whose naked arm had been around my waist an hour before.—More I remember not till they showed me that fatal certificate; but even then I did not think that this was all a

cruel inveiglement, and Bradshawe a specious villain, a most accursed.—When and whence, then, came this firm conviction that I was foully dealt with—that I was a blind victim in the toils of demons?”

The ill-starred lady, while speaking thus, with eyes intensely fixed on vacancy, pushed back with her fingers the long tresses from her brow, as if her intellectual as well as physical vision could thus be cleared. Then shaking her head, from which the dishevelled hair again fell slowly to her shoulders, she turned and fixed on Bradshawe a look so mournful yet so piercing, that even his features of bronze betrayed the uneasy and painful emotion it awakened. But whether that emotion was one of alarm for the future or of remorse for the past; whether his guilty heart quailed beneath that penetrating glance, or whether the grief-stricken mien of the beautiful woman whom he had reduced to this condition of forlornness touched some latent feeling of pity and regret, it was impossible to say. The slight agitation passed rapidly from his countenance, and, folding his arms with a composed but dejected air, in which something of dignity was not unmingled, he said:

“Madam, it is in vain for me to attempt removing these ungenerous, these monstrous suspicions. I shall never attempt to combat with them more; nor would I now have said what I have said, save that I always attributed your horror of my legal claim upon your hand to some painful impression upon your mind, made during the fits of delirium which marked the long illness that followed those unhappy nuptials. I therefore suspended that claim till years should intervene and efface these frightful imaginations. I for years avoided molesting you with my hateful presence, though unseen by you, I was often hovering near. I kept secret the bond of union between us. I thought that time might soften the bitterness of your aversion. I hoped to melt at last that heart of obduracy. But I have reasoned vainly. An opportunity such as I have recently availed myself of to prove my watchful affection and devotedness, may never again occur; and if it does, what will be my reward if I embrace it? Scorn and contempt—ay, those are my wages—scorn for the feelings that prompted the service; contempt for the claim I would thus purchase on your regard.”

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be continued)

BOOK REVIEWS

VIRGINIA'S ATTITUDE TOWARD SLAVERY AND SECESSION. By Beverley B. Munford. 8vo. xiii + 320 pp. Longmans, Green & Co., 91-93 Fifth Avenue, New York, London. 1909. Price \$2.00 net.

In this volume the author endeavors to show why Virginia cast her lot with the Confederacy in 1861 rather than with the Union. For the elucidation of his theme he has arranged his material in four parts. In Part I he states his case; in Part II he endeavors to prove that the Old Dominion did not secede in order to extend or preserve the institution of slavery; in Part III he shows that her motive was not a wanton desire to destroy the Union. This process of elimination brings the author to his thesis in Part IV, viz., that Virginia was forced out of the Union by the attitude of Abraham Lincoln and his administration. The proclamation of April 15, 1861, he considers to have been the compelling motive by which the Commonwealth was actuated.

The author would have his readers believe that the best people of Virginia from its beginning were against slavery. It is true that Washington and Jefferson and their associates hated the institution and that many of their successors strove to check the development of the slave system; but for the half century preceding 1861 to attempt to show that a majority of the planters of the Old Dominion did not favor slavery shows either a lack of knowledge or a perversion of the facts in the case. To give the impression that in 1861 no one of influence and power favored slavery in Virginia is just what the author has attempted to do.

In the opinion of the author there was no breeding of slaves for the Southern market

while the free negro was an impossibility both in the South and in the North; to send all slaves to Africa was economically out of conception. These conditions in time ended in the crisis, and when the National Government endeavored to enforce its authority Virginia independently of the whole slave trouble cast her lot with the Confederacy, whose rights were being trampled out. Calmly and confidently does the author tell this story. It does not go to the root of the matter.

From 1760 down to 1861 the Old Dominion was a divided territory—the western counties being hostile to the eastern and likewise hostile to slavery. Her constitution of 1776, against the wishes of Thomas Jefferson and his friends, distributed the legislative power so that the eastern counties with a minority of the population were granted permanent control of the law-making power of the Commonwealth. The eastern counties were in the hands of a group of slave-holding monopolists, and notwithstanding the earnest endeavors of 1829-30 and 1850 to break that unjust distribution of power it was not accomplished until the crisis of 1861. So far as I can see this volume contains no reference to these conditions which form a vital part of the story when impartially told.

In his discussion of the charge that Virginia was a slave-breeding State the author has omitted all reference to the statements published in 1829 by Governor William B. Giles that 6,000 slaves were then exported from Richmond and Norfolk annually; the active and effective effort of Thomas R. Dew about 1836 in defence of raising negroes for the Southern market is ignored entirely.

That the author has overlooked impor-

tant matters vital to his subject, and has not explained the attitude of men who asserted that if Kansas came into the Union as a slave state negroes would sell for \$5,000 apiece is apparent.

The reviewer does not assert that the author is wrong, but that he has omitted vital evidence.

By students of political history in higher institutions and in the world at large the volume should be carefully and critically studied. It is too much of a defence to convince.

A short bibliography and an index add to the usefulness of the volume.

JOHNSON'S WONDER-WORKING PROVIDENCE, 1628-1651. Edited by J. Franklin Jameson, Ph.D., LL.D., Director of the Department of Historical Research in the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Map. Facsimiles. 8vo. viii + 285 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue. 1910. Price, post-paid, \$3.30.

One of the notable series of Original Narratives of Early American History, reproduced under the auspices of the American Historical Association. This famous old narrative, antedating both Winthrop's *Journal* and Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*, was first printed in London in 1654 "for Nathaniel Brooke at the Angel in Cornhill" in a small octavo of 236 pages under the title of "A History of New England from the English Planting in the Yeere 1628 untill the Yeere 1652."

This title was inexact, as the volume treats of Massachusetts rather than of New England, but by its running caption, "The Wonder-working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England," it has become

well known to students of New England history.

The sale of the first edition was disappointing to the publisher, who used his unsold copies as Part III of Gorges' "America Painted to the Life," which he published five years later. Brooke ascribed the authorship to Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Knight, and the published volume to his grandchild Ferdinando Gorges, Esquire. This imposture was denounced by the latter gentleman in 1660 as none of the work of his grandfather.

Thomas Prince in his *Chronological History of New England*, published in Boston in 1736, disclosed the real author of this work as Captain Edward Johnson of Woburn, Mass. In Mr. Prince's own copy of the *Wonder-working Providence* he wrote these facts, stating that Judge Samuel Sewall told him of them August 23, 1728.

This is most interestingly brought out in the editor's Introduction. The editor has corrected many stupid blunders which the compositors injected into the original edition, thus making the present edition both readable and accurate.

The original edition is so rare and valuable that none but wealthy collectors have been able to obtain a copy. This edition enables all to obtain a copy of the first published history of Massachusetts, of greater historical value than any earlier edition. The footnotes enhance the historical value greatly. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the title page of the original edition in possession of the Woburn Public Library.

A table of contents and an index add to the usefulness of this edition. The publishers have done their work well, bringing out the text in attractive type, size and style of binding.

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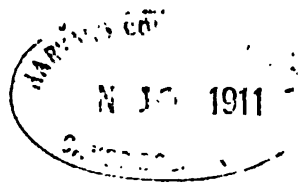
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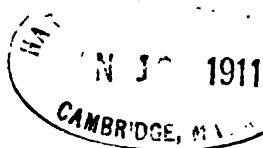
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THREE OLD NEW ENGLAND HOUSES



THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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THE GIRTY LEGENDS AND ROMANCES: THE DARKEST CHAPTER OF THE AMERICAN BORDER.

"GIRTY"! The ancient terror word from the Lakes to the Tennessee, and from Western Pennsylvania and Virginia to the utmost cabin in the far sunset wilderness; no other name was of such direful omen to our ancestors as the accursed name "Girty," or "Girte," "Girtee," "Gerte,"—the orthography was immaterial; the name stood for all that was fiendish, treacherous, hellish. It brought visions of the tomahawk, scalping-knife, burning cabins, butchered women and children, torture at the stake and exulting savage shouts and laughter.

The pioneer might shudder at the names of Tecumseh, Little Turtle, Brant, Cornplanter; but these were Indians in race, wholly or in part. But the "Girtys," the "White Indians," betrayers of their own race and people, what code of honor would they regard? What human rights would they hold sacred? Among the red-born, the peace pipe was a pledge, the handshake carried a guaranty, the jerked venison eaten in the wigwam sealed a treaty of amity among the eaters. But what oath, treaty, or compact was sacred with the renegade? At that infernal name "Girty," mothers' cheeks grew pale and little children clung tearfully, fearfully to their mothers' skirts. But legend, tradition and romance—though blood-dyed—have spread a glamour over the history of these red-handed devils of the border; fact and fable have been inextricably confused; no human ingenuity can now thoroughly distinguish between them. Children of the Mist, American Highlanders they were; but doubt overhangs even their parentage.

It is pretty well agreed that the Girty brothers were Pennsylvanians by birth, reputed sons of an Irish father and an English mother. Old Simon Girty, Senior, was a drunkard—a “beastly” sot, according to some accounts; a “spree-er,” according to others; an unlicensed Indian trader part of the time; a squatter and trespasser upon Indian lands, who had to be removed by the sheriff and his posse, after his cabin and belongings had first been burned. His domestic life was of the worst; his associates the most abandoned characters of the border. In the wife, we have a half-mythic personage from the first: Butterfield strives, on a very small margin of credible evidence, to make of her a reputable wife and a devoted mother; yet he hints at the doubtful paternity of at least one of her sons—the infamous George Girty. On the other hand, Howe, in his *Ohio Collections*, has her alienated from her husband, who was a wife-beater; “ready for seduction,” “yielding her heart to a rustic neighbor”; and the two lovers combining against Simon, the “chief obstacle” in their path; the co-respondent cleared the way by braining the rightful lord of Mary Girty and bearing away the latter as a “trophy,” a rather well-encumbered “trophy,” with four such bantlings as the Girty brood. Per this story the “neighbor” peacefully enjoyed his “trophy” henceforth.

But Butterfield, ever something of an apologist for the Girtys, finds that Simon the elder was killed in a drunken frolic in his own cabin by an Indian—“the Fish”—rather questionable company to have about a well-ordered household. But “the Fish” did not get the “trophy” as his reward, as he was in turn killed by John Turner, who was living with the Girtys: and Turner, remaining master of the field, fell heir a little later to the widow and children and other effects of the deceased Simon.

But this serial tragedy was not to be completed in a single act. Ere long Fort Granville, where Turner and his family, along with other border settlers, had taken refuge, was captured by the savages, who did not fail to remember Turner as the slayer of their tribesman, “the Fish”; and they promptly avenged their brother’s blood by burning Turner at the stake under horrible tortures. Mrs. Turner, with her infant, John Turner, Junior, in her arms, and her four Girty boys were compelled to witness the sufferings of the husband and father; after which the family were scattered among the various tribes of the captors. Of the mother’s

fate we have no certain knowledge. The eldest son, Thomas Girty, soon escaped and returned to Fort Pitt—Pittsburg—in the neighborhood of which he spent the remainder of his life. Also, his baby half-brother eventually made the same locality his home. With these we shall have little to do. History and legend do not much concern themselves with their story. Their lives were too commonplace, too ordinary, to attract attention. It is with the other three: Simon, Junior, James and George Girty, especially with the first, that pioneer legend and history have to deal.

Simon was adopted by the Senecas, James by the Shawnees, and George by the Delawares; and as they were long held by these respective captors, they became well acquainted with the several dialects of their masters, which accomplishment they all afterward turned to account as interpreters between the Government and the Indians.

Even in this—the most civilized life led by the Girtys—myths continue to veil history. A Delaware chief, Katepakomen, from friendship to young Simon Girty, assumed the latter's name, and was Simon's double. Then for several years we have a Jekyll and Hyde case. Katepakomen—the “false Dimitri”—was delivered up in 1764 as a hostage to Colonel Henry Bouquet when the latter was making an expedition beyond the Ohio. Some writers have been misled into supposing that it was the real Simon—the “Simon Pure”—who was delivered up, having hitherto been a prisoner with the Indians.

The Delaware “Simon” soon escaped to this tribe. The real Simon and his brother James seem to have remained about Fort Pitt till about 1773; though another story is that they voluntarily returned to the tribes in which they had been adopted in their boyhood. George seems for a time to have been a trader.

In 1773-1774 a bitter quarrel arose between Pennsylvania and Virginia on account of their rival claims to the Pittsburg territory. Simon Girty was an outspoken champion of Virginia's claim, though against his native colony. Process was issued against him, but he escaped. Was his offence an act of treason, contempt of court, *lèse Majesté*—or—? We are not told. Simon was active for Virginia in Lord Dunmore's War (1774).

Here began his romantic acquaintance with Simon Kenton—then known as "Simon Butler," a change of name due to the bloody outcome of a love affair in Virginia and Kenton's hasty escape to the wilderness. Some writers tell us that Kenton once saved Girty's life while they were serving as scouts in the Dunmore War; others reverse the story and make Kenton the beneficiary of the life-saving drama. But all agree that a warm friendship sprang up between the two men—a friendship which stood Kenton well in hand four years later when his Indian captors had blackened him and were about to burn him at the stake.

One myth assures us that Simon Girty led the Indians in the attack on Point Pleasant on that memorable "tenth day of October in the year 1774," as the border song long proclaimed it; yet Girty was certainly not present on the Indian side that day, for he and "another scout" were carrying messages between Dunmore and Lewis at that time. Possibly his Indian "double" might have been with the Indians that day. Another story makes Girty desert to the Shawnees on account of some harsh treatment suffered by him from Colonel Lewis, the commander at Point Pleasant; yet we find Girty still with the Americans for more than three years after the Point Pleasant battle.

Another tradition, with a better historical basis, connects Girty with the celebrated Logan the Mingo. He was sent to bring Logan to a conference after the disastrous battle of "the Point." Instead of the chief, he brought back a message which he delivered to John Gibson. The latter went into a tent and after a time reappeared with a paper in his hand, on which was written the celebrated speech of Logan the Mingo, so popular with schoolboys for the last hundred years.

Simon Girty has had the credit of translating the speech of the Mingo chief, but Girty could neither read nor write. Such language was far beyond the renegade's powers. The formulating was certainly Gibson's work, though the sentiments were essentially as brought by Girty from the noble Mingo chief. Benjamin Tomlinson, an eye-witness, vouches for this version of the affair. Girty, then commissioned as second lieutenant in a Virginia military company, took the usual test and fealty oaths. In fact, he swore to a whole creed, as well as to support his Majesty George III. He "abhorred, detested, abjured as heretical

the damnable doctrine that princes excommunicated by the Pope . . . might be deposed, or murdered by their subjects or others." He also repudiated transubstantiation and other test-oath heresies. He also acknowledged King George, abjured the "Pretender James III., etc. The oath makes about two pages of octavo print. How much of it did this "White Indian" understand? The oath certainly sat very light upon his conscience so far as it related to allegiance to his king, and still lighter as to the orthodox faith, of which Girty could have understood next to nothing.

Simon Girty seems to have espoused the cause of the Colonies at the beginning of the Revolution with all the devotion of which he was capable; at least his loyalty was evidently unquestioned. He was sent with James Wood to call the tribes to a conference at Fort Pitt on May 1, 1776; the purpose of the conference being to enlist the red men's sympathies on the sides of the Colonies.

Then Girty was appointed interpreter for the Six Nations, with headquarters at Pittsburg; salary five-eighths of a dollar per day. But after three months he was discharged for "ill behavior"—no further specifications recorded. Then he began enlisting men for the patriot army, expecting a captain's commission; but only attained to second lieutenant in John Stephenson's company. The company was sent to Charleston, South Carolina, to repel an expected British attack. Fort Moultrie had beaten back Sir Henry Clinton's fleet in the preceding April. But Girty did not go south with the company; he was retained at Pittsburg on detached duty.

Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, the British commandant at Detroit, was using every effort to stir the Indians against the border settlements, and one tradition has it that Girty secretly coöperated in this effort to arouse the savages against his own countrymen, though still at Pittsburg. General Hand was then in command at Pittsburg, and he arrested Girty and a former Indian agent, Alexander McKee, on a charge of plotting to murder the Whigs. Girty broke out of the guard-house "just to show that he could," as he expressed it, but gave himself up, was tried, acquitted, and was sent that autumn as a messenger to the Senecas.

McKee's loyalty was strongly suspected, and his influence over Simon Girty was absolute.

In 1778 George Girty had become second lieutenant in Captain James Willing's company; we shall see later as to his loyalty (?). Meantime James Girty was sent (March, 1778) to the Shawnees as envoy for the Colonies; and Simon bore part in General Hand's much-ridiculed "Squaw Campaign" early in 1778.

On the night of March 28, 1778, McKee, Simon Girty, Matthew Elliott, Higgins and two negroes of McKee's secretly left Pittsburg for Detroit. Passing through the Shawnee country, they were joined by James Girty, and the band of deserters reached Detroit and were welcomed by Hamilton, who was doubtless expecting their coming.

Tradition says that Simon Girty left at Pittsburg a half-breed woman with whom he had been living as a husband. The renegades probably troubled themselves little about such small things as wife-desertion. Like Psammetichus' runaway Egyptian army, they were sure of finding wives wherever they might stop.

We can find no "grievance" in Girty's case to impel him to desert. His pretence to Kenton afterward of failure to receive his captain's commission as the cause of his treason seems most puerile. His brother George deserted the next year, and all were henceforth most implacable enemies of the Colonies, according to the old principle of hating whom one has wronged.

All were attainted of high treason, and all were promptly employed by Hamilton to stir up the savages against their own countrymen. Simon was sent to the Mingoes, and James to the Shawnees. An initial expedition was made by the Mingoes against the infant settlements of Kentucky and seven scalps were brought back.

These were Girty's credentials among his new allies. About the time this expedition returned Simon Kenton was brought in a prisoner, captured by the Indians as a "hoss-steal" on the northern shore of the Ohio. With two comrades Kenton had stolen seven horses from the Pickaway towns, but before the marauders could cross the Ohio with

their booty they were overtaken by the enraged savages. One of the three was killed, one escaped, but Kenton was brought back a prisoner.

Probably even the wild annals of Indian warfare can hardly furnish a parallel to Kenton's experiences as a captive. He is said to have run the gauntlet *thirteen* times, and to have been *three* times sentenced to the stake. Once when he had been stripped and blackened, and every preparation had been made for torturing him, his old acquaintance Simon Girty came in to enjoy the prisoner's agonies, not knowing, however, that the victim was his comrade scout in the Dunmore War. As Kenton's face was blacked Girty did not recognize him, but he began to interrogate him as to the "stations" in Kentucky and their strength. Finally he asked the prisoner's name, and when Kenton answered, "Simon Butler"—the name by which Girty had known him in Dunmore days—Girty threw his arms around him and wept like a child. He at once commenced efforts to save his old friend from the stake. It was a long battle that the renegade waged before this forest tribunal; but he finally obtained a verdict of acquittal, and took Kenton to his own house, clothed him and furnished him with a horse and saddle. (We might here interrupt this pleasant story by an inquisitive query as to what sort of domestic establishment Girty could have had at that early date among the Mingoes? He had only reached his new home a few weeks before, and he had left Pittsburg in the March preceding. Yet McClung and other authorities tell us that Girty "introduced Kenton to his family" and made him a member of his household). However, Kenton's respite was not for long. The red men do not hold as cardinal the Saxon law that an accused cannot more than once be brought into jeopardy of life for the same offence.

Other tribesmen gathered, all angered at the ill-success and losses of some late expeditions against the border. The blood thirst must be quenched; the "hoss-steal" was the victim nearest to hand. A new council was called, and in spite of Girty's efforts, Kenton was again condemned. Only a delay of execution could be obtained. Peter Druyer on a specious pretext gets the prisoner sent to Detroit, saves him, and eventually Kenton reached home. This is the chief—almost the only—redeeming act of Girty. His demon reputation has this one offset on the side of mercy. True, he had come to see the sacrifice, not knowing who was the victim;

and doubtless but for personal motives, no intercession for the condemned would have been made by Girty. The brotherhood of man and universal human sympathy were principles unknown to the renegade's breast. Of this his later history furnishes abundant proof. Depravity was his normal, not his accidental, state.

But Kenton never forgot the favor; "He was good to me," the old pioneer, to his latest day, would always add as the finale to the story, whenever he recounted the thrilling narrative, and thirty-five years later, when Harrison crossed his army into Canada in pursuit of the flying British and Indians, one of the honorary volunteers in his military family was the famous old pioneer, Simon Kenton, who was fighting again the battles of his youth. The story goes—pleasant, whether true or fiction—that one of Kenton's chief reasons for the expedition was his purpose to protect Simon Girty, then living by the Detroit River, from the vowed vengeance of the Kentuckians in Harrison's army.

Roosevelt, in his *Winning of the West*, attributes to Logan the final saving of Kenton's life. But though the noble Mingo chief doubtless did aid in the kindly work, we must not deprive the renegade of the principal share in this deed of mercy.

According to Kenton, Girty often lamented to him his treachery—"too hasty," he called it. But his remorse was evidently of short duration. Soon he was as callous as the most stoical savage. He was soon leading scalping parties against the border.

He was the reputed leader of the attack on Fort Laurens, where several scalps and several prisoners were taken; also certain letters of Colonel Gibson, which indicated that no mercy would be shown to Simon Girty, if captured. Eight hundred dollars were offered for Girty's scalp, a prize which some Delawares attempted to win; but failing, they were in turn attacked by Girty.

When Colonel Bowman made his luckless expedition against Chillicothe in May, 1779, the report that Girty was at Piqua with a hundred Mingoes caused a hasty retreat. The next month Girty—or his name (?)—crossed into Western Virginia with a small party of Mingoes, and brought terror to the settlers. The name "Girty" often *stampeded* a settlement when the real Girty was far away.

Girty hated the Moravian missionaries and their Indian converts. Especially was Pastor Zeisberger in his way. He would capture the pastor and break up Gnadenhütten and Salem, the Moravian towns on the Tuscarawas.

Tradition says that he, with a small party, hovered near the hated towns till one day he saw the pastor passing close by. "There's the man," this Judas cried to his followers; but ere the latter could lay hold upon the doomed pastor, two powerful young Indians of the mission suddenly stepped from the bushes and interposed themselves between their teacher and his enemies. The latter took to the woods, followed by Girty gnashing his teeth in impotent rage and pouring out a torrent of profanity—one of his characteristics.

In September, 1779, Captain David Rodgers, on his way up the Ohio with a convoy of flatboats from New Orleans, was attacked by Girty and Brant near the mouth of the Licking, and his party cut to pieces. In a drunken quarrel between Brant and Girty after the victory, the former gave the latter a cut with a tomahawk, inflicting an ugly gash on his forehead, which scar Girty carried to his grave.

In March, 1780, the Indians attacked a sugar camp about thirty-three miles from Pittsburg, killing five men and capturing several boys and girls. One of these girls—Catherine Malott—about four years later became Girty's wife. Another story has it that Catherine Malott was captured in a boat descending the Ohio below Wheeling.

In the same year Colonel Byrd with a force of British and Indians attacked Ruddle's and Martin's stations in Northern Kentucky. Girty was sent under a flag to summon each garrison to surrender.

Was Girty at Piqua when that Indian stronghold was attacked by George Rogers Clark in 1780? One story denies his presence there; another says he led the Mingoes who fled at the first onset, because "the Kentuckians fought like madmen."

In April, 1781, Henry Baker with others were captured; all burned at the stake save Baker himself, who was saved, it was said, by Girty.

About this time Girty was becoming very intimate with Dunquat,

the "Half King" of the Wyandots, whom he persuaded to drive the Moravians from their homes on the Tuscarawas to Canada; and Girty followed the fleeing missionaries and poured out the vilest abuse and blood-curdling curses upon them. Zeisberger says he was "frantically drunk."

In a somewhat softer mood he treated Christian Fast, a captive from Lochry's defeat, with kindness.

Williamson's most foolish and cowardly attack upon the Moravian Indians, early in 1782, afforded the savages for years thereafter a pretext for indiscriminate burning of prisoners. One of the saddest of all the sad chapters of our dealing with the Indians was this massacre of the Moravians. "Father Abraham," a Moravian Indian, had gone to the Wyandots to bring back a little white boy, a prisoner of Girty's, to restore him to his home in Virginia. When the two came in sight of the ruined town, Father Abraham thus addressed the boy—Isaac Walker:

"Boy, I took you from the Wyandots to restore you to the bosom of your parents; but go, plunge again into the wilderness; it is better to be a red man than a pale-face. The God of the pale-face is false; He will not protect His children. The pale-face lies. He teaches the red man to spare the blood of his victims, but drinks it himself into his belly. Go, boy, fly from the footsteps of the pale-face, and worship the Manitou of the red man. The pale-face is false."

The boy returned with Abraham to the Wyandots, grew up, became a chief, and his posterity are still probably living in the West.

HENRY A. SCOMP.

PARKSVILLE, KY.

(To be continued)

PRACTICAL WORK OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION. I—IN NORTH CAROLINA

THE North Carolina Society Daughters of the Revolution does not claim a large membership like its sister society in some other States, there being only sixty-six Daughters, but in works it is winning the approbation of the General Society at each annual meeting, and the influence exerted in the behalf of patriotism, history and literature is felt in the Old North State to-day. The Society has done more in one direction than any other State Society. It has established and maintained for nine years a valuable historical work, the *North Carolina Booklet*, of which we shall give a detailed account.

The Society was founded by Mrs. Spier Whitaker, a lineal descendant of William Hooper, one of the three signers of the national Declaration of Independence from North Carolina, having been organized in Raleigh October 19, 1896, the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis. The first four years of its existence were employed in increasing the membership. Some gifted women have been enrolled among its members. Meetings were held on the anniversaries of the State's most important Revolutionary events; ancestral papers were prepared by the Daughters, being authentic records of the ancestors through whom their eligibility to membership in the Society was derived. These often contain information of value that would otherwise be lost in another generation, perhaps, that are now thus preserved. These papers will at some future day be published by the Society.

In December, 1900, a meeting was held at which was begun the work which has accomplished untold good in the State, to all interested in history throughout the Union and for the future historian. "The Edenton Tea Party," by Doctor Richard Dillard, was read. The story of the patriotic action and brave spirit of those ladies who met at the house of Mrs. Elizabeth King on that October afternoon in 1774, endorsed the resolves of the Provincial Congress held at New Berne, August 25th, and resolved not "to drink any more tea or wear any more British cloth" so long as the detested tax was levied on these commodities. The

event could have been classed among the fading facts of our history, so little known was this significant defiance of British tyranny. To Doctor Dillard is due the revival of this, one of North Carolina's proudest claims to priority in the struggle for independence.

At the meeting of the Daughters a motion was passed to undertake some definite work. The zeal of those patriotic women of Edenton filled the minds of those present and to commemorate their heroism in some fitting memorial was the desire of each. Ways and means of raising funds for such a purpose were thoroughly discussed, and a committee was appointed to formulate plans for such a purpose.

At the next gathering the report of the committee was the adoption of a suggestion made by Miss Martha Helen Haywood to issue a publication monthly to be devoted to the great events in North Carolina history. The idea was accepted unanimously. Miss Haywood and Mrs. Hubert Haywood were elected editors.

In May, 1901, the Daughters and historians welcomed the first appearance of *The North Carolina Booklet*. "Virginia Dare," by Major Graham Daves, was Number I of the first volume. The story of this, the first English child born in America, was a fitting subject for such a magazine. The untiring efforts and executive ability of the editors were naturally crowned with success. Their influence was even wider than they ever dreamed it was, or could be, for it aided no little in developing the historical awakening that was then apparent in the Old North State and which has since attained lasting results. With the editors and writers it was a patriotic labor of love, none receiving monetary compensation for their time and interest. After two years of excellent management, to the sincere regret of the entire Society, the editors resigned. They were succeeded by Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton and Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, under whose guidance it has since been directed. With the fifth volume it was changed into a quarterly, beginning with July.

The proceeds from this publication have amounted to a considerable sum, which is bearing interest in a savings bank, but will soon be used for some worthy cause that relates to the Revolution. Its contributors have been among the leading historians of the State, men and women

whose reputations are by no means confined to North Carolina alone. The formative incidents of her history have all been considered. Her colonization, the making of her laws, the leading events of the Revolution, the battles fought and won; her heroes and heroines; biographies of noted statesmen, scholars, soldiers and historians, all have been presented to the public in a manner that is neither dry nor romantic, but in such a way that they cannot be forgotten. The price puts it within the reach of the masses that would neither care for nor have occasion to consult the unattractive, musty volumes of some court houses, offices of State, or dark garrets.

Here is a list of all the articles that have been published during the nine years of the *Booklet's* existence:

Volume I: Virginia Dare; Colonial New Berne; The Stamp Act on the Cape Fear; The Historic Tea Party of Edenton; Betsy Dowdy's Ride; The Hornet's Nest; Greene's Retreat; Le Marquis De La Fayette; A North Carolina Naval Hero and his Daughter; Pettigrew's Charge; Reminiscences of a Blockade Runner; Conditions that led to the Ku Klux.

Volume II: Ku Klux; Our Own Pirates; Indian Massacre and Tuscarora War; Moravian Settlements in North Carolina; Whigs and Tories; The Revolutionary Congresses; Raleigh and the Old Town of Bloomsbury; Historic Homes, No. I: Bath, Buncombe Hall, Hayes; No. II: The Grove, Wakefield; County of Clarendon; Signal and Secret Service; Last Days of the War.

Volume III: Trial of James Glasgow; North Carolina Cherokee Indians; Volunteer State Tennessee as a Seceder; Historic Hillsboro; Life in Colonial North Carolina; Historic Homes, No. III: Fort Defiance, Panther Creek, Clay Hill-on-the-Neuse; Was Alamance the first Battle of the Revolution? Governor Charles Eden; Colony of Transylvania; Social Conditions in Colonial North Carolina; Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge; North Carolina and Georgia Boundary.

Volume IV: The Lords Proprietors of Carolina; Battle of Ramsour's Mill; Historic Homes, No. IV: Quaker Meadows; Con-

vention of 1788; North Carolina Signers of the Declaration of Independence—John Penn, Joseph Hewes; Expedition to Cartagena, 1740; First English Settlement in America; Rutherford's Expedition against the Indians; Changes in Carolina Coast since 1585; Highland-Scotch Settlement in North Carolina; The Scotch-Irish Settlement; Battle of Guilford Court House and German Palatines in North Carolina.

Volume V (Quarterly): Genesis of Wake County; Saint Paul's Church, Edenton, and its Associations; North Carolina Signers of the National Declaration of Independence, Part II: William Hooper; History of the Capitol; Some Notes on Colonial North Carolina, 1700-1750; North Carolina's Poets; Cornelius Harnett; Celebration of the Anniversary of May 20, 1775; Edward Moseley; Governor Thomas Pollok; Battle of Cowan's Ford; First Settlers in North Carolina not Religious Refugees.

Volume VI: The Indian Tribes of Eastern Carolina; History involved in the Names of Counties and Towns in North Carolina; A Colonial Admiral of the Cape Fear (Admiral Sir Thomas Frankland); The Borough Towns of North Carolina; Governor Thomas Burke; Colonial and Revolutionary Relics in the Hall of History; State Library Building and Department of Archives and Records; The Battle of Rockfish Creek, 1781; North Carolina's Attitude to the Revolution; John Lawson; Some Overlooked North Carolina History; The White Pictures.

Volume VII: North Carolina in the French and Indian War; Locke's Fundamental Constitution; Industrial Life in Colonial Carolina; Address: "Our Dearest Neighbor—The Old North State"; Ode to North Carolina; The Finances of the North Carolina Colonists; Joseph Gales, Editor; Our First Constitution, 1776; North Carolina's Historical Exhibit at Jamestown Exposition; General Robert Howe; Early Relations of North Carolina and the West; Incidents of the Early and Permanent Settlement of the Cape Fear; Saint James' Churchyard (Poem); The Expedition Against the Row Galley, *General Arnold*—A Sidelight on Colonial Edenton; The Quakers of Perquimans; Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry.

Volume VIII: John Harvey; Military Organizations of North Carolina During the Revolutionary War; A Sermon by Reverend George Micklejohn; Convention of 1835; The Life and Services of Brigadier-General Jethro Sumner; The Significance of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence; The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence (*con*) by Mr. A. S. Salley, Junior; The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence (*pro*) by Professor Bruce Craven; Mr. Salley's Reply, Mr. Craven's Rejoinder; Unveiling Ceremonies of the Edenton Tea Party Tablet; Carolina (Poem); The Battle of King's Mountain; Schools and Education in Colonial Times; North Carolina Heroines of the Revolution.

Volume IX: Indians, Slaves and Tories: Our Eighteenth Century Legislation Regarding Them; Thomas Person; Sketch of Flora McDonald; General Joseph Graham; State Rights in North Carolina Through Half a Century; The Nag's Head Portrait of Theodosia Burr; History of Lincoln County; Our State Motto and Its Origin; Work Done by the Daughters of the Revolution in Pasquotank County; Der North Carolina Land und Colonie Etablissement; George Durant; Hatorask; The Truth about Jackson's Birthplace.

On October 24, 1908, the long-planned memorial tablet was unveiled in the rotunda of the capitol at Raleigh with appropriate exercises. The ceremonies that preceded the unveiling were held in the Hall of Representatives, which was thronged with an appreciative audience. The tablet is of bronze, cast by the Gorham Company, New York. It is oval in shape, and shows within the wreath of pine cones and needles and tea leaves and blossoms the home of Mrs. King, where the tea party was held. Above is the inscription:

Erected by the North Carolina Society Daughters of the Revolution to the Fifty-one Ladies of Edenton who, by their Patriotism, Zeal and early Protest against British Authority, assisted our Forefathers in the making of this Republic and our Commonwealth.

Below, the following:

Edenton Tea Party, October 25, 1774

MDCCCCVIII

Beneath the second inscription is a lady's hand emptying a tea caddy.

The State Society presents annually through local Chapters gold medals to the public schools of Raleigh, Edenton, Elizabeth City and New Berne. These are awarded to the pupils writing the best historical essay on some given subject, only the higher grades competing. The selections are taken from the county history as a rule. The scholars have shown unusual enthusiasm, energy and patience in these competitions. The compositions show careful research, and much ability is frequently discovered. In this way a clearer knowledge of the history of one's own land can be gleaned.

The Penelope Barker Chapter at Edenton (named in honor of the President of the Edenton Tea Party), of which Mrs. Patrick Matthew is Regent, has collected a goodly sum for the marking with tablets the historic buildings of that quaint borough town, one of the hotbeds of Revolution in the Colonies. The Chapter proposes erecting these memorials in the coming autumn. They have located some graves that will be given attention.

The Sir Walter Raleigh Chapter at Elizabeth City, of which Mrs. Walker Waller Joynes is Regent, has located a number of Revolutionary graves on which they promise to soon place markers. This Chapter was organized by Miss Catherine Albertson, the first Regent, two years ago, and has a membership of only eight. They have by a remarkable display of executive ability amassed funds sufficient to erect a stone on the spot at Nixonton where the first legislative Assembly met in the province of North Carolina February 6, 1665. Tradition claims that these Solons met under a tree, and the memorial is placed as near the spot as can be ascertained at this distant day. The inscription on the stone tells the story:

"Here was held the First Albemarle Assembly February 6, 1665.
Erected by the Sir Walter Raleigh Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution,
June 11, 1910."

After a dinner the party rode to Nixonton, ten miles distant. The exercises were held in the church nearby. An interesting program had been arranged. The address of the day was delivered by Honorable

Francis D. Winston, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of North Carolina. This, as well as a full account of the unveiling ceremonies, appeared in the July *Booklet*.

The Genealogical Department, under Mrs. Helen DeB. Wills, is doing a great deal in tracing the lines of many prominent families whose branches have been transplanted to distant States and have lost "the missing link" that bound them to the province of their antecedents. Mrs. Wills' entire time is employed in genealogical investigation.

The Armorial of the Society has many calls for armorial bearings. The Carolinas and Virginia were rich in coats-of-arms borne rightfully by their settlers. In some cases the arms have been destroyed by the vandalism of three wars and the use of this last vestige of the age of chivalry, to which one is as much entitled as the surname he bears, passed beyond their possession, and often knowledge. The increasing appreciation of this badge of aristocracy caused the creation of this department.

The Director of the Hall of History at Raleigh has assigned a case in that hall, in which the Daughters have deposited a number of Revolutionary relics. More would be loaned for this but for the fact the building is not fireproof. The office of Custodian of Relics has been created during the present year and is now filled by Mrs. John E. Ray.

The Society has labored assiduously during the past three sessions of the General Assembly to obtain an appropriation sufficient to build a fireproof Hall of Records. This bill, which has had the coöperation of the most patriotic citizens and organizations, has never yet passed both the House of Representatives and the Senate. No respite will be known till the badly needed safe repository for the priceless treasures of the State is an assured achievement.

The Society has contributed to the handsome monuments erected by the General Society: to the shaft on the heights of Valley Forge; to the granite arch on Cambridge Common, which marks the spot where Washington took command of the Army, as well as to the prospective memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the Navy in the Revolution, to be placed in Bancroft Hall, Annapolis, in May, 1911. While our local history is

preserved, we do not forget the spots of national fame where were enacted events that made the Union possible.

This is work that is engrossing the minds of the North Carolina Society. While the attainments do not reach the limit of our ambition, there is held out the promise that greater things will crown the efforts of another decade and that the seeds of patriotism and noble remembrance of the heroes and heroines who have long since passed to their reward will bring forth fruit worthy of these unrivalled antecedents and their glorious deeds.

MARY HILLIARD HINTON.

RALEIGH, N. C.



SOME NOTES ON THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN SCIENCE

(Fifth Paper)

IN the first expedition Long was accompanied, as botanist and geologist, by Edward James, who made the results public in a narrative written in 1823. William H. Keating, professor of mineralogy and historiographer, was with the explorer on the second tour. Thomas Say, the naturalist, was zoölogist of both explorations, and the results of his labors are now in the Philadelphia Museum. De Schweinitz also worked up botanical material which he collected at this time.

Although some erroneous statements were made in the official report by Long, as, for instance, that "most of the lands between the mouth of the Platte and the Rockies were unfit for cultivation" and in spite of his somewhat mistaken ideas of locality, the whole work as performed by him was most creditable. Later in life he had charge of the surveys and construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and through his instrumentality many great improvements were made in the building of bridges throughout the country. He also devised valuable plans for the removal of obstructions in rivers and harbors, particularly in the West, and he served on the board of improvement which took action on the lower Mississippi, being placed in charge of the work in 1856; and while under his supervision the contracts for deepening the mouths of this river were arranged prior to the Civil War. His name will always be prominent, not only as an explorer, but as an efficient and capable engineer.

"No other explorer of the Botany of North America has personally made more discoveries: no writer on American Plants, except, perhaps, Professor Asa Gray, has described more new genera and species." So wrote Elias Durand, in 1860, when giving a short biographical sketch of Thomas Nuttall, an Englishman by birth, but an American by his scientific labors and reputation. This man was so thoroughly identified with American natural history and so little connected with that of Eng-

land that although he returned to his native land to die he may be fairly claimed as one of our important men.

As such it seems desirable that he should be included at this point, as a contemporary and valued acquisition to the new world science. He first came to the United States when about twenty-one years of age, having been born in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in 1760. After serving for a short term as a printer's apprentice, he renounced his first choice and thenceforth devoted his life to the study of natural sciences. In these mineralogy attracted his earliest notice, but this he also forsook for botany, in which he acquired considerable reputation, and did excellent work, travelling in nearly every part of the United States and making one trip to the Sandwich Islands. From 1822 to 1828 he was curator and lecturer at the Harvard Botanical Garden, and published besides numerous papers in the *Proceedings* of the Philadelphia Academy his *Genera of North American Plants*, 1818; *A Geological Sketch of the Valley of the Mississippi*, 1821; *Journal of Travels in the Arkansas Territory*, 1821; and a *Manual of Ornithology*, 1832-34. His most important work, however, was to give us a continuation of the *North American Sylva*, begun by Michaux and for many years the finest and most complete work of its kind. Nuttall was not considered great either as a botanist, geologist or zoölogist, but he was eminently beloved and respected. Much is to be found regarding him in Irving's *Astoria*: he, in company with John Bradbury (another Englishman), joined Wilson P. Hunt in his overland expedition from St. Louis, and, like the latter, gave the results in his book on the Arkansas Territory, now quite scarce.

Aside from their actual value, many of the volumes written by the early travellers are most readable and filled with interest. Nuttall's work has just been deservedly reprinted and fully annotated. The author's style was peculiarly his own, and though many of the passages are quaint and somewhat stilted, the book has a charm not often to be found in writings of this kind. In 1840 Mr. Nuttall found it necessary to return to England under the terms of a bequest, and the last years of his life were spent on an estate at St. Helens, Lancashire, where he died September 10, 1859. During the period which has been briefly sketched it may be noted that the prosecution of mathematics and phys-

ical science was to a certain extent neglected. Indeed it was difficult to keep alive because of the calls for boundary surveys of the more extended class, nor even by exertions of volunteer lecturers could it be made popular.

Caleb Atwater, that quaint old Ohioan, was at this time almost the only scientific observer west of the Alleghanies, and his discussions as to the origin of prairies, the scenery of the Ohio country and the later remains of mammoths were being issued by such means as were then possible. As rapidly as a new country was laid open the attention of the greater number of scientists was turned toward it, and because of this the general information on other subjects suffered. At this time, however, names which are more familiar to the present generation begin to appear. Dr. Torrey was devoting his attention to mineralogy and chemistry, though he later did more finished work in botany; Schoolcraft, Dana, Gibbs and Beck were among the foremost men, and Dr. Isaac Lea, to whom we wish to devote more than passing notice, began to print his memoirs on the Unionidæ.

This eminent naturalist was born of Quaker parents, at Wilmington, Delaware, March 4, 1792, and died in Philadelphia December 7, 1886. As a youth he devoted nearly all of his spare time to the study of natural history, especially geology, making extensive collections of fossils, minerals and shells in the vicinity of his early home. These, together with his collection of Unionidæ, the richest in existence, have been deposited in the National Museum at Washington. Not only as a scientist is the name of this man prominent, but also as of one who has done much to disseminate learning, especially in the business of publishing. From 1821 to 1851 he was associated with his father-in-law, Mathew Carey, in what was at that time the leading business of its kind in the United States. In 1827 he began the series of *Memoirs* on fresh-water and land molluscs which were continued for nearly fifty years, and form the greatest work of the kind ever attempted. Elected a member of the American Philosophical Society in 1828, he was later chosen President of the Academy and connected with the chief societies of Natural History throughout the world. He was author of many papers on his favorite subject which have elicited warm commendations from con-

chologists, both native and foreign. Never a great traveller, he acquired fame at home and left to others opportunities which were eagerly grasped. Not least among these, but a greatly overrated man in many respects, was Henry R. Calcraft, or Schoolcraft, according to an early change in the family name.

This individual was a descendant of a family long identified with the early border life of America, his ancestors having come direct from England, fresh from the Marlborough campaigns, settling in what is now Albany County, New York. Here Henry Rowe was born March 28, 1793, receiving in the town of Guilderland a good common school education, though, according to his own assertion, his more exact work in the sciences was acquired only through his own exertions. The list of his published works include many departments, he having at an early age attempted poetry. His first published volume, however, was a work on glass-blowing, entitled *Vitreology*. During 1818 he travelled in the West and made a mineralogical survey of the lead mines of Missouri, issuing a report on them in the following year, and in 1820 contributed to Van Winkle's *Belles Lettres Repository* a "Journal" of the tour, which was afterward contained in Phillips' *Collection of Voyages*. This View of the Lead Mines may be considered the first contribution by an American to economic geology.

During this same year he again went westward, this time under Government auspices, accompanying General Lewis Cass, Governor of Michigan, on his exploration and survey of the copper regions of the upper Mississippi, an account of which he published. His position was that of official mineralogist, Captain C. B. Douglass of the United States Army being topographical engineer. Both of these men sent home considerable collections which were reported upon by specialists of their day, many of whom were at that time concentrated in Philadelphia.

In 1821 was published his *Account of the Native Copper on the Southern Shore of Lake Superior*, which is really a scholarly work and first appeared in the *American Journal of Science*, Volume III. Mineralogy and Geology were at this time the most popular sciences. Shortly after this Schoolcraft received an appointment as agent for Indian Affairs

on the Northwestern frontier, and his residence thereafter for some twenty years was at Michilimackinack. Here he devoted himself to the study of the red race and its condition, finally embodying much of the research in that large work on the subject published by the Government in six quarto volumes entitled *Ethnological Researches Respecting the Red Man of America*. In 1841 he removed to New York, and a year later visited England and the Continent. During 1845-47 much time was devoted to the investigation of the Indians of New York, the results being published in his work, *Notes on the Iroquois*, an interesting but somewhat untrustworthy book, as shown by Lewis Morgan, who later developed many facts in the same field.

As an ethnologist, Mr. Schoolcraft, from want of thoroughness, can hardly be classed with others in similar lines of work. He was an adept in the art of compilation, and students of Indian life and character are greatly indebted to him for many collections of source material which might have otherwise escaped notice. As an investigator along original lines he cannot be classed with Catlin, or Morgan above referred to, nor were his scientific notes at any time more than elementary treatises, being valuable only because of having been the first of their kind received on the districts covered. It is impossible, in our limited space, to give a complete list of his published writings, many of which are, in any event, foreign to the present subject. His greatest work is the *Ethnological Researches*, made valuable to a great extent by the many fine illustrations from the brush of Colonel Eastman, a close observer of Indian life, though we might add that if the volumes had some definite order of arrangement, or even an index, subject or otherwise, they might be more useful as a working book. As the work stands it can be called little more than an enormous mass of material collected, and published because it had been gotten together, and while it is a most difficult work to use, it must, on the other hand, always remain as a monument of its kind.

One other volume by this writer must be mentioned, i. e., his *Expedition to Itasca Lake*. Herein he claims to have discovered the actual source of the Mississippi River, choosing this from among the numerous lakes in the northern part of Minnesota. The work is a valuable treatise

on the territory traversed, and at the present day has value. During the later years of his life Mr. Schoolcraft was confined almost constantly to his rooms because of rheumatic troubles, and was aided greatly by his wife in the preparation of his work. Filled with ambition and an indefatigable worker, most of the opinions he put forth are narrowed by an unfortunate habit of theorizing, much to his detriment.

Fortunately, however, we cannot accuse a large number of the early American travellers of this last-named fault. In a short sketch of George Catlin, one of the best and most thorough of American ethnologists and no mean artist, we might almost feel that it would be a presentation of the two extremes. With one or two possible exceptions this man dealt, not in theories but in facts and practical illustrations.

His ideas as to the origin of the Mandans may be considered somewhat unfounded, though by no means lacking in plausibility; his book on the Lifted and Subsided Rocks, wherein an unusual explanation of the Gulf Stream is set forth, is also to be noted in this connection, but with these two volumes eliminated there is little left among the published writings of this able man that are not worthy of consideration, and which have not in more ways than one helped toward a better knowledge of the aborigines or thrown considerable light on many unusual or previously little-known traits and customs.

George Catlin was born at Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, in the year 1796. He died in Jersey City in 1872. As a youth he had a constant yearning toward art and travel, though it was not until he came in actual contact with the true Indian of the West that his final decision was made. This occurred in Philadelphia on the occasion of the arrival of a delegation of celebrated chiefs, and shortly after, the artist who had until then devoted himself to domestic subjects, left for a broader field, filled with an ambition which only years of infinite toil could adequately satisfy, and a determination born of youthful energy and untiring work. During 1830-38 he travelled and painted among the Indians of the West, from St. Louis, the frontier as it was known at that time, to the headwaters of the Yellowstone. His book, written upon his return in 1841, forms one of the best and most authentic records of actual life among the various tribes visited. This work, *Letters and Notes on the Manners,*

Customs and Condition of the North American Indians, is unquestionably the first positive record of the true life of the original inhabitants of this country, before they came to any great extent in contact with the whites. It gives, as does no other account, many experiences which can never again be encountered, and indeed there is little to be found which is so complete, or, as time has proven, so accurate in many details.

Several editions of this book were issued, both in this country and abroad, and translations of his later volumes were made in German and French. As an ethnologist Catlin undoubtedly led among the Americans, though his scientific knowledge on many subjects was not profound. He was a close observer, and not only wrote of but painted many of the scenes that he was so fortunate in witnessing.

His collection of canvases, now the property of the United States Government, is carefully housed in the National Museum at Washington, with the exception of what is known as the Cartoon Collection, some three hundred portraits, many life size, of distinguished chiefs or warriors, and also numerous hunting scenes of untold value to the student of Indian life and American folk-lore. It is to be regretted that these also cannot be preserved before it is too late.

On his return from the West, in 1839, he exhibited throughout the larger cities in the United States his collection of paintings and Indian material, which aroused considerable enthusiasm, gaining for the artist and collector an enviable reputation, which preceded him to London, where he later journeyed, as well as to Paris, being joined about this time by two distinct bands of Indians which further added an interest, such as had seldom been displayed on similar occasions.

Other books were later written by this author-artist which were greatly to his credit and one in particular, *O-Kee-Pa: A Religious Ceremony Among the Mandans*, is considered to be a distinct and valuable contribution to our anthropological literature, being a remarkable work on an extraordinary subject which was looked upon with considerable suspicion at the time of its publication, though later authenticated.

Catlin, about 1850, journeyed in South America and returned to the Pacific Coast and Northwest, making a trip to the Sandwich Islands and

to Oregon, though, contrary to the general opinion, not crossing the Rockies in his return to the East, but coming back by the way of South and Central America.

In his later life he was unfortunate in financial matters; which undoubtedly hastened his death, though he was to the last a stoic, becoming by nature not unlike the Indians among whom he had lived and for whom he cherished to the last a deep regard. The life of this man is yet to be written. He was without doubt the foremost investigator of the character, manners and habits of the red man, and wrote unceasingly on his favorite subject. A traveler and lover of nature as well as an artist, his work must always be looked upon with the highest respect and turned to continuously by all who are interested in a subject of the highest importance.

One who knew Catlin as a young man and befriended him through life, though devoted more especially to the exact sciences, was Professor Joseph Henry, whose birth took place one year later—1797—and who survived his friend but a short time, dying in 1878.

At an early age he became professor of mathematics at the Albany Academy, and in 1827 began his investigations, which later evolved important discoveries in electro-magnetism and electricity. In 1838 he was appointed to the chair of Natural Philosophy in the College of New Jersey, but it was not until 1846 that his real work began, and he was at that time elected Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

Dr. Henry had grown to prominence among a number of rising young men, including Percival, the poet-geologist; Emmons, Seybert, Bache and others, and later many of these men stood by him in making the institution of which he became the head the leading depository of its kind in the country. To name the three secretaries, Henry, the physicist, 1846-1878; Baird, the naturalist, 1878-1887; and Langley, the astronomer, suggests in a few words the importance of the Smithsonian, and we may say that the first of these officers did as much toward the excellence of its present-day standing as has been attempted or attained since; in fact the wisdom and policy of this man in connection with the affairs of this department of the government has been conceded to be a great

success. For thirty-one years he directed the increase and diffusion of knowledge as connected with the work, and it was his determination that nothing should be permitted to divert its progress; in fact to his initiative and guiding hand we owe this monument to American science.

The work he did cannot be overestimated. He was one of the pioneers who realized that there was unlimited material upon which to work, and he had early impressed this upon Faraday and others whom he had met in England at an earlier date. In 1849 he became President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and in 1868 President of the National Academy of Sciences, which distinguished position he held till death. The bulk of his published work is to be found in the many annual reports of the Smithsonian Institution, though papers are in the *Transactions* of the various societies to which he belonged, and many magazines. His *Electricity and Magnetism* was published in 1839.

The service of Henry as an investigator in the science of electromagnetic induction was appropriately recognized when the chamber of delegates to the electrical congress, in Chicago in 1893, gave the practical unit of self-induction the name of the "Henry."

A name that we have mentioned in the above sketch next comes to our attention, that of A. D. Bache, distinguished not only as a naturalist, but as an educator as well. He was the great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin, born in Philadelphia July 19, 1806, receiving his higher education at the United States Military Academy, where he later served for one year as assistant professor and on military engineering duty for two more.

This man's greatness seems to be but a part of a movement that swept over this country and Europe somewhat before the middle of the last century, a renaissance quite as important as that which occurred at the close of the Middle Ages, and of infinitely more interest to us. Draper and others have pointed out the cause of this movement, prominent among which was the introduction of steam and of electricity which took from mankind a great burden of mechanical drudgery. It was what might be called the beginning of the age of science, and numerous other changes followed in rapid succession. Among the many important achievements

of about this time was the reorganization of the Coast Survey in 1844, so ably begun by Hassler and destined to be brought to its highest power by Bache.

During this period came Agassiz, who, however, was but one of the many important men of the time, as other foreigners to visit us were Sir Charles Lyell, whose *Elements of Geology* was as much an epoch-making book as was Darwin's work a generation later, and Professor W. H. Harvey, of Dublin, the latter collecting material for his *Nereis Boreali-Americana*, the foundation of our marine botany. Certain successes of our own astronomers and physicists had much to do with the progress of American science at about this time, as, for instance, the discoveries by the Bards of Cambridge and the work by Herrick and Bradley in 1846 in locating the bi-partition of Bela's Comet; the application of the telegraph also meant much.

It is interesting to note that some of the American methods in astronomy were, at about this time, introduced at Greenwich, England, and considering that this country had been held up to ridicule during the period by such writers as Dickens, Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope *et al.*, this acknowledgment of genius acted somewhat as a salve to our wounded spirit. During these formative years few did better work or were more diligent than Dr. Bache. His first real public duty began when he accepted the chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania, which he filled for eight years, and during that time was constantly engaged upon scientific research. Upon the organization of Girard College he became its first president, though before entering upon active work he journeyed in Europe, and while abroad studied carefully the methods of European education and instruction. His report on this subject in 1839 is a masterpiece of its kind, and until 1843 he successfully guided the college above referred to: in the year mentioned he assumed charge of the Coast Survey, which important position he filled until the end of his life, also becoming regent of the Smithsonian Institution and a collaborator with Professor Henry in many ways.

One excellent piece of work which must not be omitted in a sketch, however brief, is the expedition which he organized for the purpose of making a systematic exploration of the Gulf Stream, as well as researches

in regard to the bottom of the ocean within soundings and to the many forms of animal life existing there.

Many of the reports to Congress by this able man are documents of the highest standing. Upon the organization by the Government of the National Academy of Sciences, Professor Bache, as one of the leading men of the country, was elected as president, and it might be added that his service to science was in no way neglected abroad, as was evinced by his election to membership in most of the scientific societies of Europe. He died in 1867. Thus lived and died one of the men who formed a part of this important group of the period named. Another, Agassiz, the great Swiss naturalist, who made his home among us in 1846, also belongs properly among this coterie.

Possibly we are not to have again such zoölogists as Agassiz and Baird, or botanists as Gray, and later generations may specialize to such an extent that broad-minded men as were these will no longer fill a place in the vast field of science. Possibly the word naturalist will become meaningless, and those who attempt scientific research must become biologists, generally speaking, but in reality morphologists, histologists, embryologists, or possibly cetologists, oölogists, coleopterists, mycologists, paleobotanists, petrologists, crystallographers and the like.

Louis Agassiz will always live in the hearts of his adopted countrymen. He has a permanent monument in the museum which he founded, but his work will constantly be perpetuated by his pupils, such men as Fewkes, Hyatt, LeConte, Putnam, Scudder, Shaler, Verrill and many others. The collections which were built up at Cambridge by this man were eagerly fostered by Americans; his knowledge gained in the great European establishments was fully utilized and generously given; he was one of the greatest among our public servants.

The birth of Agassiz took place in the parish of Motier, near Lake Neuchâtel, May 28, 1807. His full name was Louis John Rudolph, and he early studied medicine at Zurich, Heidelberg, and Munich where he graduated. Crossing the Atlantic on a scientific excursion in 1846, he determined to make this country his permanent residence, and accepted

in 1846 the chair of Zoölogy and Geology at Harvard, though later he became non-resident professor of natural history at Cornell.

His explorations in the natural history of this country and South America gained for him a reputation second to none, and it is said that while on the lower Amazon he discovered no less than eighteen hundred new species of fishes. It is possible that his work in ichthyology was of the greatest importance, the *Researches on Fossil Fishes*, written in French, being a classic of its kind; but he did not restrict himself in any sense, and probably no one, unless we except Hugh Miller, did more than he to popularize science.

In 1871 he became a member of the Hassler Expedition to the South Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and his death occurred shortly after, in 1873, at Cambridge, which place he had formally made his home. Whipple, in summing up the life of this man, says: "He is not merely a scientific thinker, he is a scientific force; and no small portion of the immense influence he exerts is due to energy, intensity and geniality which distinguish the nature of the man." It is also said that in his personal intercourse he inspired as well as communicated not only the knowledge but the love of knowledge. His life was written by his wife in 1885.

Thus again we have an instance of foreign talent for the benefit of American knowledge. A typical product of home genius must be mentioned next, Asa Gray, the botanist, once referred to by Senator Hoar as "the greatest botanist in the world."

During the years when this celebrated naturalist was at his best there also flourished other men of importance. Systematic natural history advanced rapidly. The remarkable folio reports of the Wilkes expedition were appearing, and some of these, especially the parts on crustaceans, zoöphytes and geology by Dana and the molluscs by Gould, were of extreme importance. Many of the domestic surveys were also bringing forth results, some being prepared under the direction of Baird, the volumes by him on mammals and birds being the first exhaustive treatises of their kind in the United States.

WILLIAM HARVEY MINER.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

(To be continued)

THREE OLD NEW ENGLAND HOUSES

I. THE FAIRBANKS HOUSE, DEDHAM

THIS picturesque house, supposed to be the oldest in Massachusetts if not in New England, is situated in Dedham, on the Charles River which meanders through many towns on its way from Boston.

Jonathan "Fayerbanke," its builder, came in the *Speedwell* from Somerby in the vicarage of Halifax, Yorkshire, England, to Boston in 1633, with his wife Grace and six children: John, George, Mary, Susan, Jonas and Jonathan, and an oaken house-frame, together with bricks, household furnishings and personal belongings. The timber is said to have lain two years in the open air at Boston while Jonathan was looking about for a location. He decided on Dedham (then called Contentment), and took his effects there by ox-teams. He was formally admitted to the body politic of the town by subscribing to the "Dedham Covenant," of which the following were the first two articles:

THE COVENANT.

1. We whose names ar here vnto subscribed, doe. in the feare and Reuerence of our Allmightie God, Mutually: and seuerally p'mise amongst our seules and each to other to p'fesse and practice one truth according to that most p'fect rule. the foundation where of is Eurlasting Love:

2. That we shall by all meanes Laboure to keepe of from vs all such as ar contrarye minded. And receaue onely such vnto vs as be such as may be p'bably of one harte, with vs as that we either knowe or may well and truly be informed to walke in a peaceable conuersation with all meakenes of spirit for edification of each other in the knowledg and faith of the Lord Iesus; and the mutuall encouragmt vnto all Temporall comforts in all things: seekeing the good of each other out of all which may be deriued true Peace.

and on receiving a grant of land, proceeded to erect a dwelling. It is supposed that the great chimney was first built, and the heavy oak timbers placed around it, to brace and be braced by it. The chimney foundations,

including the brick hearths upon its sides, are larger than any room in the house. The height, from ground to roof-tree, is less than twenty-five feet, and the house consists of three sections: the main or central part, and the two wings, of which the east was built two hundred and fifty years ago, and the west added one hundred and fifty years later. The whole length of the house is seventy-five feet. The roof of the main part extends over the lean-to to within three feet of the ground. The ceiling is very low, and proved too much so for ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, a descendant of Jonathan, to stand erect, on the occasion of a recent visit. The quaint little porch and the odd positions of the "ells" give the building an odd and curious appearance. Winding stairs lead up to the rooms in the wings, which have no connection with the rooms of the main part of the house. The windows were originally of lozenge-shaped glass, set in leaden frames. Two flint-lock "gunnes" were suspended from hooks fastened into the great beam in the ceiling. Their barrels are over six feet long, and they are doubtless the oldest weapons of defence to be found in New England. One was carried at Louisburg by Lieutenant Joseph Fairbanks. One is now owned by the Fairbankses of St. Johnsbury, Vt., the other by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. The wicks of the lamps then in use must have emitted light no greater than that afforded by a glow-worm, as they are coiled around in the fount, their ends projecting from tiny spouts in the tops.

The house stands at the corner of East Street and the "Willow Road"—so called because thickly fringed on both sides by a luxuriant growth of willows. The road was cut through the estate by the town, to shorten the distance to the village. This so angered the three sisters, Prudence, Sarah and Nancy, who were then living in the house (about forty years ago), that they would never use it. They went around it to church, and left instructions by will not to be carried over it to the cemetery when they should be buried.

Shortly after the death of Jonathan (1668) an inventory of the estate was taken, showing its value to be £214—a large sum at the time. A few of the items are

	£	s.	d.
The weareing woolen Aparill of the deceased, with one Hatt	5	7	0
Bedsted, mat and bedcoarde		10	
One blew rugg, and one payer of sheets		15	
One olde Warmeing panne		2	6

	£ s. d.
One Cheyer	6
Ceader Swampe neer sawe mille	1 0 0
3 swine, with the pigges belonging thereto	2 5 9
4 Cowes and one yeaning calf	14 0 0
One Sworde	8
One Cutelas	4

Nearly all persons in the United States bearing the name of Fairbank, Fairbanks, or Fayerbanks are by direct descent from Jonathan, the first of the name.

LAURA WENTWORTH FOWLER.

DEDHAM, MASS.

Mrs. Fowler omits to mention one thing which attracted the editor's attention when, two years ago, he was present at the annual reunion of the descendants of Jonathan the pioneer. This was the condition of a floor-beam, serving also as a door-sill. It could not have been less than eight inches square, and was of oak. Right in its center it was worn down to a thickness of not over *two inches*. It was a mute but eloquent witness to the busy feet of the *eight generations* who have been sheltered by the venerable dwelling.—Ed.

II. THE HORSESHOE (OR COFFIN) HOUSE, NANTUCKET

Two centuries and a quarter ago Jethro Coffin and his bride hung the crane in the living-room of the "Horseshoe House" in Nantucket, and thus dedicated the little shingled home which was destined to become famous as the "Oldest House in Nantucket" and the Mecca of the many seekers after all that is quaint and curious who visit this sea-girt, isolated spot.

The heavy-framed edifice, the hand-made laths and nails, and plastering composed of ground oyster shells all speak eloquently of primitive days, as also does the broad fireplace in the living-room, up which one may look to the blue sky above. Many curios have been collected and are exhibited in the great low-studded living-room and keeping-room; figure-heads from wrecked vessels adorn the corners, while the walls are hung with the name-boards from derelicts cast upon Nantucket's shores. Upstairs in the one-time bridal chamber the so-called ship's "knees" in the four corners of the room are an interesting study in marine architecture.

Near the front door is a small, high window, through which the housewife was wont to peer ere answering the knocker, lest some drunken

Indian might have strayed that way. To be sure, the thousand or so Indians who originally inhabited Nantucket and sold the island to the English for "two beaver hatts and thirty pounds sterling" were always on friendly terms with the white settlers and never warred against them, but occasionally the "fire-water" had its deteriorating effect upon the simple-minded savage, and it was deemed advisable to be cautious. The old-fashioned windows, too, had solid wooden shutters, to be bolted and barred.

The old settlers often call the dwelling the Horseshoe House, by reason of the great brick horseshoe built into the immense chimney. Near the house is still the primitive well-sweep, and the thirsty one may quaff at will of the clear, cold water. The Coffin place is not the first house built on the island, but the little homes of the original settlers have vanished and this, the Jethro Coffin house, built in 1686, now stands pre-eminent as the OLDEST HOUSE IN NANTUCKET.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MABEL G. MITCHELL.

III. THE WHIPPLE HOUSE, IPSWICH, MASS.

As this house is close by the Ipswich railroad station and is maintained as a "show place" by its owner, the Ipswich Historical Society, it is much better known than either of the other two we have described. Its oldest part (for, like the Fairbanks home, it was built by degrees) dates from 1638 or earlier. In the second oldest (and the largest) part, almost all the beams are of oak nearly fourteen inches square. The posts and girders are carved with some attempt at elegance of finish. The house measures fifty feet by thirty-six, the large rooms twenty-four by seventeen. When the Wisconsin Historical Society was planning to reproduce an old New England kitchen in its new building at Madison, it searched five New England States, and finally decided on that of the Whipple house as the best one for its model.—ED.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF WASHINGTON TO FIELDING LEWIS, HIS NEPHEW

Family letters of this sort are extremely rare. The Father of his Country probably had many such applications for help.

MOUNT VERNON, Feb. 27, 1784.

Dear Fielding

You very much mistake my circumstances, when you suppose me in a condition to advance money.—

I made no money from my Estate during the nine years I was absent from it, and brought none home with me,—Those who owed me, for the greater part—took advantage of the depreciation & paid me off with Six pence in the pound,—Those to whom I was indebted, I have yet to pay, without other means, if they will not wait, than selling part of my Estate—or distressing those who were too honest to take advantage of the Tender Laws to quit scores with me.—

This relation of my circumstances, which is a true one, is alone sufficient, without adding that my living under the best oeconomy I can use, must, unavoidably, be expensive, to convince you of my inability to advance money.

I have heard with pleasure that you are industrious—convince people by your mode of living that you are Sober and frugal also, and I persuade myself your Creditors will grant you every indulgence they can.—It would be no small inducement to me, if it ever should be in my power, to assist you.

Your Father's advice to you in his Letter of the 8th of Octobr is worthy the goodness of his own Heart, and very excellent to follow,—If I could say anything to enforce it, it should not be wanting.—

I shall always be glad to see you here, your Aunt joins me in best wishes, and I am your

Affecte Uncle
GEO. WASHINGTON.

P. S.

There was a great space between the 23d of Septr 1778, when you were called upon by your Father for a specific list of your Debts, and his

death; How hapened it, that in all that time you did not comply with his request? and what do they amount to now? His letters to you are returned & I hope will get safe to hand
G. W.

PART OF LETTER OF NOAH WEBSTER TO STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER,
ALBANY, N. Y.

AMHERST, MASS., Jan. 2, 1822.

(The great lexicographer on plain living and high thinking. Like Agassiz, he "had no time to make money.")

If I was not afraid of borrowing, I should not have troubled you with my statements. I can borrow money on my own responsibility; but my property is so small that, with a family to maintain, I dare not put any part of it at hazard. The loss of a few thousand dollars would impoverish me and render the evening of my life uncomfortable. But, small as my property is, I can live upon it and be satisfied. I want nothing for myself merely nor for my heirs. I want only the *means* of doing what I believe will be beneficial to learning and to my country, etc.



GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XIX (*Continued*)

THE lady bowed her head and wept. The borderer saw he was gaining an advantage, and determined to pursue it. She spoke not, and he thus went on:

“Hear me, Alida: there was a time when, in the full tide of youth, madly as I loved you, I would never have taken you as a reluctant partner to my bosom. But years of care and disappointment have sobered this arrogance of all-exacting affection. I am, alas! no longer young; and the freshness of both our lives has passed away for ever. I never have loved, I never can love, another than you; and you—you can never belong to another until my death shall set you free. Why, then, oh why shall we both continue to be miserable for our remaining years? Why will you not make it my privilege, as it is my right, to minister to your happiness, by crowning mine? Why not confide in the partner whom Destiny has, for good or ill, allotted you, and permit me to announce you to the world as my wife? These wars must soon be over,” pursued the Tory captain, gathering confidence as he proceeded; “the rebels are even now splitting into factions among themselves; and when the king’s friends come in for honors and offices, and the forfeited estates of heavy-pursed and rich-landed traitors, Walter Bradshawe’s claims for the spoils that are won by loyalty and valor will not be the feeblest among them. Ay, and men do say that titles will not be withheld when success shall finally entitle us to the full meed of royal bounty and graciousness. Wilt be my Lady Bradshawe, fair Alida?” And the wily suitor, dropping not ungracefully on one knee, tried that half-frank, half-humorous smile which had made more than one village maiden pronounce him positively handsome when his features wore it, and which others of the sex, less innocent, had called “the devil’s own trick” when they had learned to rue its influence upon their hearts. But Alida—though she too might, in some sense, be numbered among his victims—was made of different metal from those whom Bradshawe had often molded to his purpose.

"Kneel not to me," she cried, "thou base and sordid slave! thou wretched minion of power debauched and misapplied! thou most fitting tool of drunken tyranny! Share thy name! thy *loyal* name, thy honors, thy titles, forsooth! Vile parricide, I thank thee for reminding me of my bleeding country, which even now is convulsed with the throes of casting out such wretches as thou from her bosom. By Heaven, Bradshawe, I would rather these rocks should close together and crush me where I stand, or that yon black stream should float my senseless corpse to an abyss still lower than that in which your villainy has already buried my living frame; I would, I would, rather than bear the name of your wife before men for a single day!"

"There may be a fate reserved for you in these vaults worse than either," said Bradshawe, in a voice husky with passion, as he regained his feet and stepped a pace or two backward. A sheathed poniard, unnoticed by himself, slipped from his belt as he rose, and fell upon the floor of the cavern midway between him and Alida. Her quick eye caught sight of the weapon in a moment; and, almost ere the dreadful import of the last words had reached her ears, she had sprung forward, plucked the dirk from the ground, and recovered her former position. Bradshawe, recoiling first at the impetuous bound she had made toward him, now actually turned pale when he saw her slowly draw the weapon from its sheath, and gaze with a cold smile upon its gleaming blade. He would have spoken, but horror kept him tongue-tied; he would have leaped forward to snatch the deadly steel from her hand, but the least motion on his part would precipitate the catastrophe which he verily believed was impending. But the next movement of Alida relieved the fearful suspense that agitated him. She calmly, after feeling its point, passed the naked dagger through her girdle, so as to secure it to her person.

"It is small, but it will do," she said, flinging the sheath to the feet of Bradshawe. "Your power over me from this moment has its limit. The instrument of my deliverance is in my own hands; and you can do no more than compel me to use it," she added, with an air of determination, so quiet as sufficiently to speak her resolve, even if the words had not been significant enough to reveal her purpose.

"I meant not—I did not mean—" stammered Bradshawe.

"Our conference is over, sir; and it has a fitting end," interrupted Alida, haughtily, waving her hand. "I would be alone, Mr. Bradshawe."

"Another time, then, when my care for your welfare, so far as I can study it in these dreary retreats, shall have obliterated these ignominious suspicions, this most ungenerous and unjust misinterpretation of every word I utter, I will come, Alida, and in a few days, perhaps, may venture to——"

"Come, sir, whenever you have made up your mind to the moment my doom is sealed; but let the victim be released from the presence of the executioner for the few hours that may yet be allotted her."

The curtain of the tent dropped before her as she pronounced these words; and Bradshawe, too much stupefied by the sudden turn which events had taken, and confounded by the position in which he had placed himself, withdrew sullenly to his boat, without bestowing the least notice upon his gaping slaves, who had been the mute and astonished witnesses of this singular scene.

"What a cursed blockhead I was to threaten a storm, when I had lots of time to circumvent, and a thousand other ways to drive the garrison to surrender. Wat Bradshawe, you are more of an ass than most believe you. You great boy you, to let your blood get above your brain for a moment, because a theatrical girl is mad enough to scoff at you! She, too, wholly, at the moment, in your power! Zounds! but my henhawk made a gallant thing of it. That cursed dagger, too, slipping away as it did. Well for me it was not a pistol, or the Amazon had done for me at five paces. She's a tall girl; a great piece of woman's flesh, that same Mistress Bradshawe. I don't know whether it be love or hatred that drives me on; but something does drive me. If love, there's certainly a streak of malice in it. If hatred, there must be some wishywashy dripings of tenderness in the bitter waters, for my heart beat the devil's tattoo when she pointed that infernal bodkin so near to her bosom. Halloo, Charon! mongrel half-breed! bowknot of twisted man's flesh! hither, I say! Ah! my good Charon, I dreamed not you were so near at hand."

And Bradshawe, terminating his amiable soliloquy, as his deformed follower joined him at the opening in the rock where they had before separated, the two soon afterward regained the Outlaws' Hall.

CHAPTER XX

INTERLOPERS

AN injury may be forgiven by a proud spirit, but an insult never. And what human being is without his share of pride? That miserable deformed half-breed; that crooked mongrel of a man; that dumb and uncomplaining slave of the gloomy mine of Waneonda, had yet his human feelings, had still his modicum of inward self-esteem, which brutal words could wound and outrage. His vocation in those tomb-like cells, though toilsome and humble, was still one of the greatest trust; for he was alike warder and seneschal of that subterranean castle, whose moat and drawbridge were the black stream and tottering skiff of the hunchback ferryman.

With these defenses the renegade garrison had always held themselves safe from hostile intrusion. They might be starved out of their stronghold, but it could never be carried by assault. For however the secret of the cave might become known, its recesses could never be penetrated by a stranger, save through the treachery of the ferryman.

That poor wretch, whom we have only known by the sobriquet of Charon, as Bradshawe had nicknamed him, had always enjoyed his confidence, and hitherto not undeservedly; though while Bradshawe regarded himself as the patron of the half-breed, and entitled to his gratitude, the other, perhaps, had merely viewed their relations toward each other as a mutual affair to give and take, which left neither party under special obligations to the other. The half-breed, who had originally been a fisherman by occupation, had, in former years, pointed out the cave to Bradshawe when acting as his guide to the trout-streams among the hills. Bradshawe, learning that the spot had been hitherto known only to the Indians, and, for some motive best known to himself, wishing that a knowledge of it should be extended to those white men only to whom he chose

to intrust it, determined instantly to take the half-breed into his service, upon condition of his keeping the secret of the place.

Time passed on; the half-breed, carried to another part of the country, became a useless hanger-on of Bradshawe's establishment; nominally a provider for, but really a pensioner upon, Bradshawe's kitchen; in short, one of that lounging, eel-catching degenerates of the aborigines that may still be found near some of the old families on Long Island, incident, as it were, rather than belonging to the establishment. The abduction of Miss De Roos, which made it necessary for Valtmeyer, who played the part of scapegoat in that affair, to disappear from among men for a time, was the first thing that called the half-breed and his secret into actual use. Since that time he had silently almost passed into Valtmeyer's service, who sometimes for a month together retained him in the cavern, of which he was a perfectly contented tenant, and which grew more and more like a home to him. Idle by nature, yet always to be relied upon when any duty was required of him, this inoffensive, taciturn creature was one of the few human beings who had never provoked the imperious insolence of Bradshawe's nature when brought in familiar contact with him. But his brutality did break out at last in the hour that, foaming with rage and vexation, he called for the service of the ferryman when returning from his fruitless interview with Alida. The jeer at his deformity was resented by the half-breed even in the moment it was uttered; for the means of vengeance were at hand, and, as we shall soon see, he did not hesitate to embrace them.

The goodly company to which Bradshawe was now about to introduce himself in the Outlaws' Hall might, in the slight glimpse we have had of them in these deep cavern shades, have passed well enough as a redoubtable crew of desperadoes, a real melodramatic set of brigands. But the truth is, that, though felon-loving old Salvator might have picked out a head of two among them for his savage pencil, a majority of these worthies would have formed a more suitable study for some American Wilkie—our own Richard Mount, perhaps—whose canvas, borrowing for the nonce some broader and bolder shadows, might delight in preserving the grotesque array of characters.

Among Valtmeyer's immediate crew there were, indeed, some as

hideous-looking gentlemen as ever said stand and deliver upon the highway. Faces stolid yet ferocious; looks blended of sinister malice and sensual audacity; wild, rude, and reckless-featured men, with that dash of the genuine savage in their aspect which is only acquired by pursuing a career of crime upon the extreme borders of society, where the practitioner incessantly vibrates between civilized and barbarian life; a variety of the robber species, in short, such as is only found upon our Indian frontiers; such as the curious may occasionally there light upon even at this day; but such as only existed in perfection when the name of Red Wolfert Valtmeyer was terrible in the land.

But, though these ill-omened visages glowered here and there from beneath the wolfskin cap or checkered handkerchief which swathed around the brows, and, with some tawdry plume or Indian medal stuck in its folds, generally formed the headgear in this portrait gallery of infernals, yet there was that both in the guise and features of many which was hardly in keeping with their present associations. The complexions and appointments of a few betrayed them as city-bred and of luxurious nurture; they were ill-disciplined youths, whom the mad spirit of loyalty, or some home disgust, or some silly boyish escapade had driven from a parent's roof to the stormy border, where, in the whirl of events, they had been hurled, with the black-bearded men around them, into this place of bad spirits, where so many had huddled together for safety.

Of others, the faces were coarse, but not weather-beaten, and bloated in some instances, as if by the loose debauch of the roadside tippling-house, from which, perhaps, their swaggering air was likewise borrowed.

Here a red flannel shirt, breeches of corduroy, and thick-soled brogans betrayed the quondam village tradesman; while there the coat of foxy black, or tattered blue with tarnished metal buttons, and shrunken underclothes of threadbare gray, might have bespoken some bankrupt peddler (or traveling merchant, as the country folk would more reverentially call him), save that the rusty-hilted small-sword by his side, bespeaking his old-fashioned claim to gentility, might induce one to set him down as an absconding attorney.

All of the motley group, however, notwithstanding these little discrepancies, seemed to be close confrères, who were upon the choicest terms

of fellowship together; and though Syl Stickney's contribution of newcomers had been received at first rather coolly by some members of the company, they had all, doubtless, in other scenes and places, often consoorted in brotherhood of some kind to establish the harmonious sympathy which reigned among them.

The tie of that brotherhood was political faith! They were all possessed by that spirit, which, next to the old democrat DEATH, is your only true leveller, bringing all men on whom it seizes, save only kings and demagogues, upon the same platform. *Party spirit* had made them at first co-labourers, and then co-mates together. But what mattered the temporary inconvenience of so incongruous an association? The disagreeableness and evils of their state affected only themselves; and what mattered such transient exposure when the well-being of countless generations was concerned? Were they not loyal subjects, banded together to sustain, not merely the right of a crowned king, but to preserve and fix the blessed precedence of rank, with all its orderly succession of prerogative, by which alone civilization can be sustained?

Thus reasoned some four or five small landed proprietors or gentlemen farmers of undoubted respectability, who, having compromised their safety in the plots of their party by being seen riding home from more than one Tory rendezvous, were now compelled "to take earth" for a season, and share this den with the lowest dregs of the faction to which they belonged. These suffering partisans of the royal cause had been now for so many weeks crowded together in familiar contact with their present comrades, that there was really little in their bearing to distinguish them from the rest, though a gray riding-frock and broad-leafed beaver, with a feather in it of the same color, or the uniform of the royal Greens, in which some of them, who bore a commission in the yeomanry militia, were dressed, might have marked them as being better apparelled than their comrades.

"Ah! Bradshawe," cried one of these worthies, "Bradshawe, my ace of trumps, I am rejoiced to see you; for there are so few faced cards in our pack here, that some of us would throw up our hands in very disgust were it not for the royal game we're playing. But by what devilish legerdemain are we all shuffled here together?"

"Yes, Bradshawe," exclaimed another, "tell us, is there no chance of our breaking away from this cursed hole till the rebels come to unearth us?"

"If you know of any better *hole* to creep into, gentlemen, there is nothing to prevent our parting company at any moment that suits your pleasure," dryly replied Bradshawe, at the same time saluting the company with a formal courtesy.

His personal retainers, crowding tumultuously around him the moment they heard the sound of his voice, prevented any further parley with the group of gentlemen who had first accosted him, and with whom, indeed, Bradshawe seemed disposed to converse as little as possible. The truth is, that though he had been more than once indebted to the hospitality of some of them, and would on no account have been so impolitic as to treat any of them with positive rudeness, yet the presence of these royalists of the more respectable class put a check upon his conduct that filled him with chagrin and vexation.

More than one of these gentlemen had, in less troublous times, been personally acquainted with the family of the unfortunate Alida; and all of them were men of that stamp who would not hesitate to embroil themselves in deadly quarrel to succour a lady so iniquitously dealt with as Miss de Roos had been. Nor would his political faith or loyal services have been any shield to Bradshawe had these country gentlemen dreamed of the villainy he was practising against the daughter of an old neighbor, well known, and once universally beloved in the county.

Their wrath, had been once really awakened, Bradshawe would have laughed to scorn and would soon have made them feel, in their present situation, the folly of chiding the lion when their heads were in his mouth. But while, for very natural reasons, not wishing that anything should create disunion between himself and his brother partisans, he felt that, however idly their indignation might explode where they could be so easily overmastered by his immediate crew, yet, to bring his affair with Alida to a successful termination, the secret of the cavern must not be extended to more than were at present entrusted with it. It was therefore not without an inward feeling of satisfaction that he listened to a proposition which one of the Tory gentlemen, coming forward in

behalf of the rest, made him as soon as he was disengaged from receiving the boisterous welcome that others gave him in the Outlaws' Hall.

"We pardon the coldness of your greeting, Captain Bradshawe," said this gentleman, "in consideration of the kindness we have already received from some of your servants; and because our some days' experience of the difficulty of providing for so many mouths in this place suggests that there must be limits to your hospitality, and——"

"Nay, my dear Fenton," said Bradshawe, seizing both hands of the speaker, "I beg you would not mention——"

"Pardon me, Captain Bradshawe," said the Refugee, bowing somewhat stiffly as he withdrew his hands from the familiar grasp of the other, "there are four or five of us here who have made up our minds where to dispose of ourselves; and all that we ask is a couple of your retainers, to act as guides and packmen till we can make our way within the borders of Ulster County, where we are sure of a cordial reception at the house of a royalist gentleman of our acquaintance."

"The men, Mr. Fenton, are entirely at your service, if you insist upon thus abruptly taking leave of the poor entertainment I have to offer you. But why not, gentlemen, at the least, put off your departure till the morrow?"

"We had no idea of starting till to-morrow," rejoined one of the older royalists bluntly.

"Not at all, not at all," said Fenton, rather hurriedly, and coloring at the same time as he appreciated Bradshawe's readiness to get rid of himself and his friends; "we'll be off within the hour if your men can get ready."

"Within the hour be it, since you *will* go," replied Bradshawe, turning at once upon his heel to give the necessary order.

"The churl!" muttered Fenton.

"What can you expect from a hog but a grunt?" echoed Sylla.

"If you sit down with dogs, you must look for fleas," rejoined his brother Marius, as the classic pair stood listening to this colloquy of their betters.

"I say, Squire Fenton," pursued Syl, "I mistrust Marius; and I'll make tracks with you out of this darned hole. A fellow'll turn into a woodchuck if he burrows here much longer."

This accession to his party was gladly welcomed by Fenton at the time, though, as it included several of Syl's immediate friends and cronies, it proved subsequently disastrous from the undue confidence it gave Fenton in his numbers, as will appear in the sequel.

The arrangements for their departure were soon completed. But the final exit of Fenton and his followers was attended by circumstances which can scarcely be understood unless we recur to other actors in the scene, athwart whose shadows a new and strange form is but now flitting to mingle mysteriously with the rest.

We have already spoken of the feeling of bitter exasperation which had been excited in the bosom of the hunchback ferryman by the brutal language of his master, but we have not told that the hour which Bradshawe consumed in the Lady's Chapel had seen a trial of the half-breed's fidelity which, considering his Indian origin, was of the severest kind.

Scarcely, indeed, had the Tory captain passed through the opening in the rock and launched in his boat upon the river beyond, before the Hunchback found himself in contact with another authority than that which had posted him there as sentinel. Hearing the fall of a pebble on the bottom of the cavern, he stepped quickly forward, and threw the light of his torch against the walls of the pit by which you first descend into the cave. He could discover nothing. Presently another pebble rolled to his feet. It seemed to bound from a ledge of rock near him. Still he could not fix the direction whence it came; and he climbed half way up the zigzag shaft of the pit to see if it could have been precipitated from without. He lifted his torch aloft, so as to throw its light where the rope ladder was wont to be suspended from the crossed trees above. But all looked quiet there and safe. The ladder had been, as usual,

drawn in and secured, a thin tendril of grapevine, passing over a cross timber above, being left hanging to raise it from within to its former place, when necessary. Suddenly he saw the grapevine vibrate. The ladder began slowly to uncoil, and rise before his eyes. He leaped forward, and with one blow of his hunting-knife severed the vine, and the rope fell by his side.

"Ugh!" exclaimed an Indian voice without, as the swinging sliver came burdenless to his hand.

The swart features of the Hunchback became radiant at the sound as he tossed his torch above his head, and hailed the stranger in the Mohawk tongue. The vine was again let down. The Hunchback quickly attached it anew to the ladder of rope. It was drawn up from above. A towering figure darkened the opening for a moment, and then Brant stood beside the deformed outcast of his tribe.

"My child, how fares he here with his white father?" said the chief kindly.

"'The Broken Tomahawk,'" said the man, calling himself by his Indian name, "has no father. The Mohawk owns not him, he owns not the white man. He is here on his own bidding, but will do the will of Thayendanagea." And speaking thus, he was about to usher the chief farther into the cavern; for Brant was known to him as the companion in arms of Bradshawe, and, as such, the Hunchback had no hesitation in farthering his ingress. The Sachem, however, was by no means desirous of the interview which the half-breed thought he was seeking, and his errand here must be a brief one, if he would despatch it at all. He ascertained that Bradshawe had already arrived at Waneonda, and assumed the personal charge of his captive. Brant's only chance, then, of rescuing her, depended upon the aid and connivance of the half-breed; and that aid could only be secured by awakening the fellow's Indian sympathies so strongly in favor of the Mohawk that they should overpower his fidelity to the white man.

But the Hunchback, though evidently flattered by the frank confidence which the chief seemed to repose in him, and listening with mute

respect to the claims which he urged upon his services, was unflinching in his trust. Brant could wring nothing from him save a promise not to reveal this secret visit to Bradshawe; and even this promise was accompanied with a condition which seemed something like a threat upon the part of the Hunchback.

"Let the chief go," said he. "Let Thayendanagea depart in secret as he has come. No bird shall whisper that he has been here, and Thayendanagea will come no more."

There was nothing, therefore, to be done with this stanch seneschal, unless Brant had chosen to strangle him where he stood, or hurl him deathward down the black pit whose entrance he guarded. But it was not in the heart of Brant to crush in cold blood a creature always so inoffensive, and now so firm when he stood most exposed and defenseless. Had he debated such a thing in his own mind, however, there was now hardly time to effect it successfully; for at this moment the enraged voice of Bradshawe was heard shouting to the half-breed, who waved his hand to Brant, as if motioning him to ascend and leave the cave at once, and then hurried to wait upon the Tory captain.

Brant seized the opportunity to descend farther into the cavern, with whose peculiarities he was perfectly familiar, and gained a recess of the rock not far from the fallen tree just as Bradshawe brushed by it in traversing the passage. The hand of the Mohawk clutched the belt-knife, which was half drawn from its sheath as the glare of the Hunchback's torch shone full upon him for a moment. The life of Bradshawe turned upon a cast. But, haply, he passed by, unheeding the peril at hand; and the person of Brant being thrown the next instant into deep shadow, the knife was shot back into its sheath as he saw the danger of discovery had passed away. That momentary gleam of light, however, had revealed to Brant the features of the Hunchback, and the feelings which agitated them; for he had overheard the contumelious epithets which Bradshawe applied to the unfortunate. Brant scarcely doubted what their effect would be upon the half-Indian nature of the Hunchback. If not a provocation to revenge, they would at least cancel all ties of kindness which bound him as a retainer of Bradshawe.

Nor did the sagacious Mohawk err in his judgment; for, following shortly afterward to the spot where the others embarked upon the black lake to cross to the threshold of the Outlaws' Hall, the plashing of the ferryman's paddle had hardly died away upon his ear before he again heard its faint dip approach once more the shore from which he had just parted. The Hunchback, neither by look nor word, expressed his surprise at finding the chief awaiting him, but mutely drew up his boat, marshalled Brant forward to the opening in the curtain of rock, and aided him in launching upon the River of Ghosts.

CHAPTER XXI

THE RESCUE

ALIDA, to whom, haply, the story of her family, desolated through the agency of Brant, was yet unknown, did not hesitate to accept the deliverance proffered at his hands; but the noble-hearted girl insisted upon the negroes, to whose kindness she was so much indebted, being first removed from the reach of Bradshawe's cruelty; for she knew that the first outbreak of his wrath would be terrible, and that it was upon these defenceless creatures it would fall. The little shallop would contain but two persons at a time, and many precious moments were consumed in ferrying the whole party to the chamber where the Hunchback stood, a sullen sentry.

The negroes have already found their way to the outside of the cavern without further peril of discovery; and now the swarthy chief and the bright lady have embarked upon these ghostly waters. Their frail boat has brushed safely through the flinty chasm which walls in the sinuous tide. They have reached the crevice in the curtain of rock, and have gained a footing on the land, when suddenly the distant reverberations of a horn are heard trembling through the shadowy cells around. It is a summons to the Hunchback to assume his office of warder in facilitating the egress of Fenton and his followers.

In the scene which followed, even the coolness of Brant, aided as

he was by the presence of mind of his companion, would hardly have availed them, had it not been for the ready offices of the Hunchback in assisting Alida up the first ascent before the foremost of Fenton's party had fairly reached the spot where the danger of discovery was most imminent.

And now, marshalled by torches formed of the blazing knots of the yellow pine, Bradshawe's parting guests were congregated in the chamber from which first commences the ascent to daylight—Bradshawe himself coming last to bid them farewell at their exit from the cavern, and make up, if possible, for previous indifference by the warmth of his adieus.

The two foremost of the party, who seemed more closely muffled than the rest, had already, as it appeared, surmounted the first ascent, and contented themselves with waving him a backward adieu, as, mounting beyond his reach, they stepped upon the ladder which led up the second. The rest successively gave him each a hand as they passed up the fallen tree before described.

About half had made the ascent of the first steep, when the half-breed Hunchback, exclaiming that he would steady the rope ladder for one of the party who was somewhat infirm, mounted with the agility of a cat to the ledge to which its lower end was attached. Bradshawe took no note of his officiousness, and the rest followed, till the two brothers Stickney alone were left at the bottom.

"Ho! treason!" shouted Bradshawe, seizing the luckless Syl by the collar, and flinging him upon the flinty floor of the cave, as he was in the act of moving forward in his turn. "Charon! Valtmeyer—ho there! Charon, you humpbacked knave, what means this? Ten men, the number of Fenton's party, have already gone up, yet these two Yankee pedlers are still below."

"Pedler yourself, Captain Bradshawe," cried the sturdy Marius; and, in a moment, the indignant Syl having sprung to his feet, the two New Englanders had rushed together upon the Tory captain, hurled him against the wall of the cavern, and scrambled up to the landing-

place where stood the Hunchback, flinging his torchlight over the pit below. Bradshawe, recovering himself, cocked a pistol and leveled it at Marius on the instant.

"Hullo! captin'," cried the undismayed Syl, pressing down the head of his brother, so that the rays of the torch passed over it, and left only his own arm to aim at. "Don't be such a darn'd fool, captin', as to throw away your shot upon us, who raaly have had nothing to do with this muss. Humpy here's your man, I reckon; and, if you wait a moment, I'll pitch him down to you."

How far the doughty Syl might have succeeded in a tussle with the active half-breed in such a spot, it is impossible now to say; for the Hunchback was about to prepare himself for the encounter, which he did by quickly flinging the torch from his hands into the abyss below. But the movement that he makes in leaning over to hurl it at Bradshawe exposes the upper part of his person for an instant, and the flash of Bradshawe's pistol illuminated the vault in the moment the blazing missile left the hand of the Hunchback, who instantly followed it, shot to death, and tumbled from ledge to ledge, a mangled corpse, at the feet of the Tory captain.

"Sylla! Marius!" shouted Bradshawe, when the reverberations had subsided, "halt the party, and tell them there is treason among us." But no answer came from the classic pair, who had already made their exit from the cavern. Bradshawe, whose presence of mind seemed to have deserted him for a moment, instead of at once following the retiring party, groped his way to the Warder's Room, eagerly seized the lantern which was ever kept burning there, ferried himself across the lake, summoned Valtmeyer, with him recrossed the black pool once more, and, leaving his worthy adjutant in the chamber where the Hunchback had found a tomb, launched himself upon the River of Ghosts, and wended his way to the remote cell where Alida was immured.

The bats were now its only tenants, and the voiceless spot, with no light save the torch of the gloomy voyager to illumine its dark walls, seemed dreary and chill as it had never seemed before to his eyes.

The baffled Bradshawe rejoined his comrade. "Have that carrion

flung out to the wolves; or, stay, it may remain till to-morrow, when we will all move away together."

"Do we carry any woman's baggage with us?" asked Valtmeyer, keenly eyeing his superior.

"No, Wolfert. I give you those niggers wherever you may find them."

"And the farm?"

"D—n the farm, and you too, sir! Don't you see, man, you are plucking at my heartstrings? The girl's gone; lost to me, perhaps, forever. Is this a moment to remind me of the price I paid for her?" And Bradshawe ground another oath between his teeth that put a summary end to the conversation.

With the morrow's dawn the den of renegades had vomited forth its tenants, a weird and ghastly crew, with beard unshorn and skin cadaverous from long exclusion from the light of day. A fall of snow had obliterated the tracks of those who had departed the night before; and Bradshawe, unwilling to penetrate with such a body of men into the settled country, where farther pursuit of Alida would most probably lead him, made no effort to recover Fenton's trail, but addressed himself to the task of getting his band of followers out of this Whig district as soon as possible. He then laid his course for Oswego, whither great numbers of Tories had already flocked together, under the lead of Colonels Claus and Butler, and where the royal banner, guarded by a thousand Indian warriors under Guy Johnson, was still kept flying.

The Cave of Waneonda, which had so lately rung with the wild peal of outlaw merriment, was left to echo only the monotonous sound of its black-rolling waters. And though some hard-hunted refugee, from time to time, sought a shelter there with the handful of outlaws it occasionally harbored, it was not until after years that its hideous cells again were fully peopled. Those dungeon vaults, so silent now, what tales of woe and horror could they tell? Tales of those times when the Johnsons came back on their mad errand of vengeance; when they desolated the vale of Schoharie with fire and sword, and Waneonda again disgorged a felon crew to steep the land in crime and blood.

But let us now return to the wanderers who have last emerged from these shadowy realms.

The surprise of Fenton, when his band was fully mustered on the mountain side and at some distance from the mouth of the cave, may be conceived at finding strangers among their number. But Brant, so well known to all the gentlemen of this region from the civil offices he had held previous to the present struggle, had only to reveal himself to be warmly received by his brother partisan.

The winter's night was closing in rapidly, and Fenton—whose indignation against Bradshawe was fully roused upon hearing the story of Alida's forcible detention in the vaults of Waneonda—assisted her down the mountain as they hurried forward on their journey. It was determined that she should at once seek a refuge in the settlement of Schoharie, which was at hand; and the whole party was halted to designate some one who could be trusted with the duty of placing her in the hands of her friends. It would have been madness for Brant, even upon such an embassy, to venture himself in the hands of the patriots; and his own men would not spare Fenton, who, although almost equally obnoxious as a virulent Tory, had still not been charged with any stain of cruelty that would call out personal vengeance.

While this discussion was taking place, the attention of the two leaders was distracted by a sudden outcry near. Several of the more lawless members of the party, as it seemed, had pushed in advance of the rest, for the purpose of driving off some horses that were grazing in a field near by. The farmhouse to which the field belonged chanced, at the moment, to be occupied by a patrol of villagers; for the Whig militia, since Schuyler's march upon Johnstown, had been industriously employed in scouring the country and arresting every person suspected of Toryism upon whom they could lay their hands. This patrol, hearing the clatter of hoofs, now sallied out. The moon, which shone brightly down over the snow-covered fields, showed that they were a mere handful of men, whom Fenton's followers outnumbered; and, though provoked and incensed at the untimely occurrence, Fenton could not resist the temptation to crush the gang of rebellious boors, as he termed them.

He sprang from the side of Alida as Brant attempted to seize his arm to prevent the mad movement, drew his rapier, and rushed into the fray.

Alida, though now not unused to scenes of blood and violence, had never stood before with hopes and fears divided between her friends and countrymen engaged in personal conflict. She covered her head with her mantle and cowered toward the earth. There was a quick, irregular volley of firearms, the shout of a sudden onset, followed by the clashing of swords against the barrels of clubbed rifles; and then came the trampling of many feet, as of men borne down in a struggle or flying along the frozen highway near her. She looked up; Brant had disappeared from her side, and the royalists had been driven back past the spot where she stood. Suddenly the Indian warwhoop arose wild and shrilly from a thicket of evergreens at a turning of the road; and now the patriots, as if seized by a sudden panic, came flying back over the road where they had just pressed the foe.

"That's right, boys; git into kiver as soon as you can; it's a regular ambush," exclaimed a well-known voice near her. "We've peppered 'em enough for one night's work." The spokesman, however, seemed very slow in practising his own recommendation, as, coolly loading his rifle, he trudged along behind the rest.

"Run, Balt, run," shouted a fugitive. "The Redskins are upon us."

"They won't lift my head-thatch this time, howsomever. I'm looking for the chap whose gourd I smashed so handsomely when he came pushing his skewer through my jacket. By the Eternal, if it be not Squire Fenton," he suddenly exclaimed, starting back from the body of that gallant and unfortunate gentleman.

"Fenton!" faintly ejaculated Alida, who was not twenty paces distant. But her voice was unheeded by Balt; unheeded, too, were the exclamations of the group who quickly gathered around him, retracing their steps as they saw the last scattered remains of the Tory party, preserved by the ruse of Brant, disappear over the hills.

"Yes, boys, that's Squire Fenton, and no mistake," said Balt, with something resembling a heavy sigh; "and he shall have as decent a grave

as ever Christian laid in, if it took the best acre of ground in the county to hold him. He was as true a gentleman as ever sat in the king's commission of the peace among us. As kind and as brave a heart——"

"He was a d—d Tory," said a ruffian voice among the crew, bringing the butt of his rifle heavily upon the frozen ground as he spoke.

"Mister Bill Murphy," said Balt, no way perturbed, "you'll just please to take liberties with the names of Tories of your own shooting, and let mine alone. The devil knows that you've sent enough on 'em to their last account, what with firing on flags o' truce and sich like, Bill."*

Murphy felt the rude compliment rather than the reproach that was blended in this speech, and was silent.

"But who have we here?" said Balt, now for the first time noticing the crouched form of the half-frozen Alida. "Who, in the name of the first mother of gals, is this missus that the Tories have left behind them?"

Alida, who had shrunk from claiming the protection of these rude and blood-stained men, while still chafing around the warm remains of her friend, so recently slaughtered, now dashed these shuddering impressions from her mind, and gladly revealed herself to Balt.

The joy of the worthy woodsman was boundless at beholding her again, though he would scarcely trust his senses to believe that it was really Miss De Roos who stood alive before him. He approached without uttering a syllable in reply to her, turned her around as he raised her from the fallen tree against which she had been reclining, threw back the hood of the cloak which covered her head, and bared her fair features to the moon; then releasing her hand, he stepped back a pace or two, and, lifting his hat reverentially from his gray head, made a deep obeisance as he exclaimed, "The great God be praised, Miss Alida, it is really you!"

*Is not this an anachronism? The famous rifle-shot and desperado whom tradition accuses of shooting down the bearers of flags of truce upon several occasions during the relentless conflicts between the Whigs and Tories of this region, is not mentioned as thus feloniously signaling himself until the last great inroad of the refugees in the subsequent years of the war.—P. D.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be continued)

BOOK REVIEWS

A HISTORY OF HATFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, 1660-1910. By Daniel White Wells and Reuben Field Wells. 12mo. 536 pp., illust. F. C. H. Gibbons, Springfield, Mass. [1910]. \$5.00 net; postage 23c. extra.

To write the history of an old New England town is the work of a lifetime. Forty years of persistent effort of searching and writing have produced a few model histories such as those of Hingham, Mass., and Hampton, N. H.

The authors of this volume selected an important historical locality—one in which such historical writers as Holland, Judd, Sheldon, Trumbull, Temple and Craft had at an earlier period gleaned somewhat. They have not appropriated the results of their predecessors, but have drawn from original sources, enriching and elaborating the results of the earlier searches in this town.

Arranged in three parts: (1) An account of the development of the social and industrial life of the town; (2) the homes of Hatfield with reminiscences of those who lived there during the last hundred years; (3) the genealogies of the families of the first settlers, the volume presents a valuable contribution to New England local history.

For more than thirty years the authors were engaged in the historical and genealogical researches which are here published. Such undertakings—largely a labor of love—are certain to enrich the lives of those whose ancestors were associated with the ancient town. Little are the descendants likely to realize the long, tedious hours of searching, the results of which are here

easily accessible to all who can read intelligently.

The characteristics of the town, unity of spirit and harmony of action, extending over two hundred and fifty years, are here portrayed. Its founders were men of firm convictions, but their differences were fairly met, and when decided by the majority were thenceforth at an end. When the time came for separation from old Hadley even this was worked out harmoniously. To abide by the vote of the majority and to respect the rights of the minority has been a guiding principle of the town. After Hatfield had become incorporated, Whately and Williamsburg were set off, and mindful of a common blood and belief the men of Hatfield took an important part in the development of these towns.

What a New England country town has contributed to the world's work from the rank and file is well illustrated in this history. As the course of emigration swept westward it bore Hatfield men to central New York, to the Western Reserve, to the prairies of Illinois, to the banks of the Mississippi, to the gold fields of California, and to the far-away shores of Alaska. The migration of families through the centuries is indeed remarkable and this volume makes its contribution to that phase of history.

Not the least among the valuable things are the reminiscences of Samuel D. Partridge, which clothe the past with pictures of living interest. The genealogies also will be consulted as long as the book lasts. Descendants of the early settlers scattered far and wide will appreciate this section, for here they may hope to find the exact fact touching some undiscovered ancestor who

lived awhile in the Connecticut valley town in the days of long ago. Was he in the Indian massacre—was he a patriot—what did he contribute to the town and colony? This volume will tell.

Indexes to subjects, places and persons add to the usefulness of the book.

It is a matter of regret that the book was so made as to involve the use of clayed paper, as the volume cannot, therefore, be expected to last much beyond half a century. Then this special information will have to be reprinted, or soon thereafter obtained from original researches and contemporary publications. The preservation of local history—usually attempted but once or twice in a century—demands the use of rag paper of good quality, and all illustrations should be on "inserts" separate from the text.

POMPEII. Painted by Alberto Pisa. Described by W. M. Mackenzie. 12mo. xii + 180 pp. London: A. & C. Black. 1910. The Macmillan Company, New York, agents. \$2.50 net.

This volume is neither a guide-book nor an archaeological treatise, though in places it may recall one or the other. The authors' aims have been to give a reconstruction of the life of the old city with sufficient details to present a general view of what Pompeii means and gives us.

To those who have seen the ruins, or who are contemplating a visit, the volume has an especial interest, as it deals with the essentials, largely divested of the endless details with which the more pretentious works on this subject are crowded. As a sidelight to students of Roman history in secondary institutions the volume is of unusual interest and significance. A score of illustrations in color bring to the eye vivid scenes of the most interesting parts of the

ancient metropolis. Classical students of American public high schools and academies will much enjoy this volume. It is a choice contribution to the literature on this special subject. The illustrations are models of artistic beauty, and an index enhances the usefulness of the work.

LAKE GEORGE AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THE WAR TRAIL OF THE MOHAWK AND THE BATTLE-GROUND OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN THEIR CONTEST FOR THE CONTROL OF NORTH AMERICA. By W. Max Reid. With 84 illustrations from photographs, and 2 maps. 8vo. xviii + 381 pp. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: \$3.50 net. 1910.

"There is no spot on American soil that has witnessed more battles, small and great, than the narrow shores of these lakes, making history for two continents. Men that live in history, whose names are inseparably connected with their attenuated lengths, have attained victory, or suffered defeat, under the shadows of their wooded mountains, or on their crystal waters. Daring explorers, self-sacrificing priests, hardy frontiersmen, wily aborigines, cultured men of wealth with dreams of baronial manors and seignories have been associated with their history."

The author of this volume at the beginning started out to illustrate and describe the historic sites within his territory. His reading of the literature relating to the locality so deeply interested him that he attempted to transform the work into a history. His work cannot be considered as a topographical guide-book, neither can it be regarded as an authoritative monograph relating to this historic territory.

There are several chapters, interesting but disconnected. Many of these are compilations from such books as Macaulay's *His-*

tory of the State of New York and Thompson's *Green Mountain Boys*, and the author has not attempted to give an historical construction nor an historical analysis of the materials involved. The episodes are rich in themselves, but are repeated in several instances. The last chapter, in which the author introduces personal anecdotes, his observations on motor cars and at hotels, brings the volume to an incongruous close.

The illustrations are numerous and chiefly the reproduction of photographs of old ruins and of historic sites. Well do they illustrate the volume, and well have the publishers attended to the mechanical details of the publication.

As a whole, the volume is an enthusiastic reproduction of what is already in print, although perhaps in the original books not widely accessible to the reading public.

THE WAR. "Stonewall" Jackson, His Campaigns and Battles. The Regiment as I Saw Them. By James H. Wood, Captain Company "D," 37th Virginia Infantry Regiment. 16mo, illust. 181 pp. The Eddy Press Corporation, Cumberland, Maryland. [1910.]

Brief memoirs of the war between the States. The author here gives his testimony of the achievements, sufferings and sacrifices through which his comrades passed in those eventful years. To preserve the story before it shall fade from the memory of men is the aim of this volume. The author expresses his purpose thus: "Yet while the questions involved in the War were forever settled and so accepted in good faith by the people of the South, it is the duty of the survivors to preserve from oblivion the names and deeds of their dead comrades."

The volume is full of reminiscences of

scenes in which the author was an actor.— In these he accepts the results in honesty and good faith. His last sentence is remarkable. He says: "But few, if any, would now change the result."

No true lover of his country can ask for more than for satisfaction at the results attained by the trend of events concerning human freedom and an inseparable Union of States.

Every Confederate is justified in preserving the memorials of his comrades so far as he can do that by private and personal effort.

Captain Wood has most entertainingly preserved his own perspective of that terrible struggle, as he saw and felt it. Heroism and skill, sacrifices and achievements are interwoven into every part of the story, and are as deserving of preservation by private enterprise as were the same characteristics in the North.

The United States owes a debt to its preservers only. It is not justified in erecting memorials to others, however worthy their deeds may be held to be by loving friends and descendants.

In this private enterprise the author deserves well.

DANIEL BOONE AND THE WILDERNESS ROAD. By H. Addington Bruce. Illust. 12mo. xiii + 349 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1910. Price \$1.50.

THE LAST AMERICAN FRONTIER. By Frederic Logan Paxson, Junior Professor of American History in the University of Michigan. Illust. 12mo. xi + 402 pp. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1910. Price \$1.50 net.

Two of the series of *Stories from American History*, issued by the Macmillan Company. In the former the author has attempted to write a book to serve the double

purpose of a biography of Daniel Boone and to show the territorial growth of the United States. In telling this story he touches upon such matters as the economic and social factors which influenced the western movement across the mountains, and the significance of that movement with relation to the growth and development of American colonial life in its western trend.

The author acknowledges his obligations to the more pretentious works of Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites and Dr. John M. Peck.

"The Last American Frontier," by Professor Paxson, is a story of the West as it was—a story of the West from which has sprung our conception of the traditional cowboy, of the Indians of the plains, of the pony express, of the rush for gold and of all that is most wild and stirring in our nineteenth-century history in America.

The publishers have succeeded in this series in producing a high class of literature which deserves to be more widely read by those who demand good stories. These volumes deal with true and heroic daring in the "wild and woolly West."

Both volumes are indexed, and the second contains "Notes on the Sources."

PRINCE MADOG, DISCOVERER OF AMERICA.
A Legendary Story. By Joan Dane.
Illust. by A. S. Boyd. 12mo. 222 pp.
London: Elliot Stock, 61-62 Paternoster
Row, E. C. Price 6/ net.

This volume is founded upon the Chronicle of Madog of Gwynedd—a Welsh tale taken from the manuscripts of the Abbeys of Strata Florida and Conway. It was known in the time of Henry VII (1485-1509). Even as early as 1477, Sir Meredyth ap Rhys wrote a poem eulogizing

Madog's expedition which discovered the New World according to the Welsh accounts. In fact the present tribe of American Indians known as the Madagwys or Doags, of fair complexion and using a language akin to Welsh, aver that their progenitors came from Gwynedd. So Montezuma, replying to the questioning of Cortez, said:

"Many years ago, a strange nation came from across the seas, a civil nation, from whom (he had heard his father aver) he and most of his chiefs were descended."

So the vital spark of truth lingers in legendary lore until the multitude who read believe as they do in "The Islands of the Blest," "The Gardens of Hesperides," and "The Lands Beyond the Setting Sun."

Out of such a mythological background has the author reproduced a fascinating story, doubtless vitalizing the spirit of ante-Columbian times. Artistically are stirring incidents interwoven with historical threads until one finds himself living in the romances of antiquity.

Well written, illustrated and printed, this story, even though it may be pure myth, is certain to find a large class of readers who will not fail to enjoy the romantic incidents vividly portrayed herein.

"Come listen to a tale of times of old,
Come, for ye know me. I am he who sang
The Maid of Arc, and I am he who framed
Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.
Come listen to my lay; and ye shall hear
How Madoc from the shores of Britain
spread
The adventurous sail, explored the ocean-
paths,
And quelled barbarian power, and over-
threw
The bloody altars of idolatry."—*Southey*.

1914

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WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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VOL. XII

No. 6

THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

DECEMBER, 1910

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Below Haverstraw, N. Y.

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THE WINTER OF THE DEEP SNOW

VERY recently the Federal Weather Bureau published a compilation of official and other meteorological data of the United States, for the half-century ended with 1904. This table disposes of the theory of old-fashioned winters, at least within that period. A Chicago newspaper which gave a summary of this report commented upon it as follows: "As to what happened in the way of weather more than fifty years ago, cold science is ill-equipped to combat warm fable. Here the field for picturesque contrasts is free."

In the face of this discouragement, it is proposed to show here, both by reliable data, and by cold science, that we had a real old-fashioned winter in 1831 — the kind your grandfathers all had when they were boys, and as an evidence of good faith, I will begin by using a bit of information supplied by the Federal Weather Bureau, and vouched for by the Smithsonian Institution:

Semi-official weather records were kept at Marietta, Ohio, from 1804 to 1859 for the United States Government Survey office. After 1823, observations of temperature were made three times a day by Dr. Samuel P. Hildreth, together with notes on the barometer, precipitation, direction and velocity of wind and other phenomena. These reports Dr. Hildreth tabulated and published annually, for many years, in the *American Journal of Science*, and they were finally charted and republished in the Smithsonian Institution's "Contributions to Knowledge." The

—Read before the Illinois State Historical Society at the annual meeting in Springfield.

mean temperature of the winter months of 1831, at Marietta, was 30.75, and for February was 26.02, five to six degrees lower than the average for the quarter of a century preceding. The precipitation of rain and melted snow, for the year, was 53.54 inches, the average for the previous 25 years being only 41 inches.¹ Under date of February 15, 1831, occurs this interesting entry:

"The winter thus far has been one of unexampled severity since the first settlement of the Ohio Company at Marietta in 1788. The thermometer has been for a number of mornings at zero, and once or twice five degrees below, since the 22nd of December last. The great snow storm, which seems to have visited the entire length of the United States, commenced here on Friday, the 14th of January, 1831, at four o'clock, P. M. and continued until Saturday, 11 o'clock A. M. There fell fifteen inches in depth of snow, very level and even over the face of the earth. In 1832, the following summary of the year 1831 is recorded: Depth of snow in 1831, forty-eight inches. The past year has been marked with many singular features, and the extremes in moisture and temperature have been great. The winter months were attended with a degree of cold found only in Arctic regions, and the summer months with floods of rain peculiar to tropical climates. There seems to have been a belt of clouds encircling the Western States for the last six months, opening at such distant periods, and for such short spaces of time, to the rays of the sun, that solar heat, since the great eclipse of February last, has done but little warming the surface of the earth."²

With this to fortify, one may, without apology, plunge into "warm fable," saving the cold science to clinch the argument. In the course of researches on another subject of the same period in Illinois, so many tall tales of experiences in the winter of the deep snow were encountered, as to excite curiosity. The references to this exceptional season were so many, and so widely scattered in locality, as to preclude the idea of a conspiracy of invention by old settlers, and so consistent in dates and data as to carry some measure of conviction. To carry this conviction to a

¹ Dr. Samuel P. Hildreth: "Pioneer History of the Ohio Valley."

² American Journal of Science for 1831-32.

critical public, however, it was necessary to reject everything anonymous, everything unsupported or of obscure origin, and of vague generalization. That a season of unusual severity had occurred in 1831 admitted of no further doubt, when detailed facts were found to have been set down soberly by a man of the conservative character and trained powers of observation of Dr. Julian M. Sturtevant, for more than twenty years president of Illinois College, Jacksonville.⁸ Nor was he likely to exaggerate from inexperience of cold and storm. Having been brought up in New England, where long, severe winters were the rule and where the practical disposal of great depths of snow had been reduced to a science, it would take extraordinary weather conditions, indeed, to baffle his powers of solution and to test his endurance.

Dr. Sturtevant came to Jacksonville in the spring of 1829, to begin the erection of college buildings, to find a prosperous town of four hundred people, on an elevated knoll above a beautiful prairie. The hill-site chosen for the new institution of learning was above the village and a mile away, with a grove of forest trees behind it. The people were mostly Southerners, and their log cabins, while substantial and neat, were much less warmly built than the houses of New England. For comparison with the historic winter of 1831, Dr. Sturtevant had the experience of a typical winter of Southern Illinois in 1830.

For the first time in his life he saw cattle pastured in the open the greater part of the season, with little or no shelter provided for them; wheat and corn standing in stacks in the fields, to be husked and threshed at leisure; fuel left in the woods, to be brought out as it was needed. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant the winters in that region had been uniformly mild and open — the grass fairly abundant until January; then light falls of snow, an occasional storm with zero temperature that moderated in a few days; thaws to start the pastures, and early springs.

In 1830 winter set in unusually early. Cold rain began to fall by the 20th of December,— Dr. Hildreth dates it from the 22nd, in Marietta — occasionally changing to snow or sleet, until the earth was sat-

⁸ Autobiography of Julian M. Sturtevant, pp. 178-181. C. M. Eames quotes Dr. Sturtevant and Mr. Anderson Foreman to the same effect in his "Historic Morgan and Classic Jacksonville."

urated and frozen. The day before Christmas the rain turned definitely to snow, falling in large, soft flakes that soon covered the earth to the depth of six inches. The most was made of this by the young people in holiday frolics of snow-balling, coasting, and riding in hastily contrived bob-sleds. The wildest imagination could not have dreamed that this first fall of snow was merely the overture to a winter of continuous storm. The first white mantle still lay unsullied on the frozen prairie, in a profound hush of nature, when the meteorological opera opened with a crash on the 30th of December.

A furious gale, bitter cold, a blinding, swirling blur of snow, and leaden, lowering skies, combined to make this storm a thing to paralyze that prairie country. It seems to have continued for days unabated — a wonder, at first, then a terror, a benumbing horror as it became a menace to life of men and animals. The food was in the fields, the fuel in the woods, the cattle huddled and perishing of cold and starvation, in the open. How long this first storm continued is unknown. In one sense it did not end at all; it merely changed in character from time to time for the next sixty days. All accounts of the winter in Illinois agree with Dr. Sturtevant's, that the storm began in the last days of December. The date was impressed upon his mind by anxiety for the fate of Dr. Edward Beecher.

This first president of the New College had been in Vandalia, trying to get a charter for the institution from the legislature. He was returning from the capital in the Christmas holidays when overtaken by this storm. Dr. Beecher, with a fellow traveller, Mr. Charles Holmes, took refuge for some days in the house of a settler on the prairie. When the storm abated its first fury, it seemed impossible to cover the remaining distance of forty miles to Jacksonville, for the snow lay three feet in depth over the prairie. It seems probable, from the depth of snow, that they were detained until after the storm of January 14 and 15, which, as Dr. Hildreth reports, had visited the entire length of the United States. A driving rain, freezing as it fell, formed a crust on top of this snow, not quite strong enough to bear a man's weight. On top of this crust three more inches of snow fell, as light and fine as ashes and as hard as sand. Then a bright, cold sun shone on the daz-

zling landscape, to threaten the eyesight. To add to these difficulties a strong northwest wind arose, to fill the air with flying snow, so stinging, blinding and choking that men could not long make headway against it. But Dr. Beecher was reared on Litchfield Hill, Connecticut, and was not easily dismayed by weather. He and Mr. Holmes hitched a horse to a light, improvised sleigh, and in some incredible way accomplished the perilous task of crossing that forty mile prairie, where the horse broke at every step through ice-crust and three feet of snow, and in the face of the blizzard. There is no record of any other men having performed such a feat in Illinois, that winter. That many must have attempted such journeys and perished, is proven by the finding of the bodies of strangers in many places, when the snow went off in the spring.

In Jacksonville Dr. Sturtevant had been forced to abandon his cabin in the town, and to camp out in one of the unfinished college buildings. There Dr. Beecher was forced to remain with him until March, when he returned to Boston. And the two, with other New Englanders in the place, gave of all their experience to help the marooned settlement battle with the elements. It was impossible to break roads in the New England fashion. There were no traps of ravines and forests, few fences, even, to catch and hold the drifts. The wind was a steady, fierce gale, day and night, for many weeks, and the snow drifted before it all winter. It snowed almost daily, up to the middle of February. Often it was not easy to determine whether new snow was falling or only old surface snow being driven before the icy blast. For nine weeks snow covered the ground to the average depth of four feet. "No morning dawned for many days at a time when the thermometer registered less than twelve degrees below zero."

"The situation of the people," says Dr. Sturtevant, "was somewhat alarming. It was not at first apparent that sufficient food and fuel could be got to keep everybody from starving and freezing." The shocks of grain were entirely under frozen snow, the lower limbs of trees lying on the surface, making it impossible to drive teams into the groves. A road was finally made from College Hill to the town, by driving repeatedly through one track until the snow was rounded up and packed down like a turnpike. Such roads were opened all over the

country, and were kept open only by ceaseless vigilance and labor. Food and fuel were got somehow; famishing deer and small game were easily obtained, but crops were lost, much of the live stock perished, and many kinds of small game were very nearly exterminated. Mail was interrupted for weeks at a time, carriers being unable to make the trip to Springfield.

In Sangamon County, experiences of pioneers were identical. In Springfield⁴ and New Salem⁵ snow lay four feet in depth on the level. There was the same ice-crust; the same incessant biting gale; the daily fresh falls of snow; the deer breaking through the crust with their sharp, little hoofs and falling easy victims to hunters, wolves and dogs. It took a man an entire day to dig enough corn out of frozen shocks to keep a few cattle alive for two or three days. Stake-and-rider fences, corn shocks, low out-buildings were buried; streams could be traced only by half submerged and snow-burdened lines of woods. All the familiar features of the landscape were obliterated in that smother and blur of snow. It was beyond human power to do more than to keep at bay the twin spectres of cold and starvation. Many and ingenious are the devices described to ward away freezing and famine.

One cannot but admire the scholarly detachment and stoic self-control of the newspapers of Illinois of that day. Statecraft was the thing of permanent interest — speeches by Webster and Clay, political moves by General Jackson, continued to engage the editorial mind. Weather was a thing that today is, and tomorrow is cast into the limbo of things forgotten. The entire country had been in the grip of that pitiless winter for two months, before the *Illinois Intelligencer* of Vandalia, condescended to notice it. Then, in an editorial paragraph of two sticks full of type, the subject was summed up and dismissed:

“The newspapers that reach us from every direction are filled with accounts of severely cold weather, and immense falls of snow. In no part of the continent has this been felt more severely than in Illinois. We have had an extraordinary season. The cold has been intense and uninterrupted. The whole country has been blocked up with snowbanks,

⁴ Powers' *Early Settlers of Sangamon Co.*, pp. 62-64.

⁵ T. G. Onstot's "Pioneers of Mason and Menard."

that have covered the earth since December. Several travellers have perished on the prairies near here. Such a winter has never been known in this region."⁶

The Edwardsville *Advocate* shows a still greater restraint of style, an economy of adjectives that is commended to our yellow press: "We have issued no paper for the last two weeks, owing to the excessively cold weather, and our office being too open to resist the rude attacks of the northern blasts."⁷ It was a relief to discover, in Missouri, a newspaper that betrayed interest, if not excitement, in that phenomenal weather. But now for northern Illinois:

1831, it should be remembered, was the year before the Black Hawk War. Chicago was only a frontier fort and trading post, whose first newspaper did not appear until nearly three years later. The region between the Des Plaines river and the Mississippi, was held by the Sacs and Foxes, and the only permanent white settler appears to have been John Dixon, at Dixon's Ferry on Rock River. The mining town of Galena had communication with the outer world only over the Mississippi. In southern Wisconsin, at the point that is now Portage City, Fort Winnebago was encompassed by the wilderness. But for the circumstance that there was at Fort Winnebago a somewhat willful little lady, recently come from the east as the bride of John H. Kinzie, United States Indian agent at the post, and determined on a visit to her unknown mother-in-law in Chicago, the record of that winter and spring in northern Illinois would be meager, indeed. The bride took the journey, and lived to tell of the dangers she had passed through; to tell of them in the life-time of people who shared its perils; to tell the story graphically, for she had the gift of literary expression. Juliette M. Kinzie was Chicago's first author, and some of us trail a long way behind her "Waubun" to-day. So much for the authenticity of this account.⁸

The continuation of the wedding journey was planned for the Christmas holidays. But in Wisconsin, too, winter set in early and with severity. There was rain and wind and snow; then sleet and bitter

⁶ *Illinois Intelligencer* of Vandalia, Feb. 26, 1831.

⁷ *Edwardsville Advocate*, Feb. 23, 1831.

⁸ *Wau Bun*, by Mrs. Juliette Magill Kinzie, pp. 123-135.

cold and snow again. The storm of December 30 must have fallen on the frontier fort with greater fury than it did farther south, for early in January the snow was reported to lie five and six feet deep in the lead mining regions — "an unheard of, unbelievable depth." The mail-carrier and dispatch-bearer to Chicago had to lie over in an Indian lodge on the prairie for three weeks, and went nearly blind from the sun and flying snow.

Young Mrs. Kinzie had all the pluck of inexperience. She insisted on making the start to Chicago, in sledges lined with buffalo robes; but the commanding officer of the fort flatly forebade any such foolish undertaking, threatening, at last, that if they started he would order the sentinels to fire on them. The station was storm-bound all winter. Early in March the snow suddenly went off in a great flood. By the 8th the marshes and water courses were fringed with green, promising an early and genial spring. The start was made on horseback, with servants, an Indian guide, and a camping outfit on pack ponies. The journey to Chicago was usually made in five or six days; but it was necessary to go out of the way somewhat, to cross the Rock River at Dixon's Ferry, for the Indians were all gone on the hunt and there would be no canoes at the usual crossings. Young Mrs. Kinzie consented to wear a habit of heavy military broadcloth, but kept her kid gloves, and blithely donned the latest confection in straw bonnets, a part of her wedding finery.

The first day a canoe was upset, and the bride was tumbled into an icy stream. Her riding habit froze stiff, and stood upright until it was thawed by the camp fire hastily built. The ground froze so hard that night that it was difficult to drive tent pins. In the morning a dazzling white blanket lay on the prairie, as if winter had taken a fresh start, and they rode all day in a freezing sleet. It took the party five days to reach Dixon's Ferry. On the 15th of March water left in a coffee-pot froze solid over night. They crossed a wide marsh, frozen as hard as iron in an Arctic gale. Another snow-storm, impenetrable to the eye as a fog at sea, made even the Indian guide lose all sense of direction, and they wandered from their course in the blizzard.

When still fifty miles from Chicago, their food gave out. In the

nick of time one lone Pottawatomie lodge was found, but game had been made so scarce by the terrible winter that the Indians had nothing to share with them but wild artichokes. Presently some ducks were shot, for a hurricane swept down from the north, and myriads of waterfowl that had migrated northward only two weeks before, fled southward from a land of famine. The leaden sky above ice-locked streams was black with them, "screaming before the blast." The little band of travellers were sobered by the sight. Their own escape from the perils of that frigid plain was by no means certain.

Setting up their tents in the doubtful shelter of a belt of woods, trees crashed around them all night long, while the world seemed rocked in the tempest. Fifty forest giants lay around their tents in the morning, and it was with difficulty that the horses picked their way out, over prostrate trunks. They were dazed to find themselves and their animals uninjured. The fury of the storm was over, but the weather was intensely cold. Mrs. Kinzie beat her feet against her saddle, until they were bruised, to keep them from freezing. Streams that had been in flood were frozen over again, but not thick enough to bear the weight. They had to break up the ice and swim the horses across. They were over the east fork of the Des Plaines no more than an hour, fed and sheltered in a white man's cabin, when the ice broke up again, with thunderous crashes, and the floods fell, the wild, ice-blocked torrent carrying forest trees down with it. One hour's delay, and the already exhausted little party would have been marooned, and must have perished on a prairie that was an Arctic desert. The time is not definitely stated, but the journey is figured out from the narrative as having taken thirteen or fourteen days.

Nor was this incredible weather yet ended for northern Illinois. Leaving his wife with his mother, John H. Kinzie, after a three weeks' visit, started back to Fort Winnebago in the second week of April. He was overtaken by a storm so severe and prolonged, that he and his men had to lie over in an Indian lodge for three days. In Chicago, young Mrs. Kinzie records that only twice, during the two months of her stay (until late in May) did the sun shine out through the entire day. The weather continued inclement beyond anything that had ever been known at Fort Dearborn. Some young men who went out to the Calumet re-

gion in April to hunt, were given up for lost. They were saved from freezing to death only by having two blankets apiece with them, and by taking refuge in an empty cabin on the marsh.¹⁰

In Southern Illinois there was the same sudden thaw, in early March, causing the waters to rise "higher than they had been since Noah's flood."¹¹ But the temperature fell again, not so low that another freeze was recorded, but the snow-turnpikes that had been made along main-travelled roads, remained long after the great body of snow had melted — shining ribbons of white across the green spring prairie. Dr. Hildreth, at Marietta, says that a belt of clouds encircled the western states for six months after the "great eclipse" of the sun in February, making a cold, dark, stormy summer. Corroboration of that was received from Kentucky.¹² Inquiry of the Nautical Almanac Bureau in Washington as to that eclipse, resulted in the information that it was only the annular eclipse, and of no importance. Peculiar meteorological conditions attending it, probably made it appear as a "great eclipse" at Marietta.

Of the high floods of the spring of 1831, there is very convincing proof in the fact that Lincoln had engaged to meet Denton Offutt in Springfield, as soon as the snow should go off, to take a boatload of merchandise that Offutt was to have ready at Beardstown, down to New Orleans. When the snow did go off travel by land was impracticable, so Lincoln, John Hanks and John D. Johnston came down the Sangamon in a big canoe. Offutt had been unable to procure a flat-boat in Beardstown. The water promised to remain so high, however, that Lincoln and his two relatives took timber out of the woods, and built a boat at Sangamon Town seven miles north of Springfield.¹³

They had a misadventure there in launching a dug-out that nearly ended in a drowning. Thus, in the middle of April, the Sangamon is described as "fairly booming," "running with the speed of a mill-race," and with such a roaring sound that the voices of the men on shore

¹⁰ *Wau Bun*, p. 260.

¹¹ T. G. Onstot's "Pioneers of Mason and Menard," p. 134.

¹² Collins' *History of Kentucky*, Vol. I, pp. 36-37.

¹³ Ida M. Tarbell's "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 51.

failed to carry to the men struggling in the flood. Lincoln straddled a log, paid out with a rope tied to a tree, and rescued two men from perilous perches in the branches of a drifted giant of the forest. This flood, says Miss Tarbell in a foot note to her "Life of Lincoln," followed the "Winter of the Deep Snow," from which early settlers of Illinois calculated time. Nicolay and Hay give two pages to the deep snow of 1831, and the subsequent flood.¹⁴

If further proof were needed that there was an exceptionally severe season in Illinois, ample evidence is readily forthcoming from neighboring states. In Indiana "the weather was steadily and severely cold. The snow fell from twelve to eighteen inches in February, and the temperature to eighteen and twenty degrees below zero, at the settlement of Indianapolis, by far the coldest weather ever known. On the 11th of April, the steamboat *Robert Hanna* arrived, the only steamboat that ever came up to that point on the White River."¹⁵

Missouri keeps up its reputation by "showing" real weather. There was sleighing in St. Louis on New Year's day, and the river was closed by ice both above and below the city.¹⁶ In February the weather was so severe that public and private charity was taxed to prevent suffering and death.¹⁷ The files of the *Missouri Intelligencer* of Columbia for 1831 yield an abundance of evidence.¹⁸ In the issue of Christmas day, 1830, mention is first made of the severity of the weather. On January 8th, 1831, the following occurs: "We are informed that the snow in the upper counties of Missouri is forty-one inches deep, and what is very remarkable, the falling was accompanied by frequent and tremendous peals of thunder and vivid blue streaks of lightning. It was an awful scene, indeed."

The issue for January 15th is only a half-sheet. The little settlement was cut off from the world. "Have no news. Last three mails

¹⁴ Nicolay and Hay, "Life of Lincoln," Vol. I.

¹⁵ "Brown's History of Indianapolis," written for the city directory of 1868, pp. 22-23. Reported by Mr. Jacob P. Dunn, as from original sources and very reliable.

¹⁶ St. Louis *Times*, Jan. 1, 1831.

¹⁷ *Missouri Republican*, Feb. 8, 1831. St. Louis data supplied by Miss Head of the Missouri Historical Society of St. Louis.

¹⁸ Data supplied by Mr. F. A. Sampson, Secretary Missouri State Historical Society, from files in the library at Columbia, Mo.

brought only one Washington paper — no paper from Jefferson City (distance about thirty miles). The St. Louis *Times* reports eight to ten inches of snow in last storm. Here it was not less than twenty inches, and most of it remains, for the weather has been intensely cold." February 5 — Report from Rock Spring, Illinois (near Alton) dated January 19 says — "have had northern winter for four weeks. Snow lies three feet deep on the level in Morgan and Sangamon County. Around Vandalia it is one glaze of ice. Still snowing." February 12 — On Monday nine or ten more inches of snow; Wednesday, two or three more; five degrees below zero. The St. Louis *Times* quotes Eastern papers as having accounts of eighteen inches of snow at Baltimore. February 19 — Accounts of snow-storms in Kentucky, Tennessee, New York, etc. Severity of temperatures and great depth of snow, extending from Missouri to Maine, presents an extraordinary winter. Another "old-fashioned" snow storm gripped Missouri on the 14th. March 5th — An extract from the *Illinois Pioneer*, announces the general thaw and adds: "French settlers along the river say that about fifty years ago the winter was as severe as this one." May 21 — Many and long-continued rains are mentioned.

Those rains were the special grievance of Kentucky. As Colonel Watterson once plaintively remarked, after a Democratic defeat: "Nothing but weather and elections." On May 10, 1831, there was an extensive and violent hail storm in several counties, with stones three inches in circumference. July 22nd, a tremendous electric storm did incredible damage to property. Finally the Ohio River was frozen over solid, from December 11, 1831, to January 8, 1832. When the ice broke up nine steamboats were destroyed. In February there was the greatest flood ever known, with violent gales that capsized steamboats.¹⁹

Dr. Hildreth at Marietta confirms the fact that inclement weather extended over the entire year of 1831. He says: "There were one hundred and sixty cloudy days, fifty-seven more than in 1830. Fruit trees were three weeks late in blossoming. Heavy rains commenced falling late in June and continued all summer. Crops were beaten down and

¹⁹ Collins' *History of Kentucky*, Vol. I, pp. 36-37. Also the St. Louis *Times* of Feb. 25, and the Sangamon *Journal* of Feb., 1831, give accounts of floods in the Ohio, quoting the Cincinnati *American* and Louisville *Journal*.

destroyed."²⁰ The Mississippi was so swollen that the largest steamboats were able to come up to St. Louis in mid-summer.²¹ The steamboat *Yellowstone* went up to the mouth of the Little Missouri, six hundred miles farther than any steamer had navigated before, arriving at St. Louis safely in the middle of July.²² Throughout July there were heavy rains in the Mississippi bottoms that destroyed crops and washed away bridges.²³ On the 30th of June a destructive tornado, accompanied by hail and torrents of rain, was reported from Port Gibson, Mississippi.²⁴ Late in October the St. Louis mail coach, in crossing the Elm river, was overturned by the force of the swollen current and sunk in ten feet of water.²⁵ At Marietta, Ohio, there were only eight or ten days of Indian summer, instead of three or four weeks, and winter set in with vigor late in November. By December 4, the rivers were full of ice. On the 10th the Ohio could be crossed by the heaviest teams. The Mississippi was reported frozen over solid, for one hundred and thirty miles south of the mouth of the Ohio, and there was skating in New Orleans. The winter was very severe, but less snow fell than in 1831, only six or eight inches. The temperature fell to 18 at Nashville, Tennessee.²⁶

On the winter of 1832 we have the evidence of the *Sangamon Journal* that was established in Springfield in November, 1831. In the issue of December 15, 1831, this occurs: "We are now taking the cold at the rate of 22 degrees below zero." On January 19th the thaw is reported in the *Sangamon*, and the Ohio and Mississippi is expected "to follow suit." "Had some beautiful days that made up for long severe cold of a month before."²⁷

In the middle of January there was no mail from Vincennes for St. Louis, due to the seven or eight feet rise in the Ohio. Navigation of

²⁰ Dr. Samuel P. Hildreth; "Pioneer History of the Ohio Valley," and in *American Journal of Science* for 1831-32.

²¹ *Illinois Gazette*, July 2, 1831.

²² *St. Louis Times*, July 16, 1831.

²³ *Western Plowboy* of Edwardsville, Ill., 1831, quoted by *St. Louis Times*.

²⁴ *Galena Miner*, July 27, 1831.

²⁵ *St. Louis Times*, Oct. 29, 1831.

²⁶ *Am. Jour. of Science*, Vol. for 1832.

²⁷ Items from *Sangamon Journal*, supplied by Mrs. Weber, Libr'n Ill. State Hist. Soc.

the Mississippi was closed. The river was open between the mouth of the Ohio and Grand Tower, but was frozen over to Randolph, two hundred miles below.²⁸ The latter part of the month the weather was again intensely cold, the thermometer down to 13 degrees below, and the river frozen over, both above and below the city.²⁹ The *Baltimore Gazette* is quoted by the *Sangamon Journal* as saying that the price of fuel in New York and Philadelphia had been doubled. In Baltimore the increase was only 10 per cent., owing to the railroad. Good wolf-hunting weather — cold and snow — is reported on the 2nd of February. Here also, begins reports of the floods in the Ohio. By March 1, an extract is made from the *Cincinnati American* of February 14; the river was then rising three inches an hour, and lower Alleghany was literally afloat. Nineteen houses were seen in the river; Lawrenceburg, Indiana, was cabled to trees on the bluffs; the dove would have found no resting place above the water in Marietta. Cincinnati's chief industry was moving to higher ground — the entire bottom was under water, and the raging river full of floating wreckage.³⁰ The severe cold and high floods of 1832 resulted in wide-spread distress. Seed corn was frostbitten, and corn from the south was \$3.00 a bushel, a prohibitive price. Large areas of farming land went uncultivated that season.³¹

If I seem to be wandering, both in time and space, from the main theme, have a little patience. Numerous straws of meteorological data showed that many winds were abroad, the terrestrial envelop of atmosphere in an explosive state for a much longer period than the winter of 1831. In New England, the spring equinox of 1830 was marked by a violent storm along the coast, with waves that beached shipping and destroyed wharves and warehouses. The water rose higher than had been recorded in half a century.³² Hard-headed Yankees in Massachusetts and unlettered French settlers on the Mississippi both harked back fifty years for comparison with the weather. We will see what that means presently. The summer of 1830, in New England, was cold and wet,

²⁸ *Missouri Republican*, Jan. 17, 1832.

²⁹ *Missouri Republican*, Jan. 31, 1832.

³⁰ The *Sangamon Journal* and the *Missouri Republican*, both have this report in their issues, simultaneously.

³¹ *Missouri Republican*, June 12, 1832.

³² Perley: "Historic Storms of New England," p. 249.

suddenly changing to the hottest July ever known, with electric storms, floods of rain and freshets that changed the channels of rivers. August 17, 1830, ushered in six weeks of storm. The first one swept the coast from Cape Hatteras northward. On the 27th occurred another of three days' duration. In September there were three storms, on the 20th, 24th and 29th, of the violence of hurricanes, and another in the first week of October. On the 6th of December a terrific northeast snow storm again swept the coast.³³ Winter set in early with great depth of snow, and again there was a hot mid-summer in 1831, the temperature averaging five degrees higher at Brunswick, Me., than for the previous ten years.³⁴

On August 13, 1831, beside the summer storms noted in Kentucky and confirmed by Dr. Hildreth, a West Indian hurricane, such as destroyed Galveston more than sixty years later, swept from Barbadoes, in a wide arc, through the Windward islands, Porto Rico, Hayti, Jamaica and Cuba to Mobile, a distance of 2,300 miles, spending itself in heavy rains in the Gulf states.³⁵ As a precursor of this storm a peculiar appearance of the sun was noted in New York City and in Mobile and New Orleans. The *Mobile Register* of August 17, 1831, contained an account of this that was thought worthy a place in the *American Journal of Science*.³⁶

"On Saturday last the sun gave off pale blue and violet rays. A large spot, the size of a dollar, visible to the naked eye, cast a bluish shade on objects. At six o'clock Monday, the entire disc was a pale green. In the night a violent storm set in from the southeast."

In the summer of 1831 there was extensive famine in the western counties of Ireland, due to excessive rains rotting the potatoes.³⁷ In India, on the contrary, there were years of plenty in the early 30's because of abundant and evenly distributed rains.

³³ Prevailing Storms of Atlantic Coast, *Am. Journal of Science*, 1831.

³⁴ Prof. Parker Cleaveland's Meteorological reports kept at Brunswick, Me., from 1807 to 1859, Tabulated by Smithsonian Inst. Cont. to Knowledge.

³⁵ *Am. Jour. of Science* for 1831, p. 191.

³⁶ *Illinois Intelligencer* of Vandalia, for Oct. 17, 1831, has a report of this hurricane.

³⁷ W. P. O'Brien's: "Great Famines in Ireland," p. 57.

It was in India that the first clue to the scientific explanation of all this weather was picked up. Put an Englishman down anywhere on the globe, under the Union Jack and a pith helmet, and he will straightway begin to gather statistics. Long before the Imperial Government had organized relief for famines, British colonial officials had learned to except drought in minimum sun-spot periods. Quietude of the sun, it had been observed, was usually associated with a weak monsoon.³⁸ In the early 30's a maximum sun-spot period was indicated in India. In Mobile, New Orleans and New York City an enormous sun-spot was observed in August, 1831. Other observations of sun-spots will be noted later.

In New England another scientific clew was picked up. Weather reports were kept by Professor Parker Cleaveland, of Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Me., from 1807 to 1859, that were tabulated by the Smithsonian Institution.³⁹ In September 1830, while continuous storms swept the Atlantic coast, Prof. Cleaveland made note of a sudden increase in the number and brilliancy of the displays of the *aurora borealis*. The same phenomena were reported by General Martin Field, who for a long period kept meteorological reports at Fayetteville, Vermont.⁴⁰ The auroras observed in that latitude had for years averaged eighteen, but from May, 1830, to May, 1831, General Field saw fifty-six, several of them of unusual brilliancy. On the 9th of March he noted a perfect arch, a rare sight in so low a latitude. Some of these auroras were seen as far south as Maryland, in latitude 39. A remarkable one observed then is described as magnificent.

"It began as early as six o'clock in the evening, in a blush along the northern sky. This was soon bounded to east and west with crimson columns which wavered and flowed like drapery, sent up streamers, and finally focussed at the zenith in a characteristic corona, that broke up and formed again. In the south the sky was a dark slate color, brilliant with stars, and the stars appeared as electric points through the

³⁸ Rev. J. E. Scott's: "In Famine Land," p. 14. Also article on India in the Encyclop. Brit.

³⁹ *Am. Jour. of Science*, Oct., 1831. Gen. Field made an annual report of the matter for the A. J. S. for a number of years.

⁴⁰ Smithsonian Inst.: "*Contributions to Knowledge*."

transparent folds of crimson light in the north. Innumerable spindles of silvery luster darted from the blood-red drapery. Universal stillness reigned. The barometer rose, the temperature fell. Nature was in a profound hush. The snowy landscape was stained a lovely, flickering rose by the reflection."

It does not seem improbable that the long Arctic winter in the Mississippi Valley was relieved by an occasional display of northern lights, for these auroras were seen and marvelled at all over Europe. Dalton's Catalogue of Auroras records thirty-two for Great Britain in 1830 and twenty-three in 1831. The report of the Regents of the University of New York shows that from April, 1830, to April, 1831, auroral displays in middle latitudes were very frequent and of unusual brilliancy.⁴¹ Many of them were seen simultaneously in the old world and the new. Such a one was seen December 11, 1830, ushering in the stormy winter. That of January 7, 1831, was seen from Paris to Niagara Falls. It lasted from sunset until dawn, and ran the gamut of auroral phenomena. On the 19th of April, another aurora apparently girdled the hemisphere in about latitude 40.

Loomis and Wolf's Tables of Sun-spots and Auroras, covering the century and a quarter from 1750 to 1879, show high energy of both in the American Revolutionary War period.⁴² Then there was a dropping off until about 1827. A chart showing the likeness between auroral frequency, sun-spot frequency, and the magnetic range, between 1780 and 1870, shows a sudden leap upward of all three at 1830, after a period of calm from the beginning of the century. This period of quietude of the sun and abeyance of auroras in lower latitudes, coincides with the long period of "mild winters" that had given early settlers in Illinois their sense of security in the climate.

The most inclement season in the United States, previous to that of 1831, was in 1777-78, the famous bitter winter, that tested the endurance and patriotism of Washington's soldiers at Valley Forge. The recollections of New Englanders and of the French on the Mississippi,

⁴¹ *Am. Journ. of Science* for 1832, reviews the *Annals of Philosophy* of London and the report of the Regents of the University of New York.

⁴² Article on Meteorology in *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

were accurate, as to there having been as cold a winter "about fifty years before." In that winter, long-continued low temperatures and heavy falls of snow were accompanied by sun-spots and auroral displays. The Northern Lights were of such unusual brilliancy as to excite the superstitious fears of unlettered colonials. "The battles in the clouds" were looked upon as omens of disaster, or of Divine disapproval, and may very easily have added to the difficulties of a successful conduct of the war.

And after 1778, both sun-spots and auroras gradually declined, and from 1800 to the late 20's were almost completely in abeyance. The sudden revival of solar activity and auroral displays, that reached a climax in the early 30's, was marked by a return of extreme temperatures and precipitation, and by violent magnetic storms. It seems pertinent to inquire as to what connection there may be between solar activity and terrestrial meteorology.

For the latest scientific pronouncement on this point, Milton Updegraff, Professor of Mathematics in the United States Naval Observatory, and director of the Nautical Almanac, in Washington, referred the writer to "Problems in Astro-Physics" by Agnes M. Clerke. I venture to do nothing more than to quote to the point, verbatim, with special reference to the period under consideration:⁴³

"The sun is subject to a rhythmic tide of disturbance, ebbing and flowing in a period of eleven years; but this period is irregular and spasmodic. Both the intervals and the intensity (of activity) vary, and the period is involved in others. One, there is reason to believe, comprises a term of sixty-five years (which also varies). Prediction remains at fault. Spot maxima are delayed or fettered; are languid or energetic. The eleven year cycle ran to sixteen years, from 1788 to 1804, while the cycle was *compressed into a little more than seven years, from September, 1829, to February, 1837.*

Terrestrial meteorology, as a whole, is certainly embraced in the sun-cycles, but the details of conformity baffle pursuit. Only in the

⁴³ *Problems in Astro-Physics*, by Agnes M. Clerke, London, 1903, Chap. XIII, pp. 150-160.

magnetic field is there no room for doubt. The earth is circled by an auroral belt around the pole, which advances into temperate latitudes at epochs of cosmic disturbance, but retires toward the pole as it quiets down. Individual outbreaks on the sun are often unmistakably associated with commotions of the terrestrial magnetic system. These so-called magnetic storms are world-wide in their nature, and bear witness to some sudden, vital spasm, attacking the world as a whole. Auroras and earth-currents make part of these mysterious affections, which commonly reach their height when a large sun-spot is nearly central on the disc. On November 17, 1882, the photosphere of the sun was, to the naked eye, visibly rent, and the coincident magnetic storm and auroral display, "beggared description." The transit of another enormous sun-spot created a magnetic turmoil in February, 1892, that seriously interfered with telegraphic and telephonic communication. An auroral pageant completed the program. Variations of the earth's orbit, even, are held by many astronomers to coincide with the 65 year period of climax in sun-spots."

That is as far as science is prepared to go at present. Incidentally, it may be remarked that sun-spots and auroras have been under intelligent observation since Galileo and Kepler, three hundred years ago. Scientists indulge in no snap judgments. While it is accepted that "terrestrial meteorology, as a whole, is certainly embraced in the sun-cycles, the details of conformity still baffle pursuit, and only in the field of magnetism is there no room for doubt." As regards the effect on temperature and precipitation, and the extension of influence over entire seasons and years, science goes only so far as to confess to the open mind.

The authority quoted notes that the eleven-year sun-spot cycle was compressed into seven years and a fraction, from September, 1829, to February, 1837. It would also appear that the sixty-five year cycle, counting from 1777-78 to 1830-31 was contracted to fifty-three years. It is, perhaps, not surprising that there were explosions. Certainly, a prolonged vital spasm seems to have attacked the world as a whole in 1831, with separate individual outbreaks as early as March, 1830, and as late as March, 1832, a period of two years. When Captain John

Ross returned from his second Polar voyage, he extended those extraordinary weather conditions, at least in the Arctic, from 1829 to 1833.⁴⁴

The record of Polar explorations, from the period of the American Revolution to the early 30's, confirms the character of the seasons in lower latitudes. In 1778-79, two expeditions were turned back by ice-barriers in latitudes of 65° to 70°. In 1806, Captain Scoresby, a famous whaler, reached latitude 81° 12', and he reported the Polar seas remarkably open in 1817. During the following ten years, there were four successful voyages undertaken, by Franklin, Parry, Beechey and Ross. Parry went over the ice to latitude 82° 45' in 1827. In 1829, however, a Danish expedition was turned back in latitude 65° by "an insurmountable barrier of ice."⁴⁵

In the same summer, Captain John Ross worked up through Baffin's Bay to latitude 74°, turned westward through Lancaster Sound, and then dropped southward to the Gulf of Boothia, in latitude 70°. By examining a continental map you will find his winter quarters on the 90th meridian, about 2,000 miles due northward from St. Louis. There, in a fairly sheltered, almost land-locked gulf, within fifty miles or so of the north magnetic pole, which he succeeded in locating, Captain Ross passed the next three winters. The kind of weather this expedition encountered is very pertinent to this inquiry.

The winter of 1829-30, the entire year indeed, was much colder than on his former voyage, but in retrospect it seemed mild. It was marked by brilliant auroras, more regular, splendid and durable than had been noted by other explorations. Christmas Day was celebrated by a display of great magnificence that filled the entire vault of heaven, and ran the gamut of auroral phenomena. At another time a broad arch of the argent color and radiation of a full moon, "exactly as the rings of Saturn must appear to that planet," was recorded. And before the sun disappeared below the horizon they saw an enormous sun-spot, so fairly centered on the disc, as to present the appearance of an eclipse, with a belt of dazzling brilliancy, shooting rays like the star of the Order of the Bath. It was too incredible, too absurd to be believed,

⁴⁴ Narrative of "The Second Polar Voyage of Sir John Ross."

⁴⁵ Article on Polar Regions in the *Encyc. Brit.*

and did not admit of representation in the then undeveloped state of photography. Very great magnetic disturbance was thus indicated in the Polar regions in 1829, and it was accompanied by lower temperatures.

September, 1830, opened with severity, the thermometer falling three degrees below the freezing point, and the cold was attended by gales of wind and snow. This was the time the sudden increase in the number and brightness of auroras was noted in Maine and Vermont. By the 24th, when the sun crossed the equator, the ship was frozen in a foot of ice. Weeks were consumed in cutting her out, and moving to a safer position; but less than a quarter of a mile was gained, and further efforts were abandoned. By the 10th of October the thermometer registered minus degrees, and all the Polar regions seemed to be sending in their stored-up icebergs. By November the new ice was four feet thick. On the 29th the mercury froze in the thermometer at -39 degrees. New Year's day, 1831, when the first storm was raging in the Mississippi Valley, the Arctic explorers recorded a temperature of -52 degrees.

A splendid aurora was seen on Boothia on the 13th day of January. The great storm that Dr. Hildreth reported as extending over the entire United States, occurred on the 14th. A week before, on January 7th, the extraordinary aurora that lasted from sunset to dawn was seen in both hemispheres, down to latitude 39. The magnetic pageant, which Miss Clerke has led us to expect, was complete. Another remarkable phenomenon was observed January 11th at Oneida Seminary, New York. A brilliant halo formed around the sun which was of an electric whiteness blinding to the eye. This changed to an elongated perihelion, colored prismatically, and finally forming an arc. The thermometer fell from twenty-three degrees above to eleven degrees below in the night, with a heavy fall of snow.⁴⁶

The aurora of January 13th, 1831, was the last one of any note that was seen by these Arctic explorers. Thereafter, the Polar regions were shrouded in gloom. The auroral belt that, "in periods of great magnetic disturbance, descends into lower latitudes," had migrated, for

⁴⁶ *Am. Journ. of Science* for 1831, p. 189.

a series of years, to a zone between the 60th and 40th parallels. Its descent to the south was announced, whether perforce or coincidentally, by gales of wind, paralyzing storms, and bitter and long-continued cold, making an historic season. Captain Ross missed the midnight splendor of the Aurora Borealis, but he too was in the grip of icy blasts and ice-locked seas. The latter half of February, in his winter quarters, averaged -42 degrees. This was the time when the editor of the *Edwardsville Advocate* was driven from his sanctum by the northern blasts.

"By the 20th of March," as Captain Ross remarks with commendable restraint, in his narrative, "the continuance and degree of cold began seriously to attract our attention. On the 21st the sun crossed the equator at -49 degrees, a temperature that was 'unparalleled in all former voyages.'" This corresponds to the date that Mr. and Mrs. John H. Kinzie crossed the Des Plaines, in temperatures unparalleled for Chicago. The mean temperature for March, in latitude 70, was -35 degrees, eleven degrees lower than the lowest previous record. It was the end of April before the crew could travel at all. In May the average was still sixteen degrees below freezing point, and no open water was seen. It was in April that some young men were thought to have perished of the cold on the Calumet marsh, and up to late in May "the sun shone out only two entire days in Chicago," during that inclement spring of 1831.

Captain Ross never did get his little ship out of the ice. In the spring of 1832 it was abandoned there, and the explorers made their way overland to their buried stores on Fury Beach, Barrow Strait, in latitude 74. There they spent another year of unbroken winter, seeing open water for the first time in three years, late in the summer of 1833, when they were picked up by a whaler from Baffin's Bay. The party had long been looked upon as lost.

The professional ethics of Arctic exploration forbid the use of superlatives. Few comments are made on the most frightful experiences. Temperatures that congeal the blood are recorded, unmoved; mountains of immemorial snow; frozen wastes of continental expanse; unfathomable darkness of stellar spaces; legions of spectral bergs that

crash around their beleaguered ships in the Polar midnight. Captain Ross had commanded a previous expedition, and had gone back undismayed. In March, 1831, the continuance and degree of cold merely "attracted their serious attention," but by June, 1832, the unmitigated rigor, the incessant gales, the universal ice and snow, had become an obsession. It was a physical torment, and a mental depression that tested all their powers of endurance. They fled northward in terror, to lie in the track of whalers, to be companioned there, also, by menace of death and oblivion. The world seemed to have swung into some cataclysmic cycle — to lie there stark, and sepultured in snow — geologic ages to pass, mayhap, before their crystal prison should be unlocked. The slate-colored strip of water, opening through Lancaster Sound, was the first sign they had in three years, that the northern hemisphere had not congealed.

Captain Ross confessed, with picturesque vigor, and without shame, that he had had enough to last a life-time. Here is his sober indictment of the North Polar regions, from 1829 to 1833:

"It is very certain that no traveler, under any circumstances, nor any navigators, among all those who have wintered in northern latitudes, have ever encountered winters more severe, in temperatures and storms, nor in duration and frequency of storms. It was one long winter of four years, when the freezing point was our summer heat, and cold meant from fifty to eighty degrees below zero. Four years of snow and ice, uninterrupted and unceasing, was more than enough to suffice for admiration."⁴⁷

As the *Illinois Intelligencer* so justly observed, "the winter of the deep snow" was, at least, continental in extent. The historical and other data collected in this inquiry, covers too small a field, in time and space, perhaps, to lead to scientific conclusions, but they are submitted in the hope that the whole cosmic story of a phenomenal period may be searched out and analyzed.

ELEANOR ATKINSON.

CHICAGO.

⁴⁷ Narrative of the Second Polar Voyage of Sir John Ross. Original Quarto Edition with plates, p. 543.

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Credit is also due the Weather Bureau and the Nautical Almanac office, in Washington, for references to reliable data.



MRS. MADISON ON FRANKLIN

Dolly P. Madison, wife of President Madison. Manuscript Poem, Signed, Washington, May 20, 1839.

A sarcastic Poem on Benj. Franklin, probably composed by her.

The poem is headed: "Inscription on a curious chamber stove in the form of an Urn, so constructed as to make the flame descend instead of rising from the fire."

Like a Newton sublimely he soar'd
To a summit before unattain'd
New Regions of science explor'd
And the palm of Philosophy gain'd.

With a spark which he caught from the skies
He display'd an unparalleled wonder,
And we saw with delight and surprise
That his rod could defend us from thunder.

O! had he been wise to pursue
The task for his talent design'd
What a tribute of praise had been due
To the teacher and friend of mankind.

But to court political fame,
Was in him a degrading ambition
A spark that from Lucifer came
And kindled the blaze of sedition.

Let candor then write on his urn
Here lies the renowned inventor
Whose fame to the skies ought to burn
But inverted descends to the centre.

ANDRÉ AND HIS LANDING PLACE

AS long as the United States has a history, the name of André will be remembered as associated with an event momentous of consequences, which has well been called the "Crisis of the Revolution." Time and "improvements" are destroying the buildings made memorable by André's brief career, but the points of interest themselves still remain and as their landmarks disappear they will be more likely to be prized and visited by students of our history.

Among them is the initial point of André's sojourn within our lines. I mean the place at which he landed on the beach at Haverstraw, near the Long Clove. A chain of steep and rugged mountains with cliffs of trap lies along the west shore of the Hudson, from Nyack to Haverstraw. In this chain there are a very few depressions which permit the construction of paths or roads to reach the river.

Two miles south of the present village of Haverstraw is one of these openings, known as the "Long Clove." The farming people of Clarkstown, living west of this mountain, desiring to go to the river for the purpose of fishing or perhaps an occasional sail to New York, made a road through this pass. It was rough and steep but answered their purpose. Much of it is no longer visible. Twenty-eight years ago the West Shore Railroad covered part of it with an embankment, and gave, as a substitute, a road of easier grade. The eastern part, long disused, is unchanged save for injury by time and rains, and as steep and uneven as it was in 1780. At its foot was built a rude dock, alongside which small vessels landed or were moored. After the construction of this road to the river a branch was made, leaving it at right angles, running to the level plain at the North, but this was little more than a bridle path in Revolutionary days, for Haverstraw as a business centre had then no existence.

The river shore in this vicinity is steep, rough and monotonous for a distance of more than two miles, and this little dock was the only thing making any break in it, all now existing improvements being the work

of the nineteenth century. This little landing was well known to Arnold and was admirably suited for a rendezvous; it was in a retired place and was the nearest accessible point to the part of the Hudson patrolled by the British vessels. When he despatched his henchman Smith and the two boatmen it was easy to designate the place to which they were to bring the British emissary. Having started them from Crum Island they went North through the windings of the Haverstraw Creek to the Hudson, thence around Grassy Point and down the Hudson nearly to Teller's Point,—a long row, and it is no wonder they were tired.

Arnold with a negro servant on horseback rode down in the dark to the Clove, and in a hemlock grove a little south of the angle formed by the two paths, waited the arrival of the spy.

When Smith's boat reached the *Vulture*, André, wearied by his long wait, eagerly accepted Smith's invitation and against the advice of Beverly Robinson and Captain Sutherland, who foresaw the risks he would run, embarked in the boat with Smith and the two Colquhouns and was soon at the landing. Here Smith climbed the steep hill, and finding Arnold keeping his appointment in the thicket, returned to the boat for André, introduced him to Arnold, and at the latter's request returned to the boat.

The spy and the traitor had a long interview; of its particulars we know nothing. It has been surmised that the question at issue was the terms of sale, but I think that did not take long; the terms were probably settled beforehand, a Brigadiership and \$50,000 were cheap enough. André never had an opportunity of informing Clinton of any change; probably most of the time was occupied in arranging the details of the treason. Arnold alone in his treason, could not give up the post simply with a word. He had many brave and loyal men in his service who would have fought valiantly for its protection. There must be an attack and a defence, and Arnold had to dispose of his troops so they would be defeated without his treachery being too soon suspected. All this matter took time to discuss.

Warned by the first gleams of the morning sun of September 22, the

conference had to close and Smith descended to the boat to send the spy to the *Vulture* filled with anticipations of success, but here occurred the first reverse which led to the overthrow of the well-formed scheme. The boatmen, the Colquhouns, refused to return to the *Vulture*; neither Arnold's commands nor André's persuasions could influence them. Perhaps they were over-weary with their all-night job, perhaps they were suspicious of its character or perhaps were simply obstinate, and it was a most blessed obstinacy. Arnold sent his servant home in the boat, and mounting André on the servant's horse departed for the now well-known "Treasure House." We will not follow him on his wanderings in Westchester County on his march to Tappan and the gallows where he met the fate he so well deserved.

Let us return to the landing place. The Hudson-Fulton celebration of 1909 brought historic spots into prominence. Some of the citizens of Haverstraw thought it well to call attention to this landing place, and a large sign properly inscribed was erected on it. After this was done it seemed that a more permanent mark was desirable. Years ago a boulder about six feet in diameter rolled down onto the middle of this dock. On this boulder an inscription has been cut, reading:

"ANDRÉ THE SPY LANDED HERE SEPT. 21, 1780."

The base of the boulder has been enclosed with a low wall of masonry which will prevent any accidental or willful disturbance.* (See frontispiece.)

The old dock was identified thirty years ago and has changed little since. It is much decayed, but some of the timbers still remain buried in the stones, and a small portion of its south wall is still standing. The dock projects about twenty-five feet beyond the shore line. It is distant three hundred feet south of a ruined stone house near an abandoned quarry, and more than thrice that distance north of the shipping dock of a stone crusher formerly called Snedeker's Landing.

* It is to Mr. Wilson's antiquarian zeal and unwearied patience that the marking of this historic spot is due. (See his article on the Landing Place, in the *Magazine of American History*, February, 1885; also the Editor's *Crisis of the Revolution*, N. Y., 1899. [Ed.]

Going there by land from Haverstraw, the road to the crusher is followed three hundred feet south of its junction with the Long Clove road, when the road to André's dock, from which all brush has been removed, will be seen leading down to the river.

I was surprised when soliciting aid for the monument to be met with the objection that "André was not a spy." This question has been raised repeatedly by cavillers, but discussed and settled many years ago.

If there ever was a spy, André was one. From the beginning he was engaged in a dirty piece of work. At Smith's house he got a coat and hat to disguise himself, leaving there his military uniform. He sneaked over King's Ferry and travelled with a false name concealing his rank and military title, over the by-roads of Westchester County. He avoided an encounter and a recognition by one of our officers (Webb), who knew him, he learned on what roads our guards were placed and shunned them.

A just judgment was passed on him at the moment of his discovery. When Paulding scanned the papers taken from his stockings he exclaimed, "My God! he's a spy." That plain man, not equal to sophistry, came at once to a correct conclusion. A few minutes later André convicted himself by saying, "I would to God you had blown my brains out when you stopped me." While there were other evidences of his guilt, the very possession of these papers made him a spy. If he had gone secretly to West Point and stolen them, and been caught with them in his possession, would he not have been a spy? That he received them from Arnold made no difference. He knew that Arnold had no right to give and he no right to receive them. In either case he would be guilty. The possession of Arnold's pass and the claim to travel by his direction and the talk about flags of truce are mere twaddle. Admit the shadow of such claims, and all rules of secrecy in war are worthless. Carry their upholder's argument to its legitimate end and you have, to use a mathematical phrase, a *reductio ad absurdum*. His captors, taking off their hats, should have said, "Glad to meet you, Mr. André, you have General Arnold's pass, put the paper in your pocket and go on to Dobbs Ferry."

Those who wish to look further into the justice of André's conviction are referred to the report of the Board of fourteen general Officers who inquired into his case at Tappan, to Washington who approved their findings, to the historians Sparks, Bancroft, Bryant, Irving, and especially to some pointed paragraphs by Judge Dykman on pages 156-7 of the Magazine of American History for 1889.

LAVALETTE WILSON

HAVERSTRAW, N. Y.



THE ROBERT LILLIBRIDGE FAMILY:

A CHAPTER IN AMERICAN COMMERCIAL HISTORY

(From material of the Lillibridge genealogy in preparation by the author.)

ROBERT LILLIBRIDGE, son of Thomas the emigrant and Sarah Lillibridge, was baptized in the original Trinity church at Newport, R. I., Sept. 10, 1710, which in the absence of the town vital records to the end of 1779, which were destroyed at the time of the British evacuation of Newport, at that time, is to be taken as not long after the date of his birth. His father was one of the founders of Trinity church, and in 1709 and 1713 its warden, but unfortunately the church records to 1709 are missing. His father is on record as the purchaser of real estate in Newport in 1704, and in the "Kings county," now Washington county, in 1711. In 1715 he settled in old Westerly, the part now Richmond, though he continued his business of wholesale baker and dealer in ships' bread in Newport till 1718. At his death in 1724 he bequeathed one of his two Richmond farms to his eldest son, Thomas, and the other to his second son, Robert. Robert evidently had not as strong love of land in the new country as had his father, but leaned towards Newport, where he had two married sisters. The records show him first drawing a mortgage of £40 on his land, Feb., 1728, to Newport men; and next, about the beginning of 1730, following the custom of his day to marry young, he took to himself a bride, supposed to be a Miss Gardner, and was the father of Robert, Jr., born Nov. 22, 1730, and later of two other sons, Hampton and James. In May, 1731, he was admitted a freeman of R. I. colony from Charlestown, the legal age of admission being 21 years, and later was a justice of the peace. As showing the practical business talent of the family, and particularly, the lack of roads in Southern R. I. then, we note that Thomas Lillibridge, the elder brother, was on a jury to lay out a road from Pawcatuck bridge (now Westerly) to the South Kingstown line in 1727; since, the main thoroughfare or post-road east and west across Southern R. I. to Narragansett Pier and Newport; and that in 1752, Robert was chief commissioner to lay out two roads from Wood river through northern Richmond to the Exeter line. Horseback riding by devious bridle-paths around swamps and fallen trees was long afterward the chief mode of travel in the inland

towns. The wilderness conditions and the lack of outlet for produce may partially account for the longing which Robert Lillibridge seems to have had all the while to get into the life, society and business along Narragansett Bay, and which led him in 1756 to leave his farm after drawing several small mortgages against it, chiefly to the colony, and after two or three years in South Kingstown, to settle in Newport late in 1759 or early in 1760.

As it is not generally known that the Colony of Rhode Island did considerable business with its citizens in money-lending upon mortgages, and early in the eighteenth century had its regular legal printed form, with blanks for names, dates, and description of the mortgaged property, we present the main features of a mortgage deed of Robert Lillibridge to the colony, putting the inserted words in italics:

"This Indenture made the *Twenty-eighth* day of *July* in the *Fifteenth* year of the reign of our sovereign lord King George, Annoque Domini 1741 Between *Robert Lillibridge* of *Charlestown* in the County of *Kings County* in the colony of Rhode Island. . . . *yeoman*, of the one part and Jahleel Brenton, Daniel Updike, Joseph Whipple, John Dexter, John Gardner and John Potter, Esquires, Trustees for said colony appointed by an Act of the General Assembly of said colony. . . . witnesseth that said *Robert Lillibridge* for and in consideration of the sum of *Ninety* Pounds in Bills of Public Credit of said colony and equivalent to Silver, stated at Six Shillings and Nine Pence per ounce or Gold to its proportionate value to him in hand paid, the Receipt whereof the said *Robert Lillibridge* doth hereby acknowledge, hath granted, bargained, enfeoffed, conveyed and confirmed, and by these presents doth grant. . . unto the said trustees to and for the use of said colony *All one messuage and tenement situate lying and being in Charlestown aforesaid, containing by estimate one hundred and sixty-two acres butted and bounded as followeth. . . .* Provided always that if said *Robert Lillibridge* pay. . . this obligation shall be null and void.

" ROBERT LILLIBRIDGE.

" Newport ss. 28 July, 1741."

Robert Lillibridge's new start on the Bay was financed by his nephew Edward, son of his brother Thomas, to whom finally he sold his

farm in January, 1759, for "£5500 current money of New England of old Tenner;" Edward is styled in the deed "labourer," and was doubtless better fitted for farm proprietorship, since the farm, with large additions, still remains in his family. Robert entered on the business of merchant in Newport, a favorable place, for among New England towns it stood next to Boston in commerce; and also at a favorable time. In 1738 Newport sent out over 100 vessels; but from 1750 to 1760, 300 vessels of over 60 tons burden annually. The year from Jan. 1, 1763 to Jan. 1, 1764, 182 vessels cleared from Newport for foreign voyages, and 352 for coast trade. (Mason, *Reminiscences of Newport*; and Sheffield, *Historical Address*.) That Robert Lillibridge shared in this prosperity is evidenced by the Richmond land records, which show most of his mortgages paid off during those two years. Apparently he, like his nephew, had reached his proper sphere at last. Having lost his first wife, he married secondly, Sarah Dunbar of Bristol, May 26, 1761. He became part proprietor of Long Wharf, the oldest wharf in Newport, whence set out trading vessels to Charleston, S. C., the West Indies, and Madeira. The trade required considerable of courageous enterprise, for the coast swarmed with French privateers, and from 1756 to 1763, Newport lost more than 100 vessels captured by them. (Sheffield.) Partly, no doubt, from the desire to set up his sons in business, he had come to Newport, and partly from the need of their youthful energy and daring in commercial ventures and adventures, we find his sons Robert, Jr., and Hampton in 1769 carrying on the business, which appears in their advertisement in the *Newport Mercury* of June 17, 1769, and shows the staples of a "shop" in those days. This shop stood on Thames street, where in recent years Erastus P. Allen was located.

"To be sold by Robert and Hampton Lillibridge at the sign of Pitt's Head, and opposite Doctr. Halliburton's in Thames street, choice good Pork, Corn and Flour, Tar, Turpentine; a full shop of all sorts of stoneware, and Delft Fish-Dishes; old Jamaica Spirits, old Barbadoes Rum, Cherry Rum, and Teneriffe Wine, by Retail for cash." (Note that with the exception of the provisions and cherry rum, the foregoing are all imported articles.) Thames street was paved in 1768. The Lillibridge brothers had also relations with Philadelphia, for in April, 1771, the newspaper notes the arrival of the packet *Peace and Plenty* from Phil-

adelphia in 6 days to Newport, naming in its list of passengers Miss Phebe Lillibridge, who was the eldest daughter of Robert, Jr., and Alice (Baxter) Lillibridge, and now in her eighteenth year.

In 1773 history mentions Robert Lillibridge, Jr., as the proprietor of the celebrated "Pitt's Head" tavern, whose "coffee room was a great place of resort," where now stands Odd Fellows Hall. He informs the public that year that he had procured a coach for pleasure driving, with a good coachman and a pair of horses. The coach was large enough to carry four persons. The warlike attitude of Rhode Island in general and of Newport in particular in 1774 toward the British government, its prosperity and desirability as a possession, marked it for an early attack. Its population then was 11,000. The warlike descent of the British fleet into its harbor caused the prominent revolution partisans to flee, chiefly to the inland towns, and the subsequent occupation, Dec. 1776 to Oct. 25, 1779 was a death-blow to its commercial interests; its glory was gone, old families emigrated, and grass grew in the square opposite the courthouse. (Van Rensselaer.) We hear no more of Robert Lillibridge, Jr., except his death in Newport in 1785; but the fact that "Pitt's Head" was itself the symbol of sympathy for the cause of the colonists, and the fact that Robert, Jr.'s, eldest son, Jonathan, was one of the gunners of the colonist's vessel, the *Swallow*, and was put as a prisoner of war in Forton military prison, near Portsmouth, England, Jan. 22, 1778, give us no hope from the British. Yet the birth of his youngest daughter, in Newport, July 1778, and her name, Patience, indicate that he did not run, and may suggest something as to his attitude of mind.

His brother Hampton, who had gone to Charleston before the war, presumably to establish a branch of the Newport business there, as Charleston was dependent upon Newport for many of its supplies (Mason, *Remin.* p. 9), married there Dora Ash, who died about 1790; but as the South did not suffer commercial ruin from the British as did Newport, he was able to purchase a large rice plantation near Savannah, Ga., with a mansion called Shandy Hall. He married secondly, Anna Orford; lost a little son, 2 years old, but had a daughter Henrietta, born at Shandy Hall in 1793, Hampton died at the Hall, Jan., 1801, leaving by will to his daughter an estate valued at \$75,000, besides having as-

sisted in establishing some of his brother's family in business in Savannah. Something of the regard in which he was held, is shown by the fact, that though he had no Hampton himself, the name is numerously represented in collateral lines to the fourth generation. Three of the sons of Robert, Jr., died at or near Savannah, the new nucleus of the family. Two of these, Thomas 2nd and Robert 3rd, were sea-captains.

JOEL N. ENO.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.



NOTES BY THE WAY

TABLET FOR THE OLD "POLLY"

Beating her way up the Hudson River against a stiff tide and a buffeting wind yesterday, a trim little schooner valiantly nosed her way through the water until she reached a point opposite the foot of Fiftieth street. Here she tied up to a pier. This small schooner was formerly a famous ship of war. Only sixty feet in length, the *Polly* was a factor in the War of 1812. She is the oldest vessel afloat of American registry, and before the first gun had been fired in the War of 1812 she pointed out to sea, where she made herself a terror to all British shipping. After the close of the war the *Polly* doffed her privateer garb for the more peaceful accoutrements of a merchantman.

She is now commanded by Captain J. H. Weldon, and is used in the coastwise trade, plying to various ports, with Boston as her home port. Although she was built in Amesbury, Mass., in 1805, the boat is still as staunch and seaworthy as when she first took the water.

After all the years that have passed since the stirring days of 1812, the *Polly* will finally receive her reward this afternoon, when a bronze tablet, commemorating her part in the war, will be presented to her.

This tablet is to be presented by the National Society of United States Daughters of the War of 1812. Mrs. William G. Slade, president of the society, will make the presentation speech. The tablet is to be fitted into the woodwork in the front of the *Polly's* cabin, to be worn hereafter as a proud testimonial of the little craft's deeds of valiance in days gone by. This description, worked in bas-relief, can be read on the tablet of bronze:

POLLY,
Schooner built in 1805.
PRIVATEER IN THE WAR OF 1812.
Captured 11 prizes.
THIS TABLET
Placed November, 1, 1910, by
The National Society
of the
United States Daughters of 1812
State of New York

N. Y. Times, Nov. 2.

A REVOLUTIONARY UNIFORM

Valley Forge Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has secured for the Museum of American History at Valley Forge the first Continental uniform exhibited there. It is considered a most valuable acquisition to the treasures, since uniforms of soldiers of the Revolution are now exceedingly rare, and most of them are in a very poor state of preservation. The suit secured by the Valley Forge Chapter is, however, in excellent condition and includes the coat, vest, buckskin breeches and the boot tops of leather. The uniform was exhibited in the Donderon collection, at the sale of which it was bought by a New York collector, who in turn sold it to the chapter. The coat is of blue cloth with white facings, which is of interest, inasmuch as most people have an idea that the Continental uniform was always of buff and blue. We know from Washington's order, Oct. 2, 1779, (issued from headquarters at New Windsor, N. Y.,) the buff was worn only by soldiers from New York and New Jersey, whereas red facings were worn by those from Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, and white facings by the soldiers from New England. Regiments from North and South Carolina had blue coats with buttonholes edged with white-tape, or lace.

Transcript, Boston.

It is obvious, however, that to fix the uniform, and to provide it, were two very different things; and it is not probable that the whole Continental army was immediately and permanently arrayed in regulation uniform thereafter. In 1781, for instance, the blue cloth could not be had anywhere in the country, at any price, so the Pennsylvania line—and probably many others also—had to dress in hunting shirts of linen, probably dyed brownish by the homely method of immersing the goods in a tan vat for a sufficient length of time.

The Valley Forge uniform is very probably made up from two different uniforms, if not three, since leather top boots would not be likely to be worn by any but a mounted soldier, and no record can be found of any regiment which had blue coats with white facings, and buckskin breeches. The nearest approach to it is the uniform of the Third Pennsylvania infantry, Colonel John Shee, which (in 1776) had buckskin breeches, and the Fourth and Fifth (Wayne and Magaw) each with blue coats and white facings. [Ed.]

A BELATED MEMORIAL

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 25.—One of the most notable incidents in connection with the Indian outrages against the early colonists—the remarkable escape from captivity of Mrs. Hannah Duston, Mrs. Mary

Neffe and 14-years-old Samuel Lonorson, after tomahawking ten of their captors, near Concord, N. H., in 1697 — is recalled anew by the placing here of a tablet to the memory of the boy. The monuments already memorialized the heroines, but the lad Lonorson's youthful bravery, quite unmentioned, had previously been without mark.

The tablet is placed on a tower at Lake Park, marking the site of Lonorson's home, from which he was stolen in 1695 by Indians. It recites briefly the facts of the boy's connection with the episode. After two years of wandering captivity he was with a party of Indians which on March 15, 1697, massacred 27 men, women and children at Haverhill. Thirteen captives were taken, among them Mrs. Duston and Mrs. Neffe, who had been caring for her, and her new born infant. Preparing for their retreat, the Indians dashed the babe against a tree.

The anguished mother nearly died during the six weeks' march through the wilderness, but recovering strength of mind and body, Mrs. Duston resolved, while the party was encamped at Concord, N. H., to try to escape. In the early morning of April 30, 1697, the two women and the Lonorson boy, who had been set apart from the other captives, armed themselves with tomahawks taken from their sleeping captors and killed ten of them. A squaw and boy alone escaped. To confirm the story of their remarkable deliverance the scalps of their victims were secured and the three paddled down the Merrimack, arriving safely at their home joyfully to surprise their sorrowing relatives.

NOTES AND QUERIES

DE KERGORLAY

In Appleton's Cyclo. of American Biography it is stated that Baron de KerGORLAY, a French officer who came here with Rochambeau, left a manuscript in the National Library, Paris, entitled "Campaigns of a Volunteer during the American War."

Can you inform me whether this account has ever been published?

J. T. W.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 8.

On receipt of this inquiry, we wrote to the Paris Library, and received the reply that no such Ms. was known. A subsequent search by a professional genealogist, through other libraries in Paris, failed to find it.

HAVERTHILL

Can you tell me who was the author of a novel entitled "Haverhill," published in 1831?

INQUIRER.

MONTREAL, Dec. 4.

(The full title is "Haverhill, or Memoirs of an Officer in the Army of Wolfe." The author was James A. Jones, born in Tisbury, Mass., 1790, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1853. He edited newspapers in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Buffalo.)

THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING DAY

Miss Sweet has given a very interesting account of Thanksgiving Day—in your belated October issue,—but she forgot one interesting fact—that, as a National festival it is due to Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, when Editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*. She urged this for twenty years, not only in the journal itself, but

by personal correspondence with Presidents and Governors, until in 1861 Lincoln adopted her suggestion, and it has ever since been followed by his successors.

BURDOCK

NEW YORK.

MANLY

Is there any life of Captain John Manly, of the Revolutionary Navy? I have inquired at several book stores and libraries without success.

STUDENT

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Not that we know of, but a gentleman in New York has for a long time collected materials for such a biography, and we hope will publish it ere long.

DRAKE'S GRAVE

For several years there appeared frequently, in a New York paper, communications about the grave of Joseph Rodman Drake, author of the "*Culprit Fay*," and the danger that it would be obliterated by a street-opening, or something of the sort. I have not seen anything in print about it, now, for a long time. Can you tell me anything about the matter—was the grave obliterated?

C. H. S.

SAN FRANCISCO.

We are glad to say the graves of Drake and his kin are safe, a little park having been established for the purpose. They are in what is known as the "Hunt Ground," or cemetery, at Hunt's Point, near the East River, in the lower part of the Borough of the Bronx, New York City.

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT

I—Reton, Retan, Rutan, continued.

II—Boody—Boodey.

14. RETAN. Harmon Retan, married Chloe Lobdell, had Susanna born Mar. 6, 1800. When was Harmon born?
15. RETON. John Reton (2) Daniel (1) married first, Sept. 17, 1796, Susanna Storm, married second, Mrs. Mary Frost, between 1819 and 1827, had by first wife, John (3), married Sarah, daughter of Mary Frost, by her first husband; Daniel (3) born Jan. 13 or 17, 1799, Abraham and Elizabeth Retan were sponsors; Isaac (3) married Charlotte Lavinia . . . ; Susan Matilda (3) born May 2, 1819, married Oct. 31, 1832, Edwin James Mercer, died Aug. 20, 1875. When was John (2) born?
16. RETON. John Reton (3) (2) Daniel (1) married Sarah A. Frost, had John T. (4) When was John (3) born?
17. RETON. John T. Reton (4) (3) (2) Daniel (1) had Cecilia B. (5) John B. (5) William A. (5) Arthur Edwin (5) When was John T. (4) born?
18. RUTAN. John Rutan, married Jane Rutan, he enlisted in the N. J. troops in the Revolution, when 15 years old: had Elizabeth who married Thomas Roberts, When was John born?
19. RUTAN. James Rutan of Horseheads, N. Y. married Anna Shoemaker had Elizabeth Shoemaker, who married Apr. 15, 1849, John Truesdell Carpenter, she was born 1825, and died June 5, 1862, buried in Horseheads cemetery. When was James born?
20. RATAN. Jacob Ratan had Elizabeth, bapt. Feb. 22, 1778; William born Sept. 2, 1781, When was Jacob born?
21. RATAN. Johannes Ratan had Derrick, born Mar. 29, 1777, When was Johannes born?
22. RETAN. Hendrik Retan married Antje (Ann) (Eintze) Lent,

had Annatye born Jan. 13, bapt. Mar. 1, 1795; Grietje born July 18, 1797; George Mall born Sept. 25, 1800, When was Hendrik born?

23. RUTAN. Pieter Rutan born in Esopus, married Geertruy Van der Hoef Nov. 7, 1713, had Rachel bapt. Apr. 15, 1719, When was Pieter born?
24. RUTAN. Pieter Rutan married Jannetje had Willem, bapt. July 9, 1780, When was Pieter born?
25. RATAN. Paulus Ratan born in the 'Sopus (Esopus) married first, Oct. 10, 1708, Angelica Davidse; she was born at Laval Canada, married second Jan. 31, 1719, Elizabeth Foshur. He died perhaps in 1720. Children: Abraham bapt. Aug. 2, 1709; Jacob, bapt. Mar. 25, 1712; Jacob (2d) bapt. 25, 1714; Daniel bapt. June 19 or 20, 1716; Marytie bapt. Apr. 19, 1720; Evaatje bapt. Sept. 27, 1724; Johannus bapt. Aug. 8, 1731, When was Paulus born?
26. RATAN. Samuel Ratan married Gretie Banta, and had Regel born Nov. 29, 1776 and perhaps Cornelius born Nov. 24, bapt. Dec. 12, 1773, When was Samuel born?
27. RATAN. Thomas Ratan married Christina Berdan Apr. 6, 1790, had Maria born Jan. 25; John born Oct. 24, 1795, When was Thomas born?
28. RATAN. William Ratan married Maria Demorest; had Elizabeth, born Dec. 2, 1733; Maria born Aug. 3, 1736; Abram bapt. Apr. 15, 1739; Peter born Apr. 19, 1742; Paulus born Oct. 28, 1744; Rachel born July 7, 1747; Jacob born Apr. 19, 1753; Willem born Jan. 24, 1759. When was William the father born?
29. RETON. William Reton (2) Daniel (1) had Henry, born 1838 died Aug. 8, 1856, When was William (2) born?
30. STORMS. . . . Storms had Mary, born at Haverstraw, N. Y., June 20, 1760, married 1781-2, Joseph B. Allison, died in Haverstraw, N. Y., Mar. 24, 1829; Rachel married Lebbeus Knapp; Malvina or Wilhelmina, called "Vinchy" married William Baisley; Robert; What was Storms' first name?

31. STORMS. . . . Storms married Eliza Stearns, she was born May 15, 1808, in Milford, N. H. Settled in Clarendon, Orleans Co., N. Y. had Willard; George Wilder; Sophronia; Emily; and Ellen. What was Storms' first name?
32. STORMS. . . . Abraham L. Storms of Franklin married Rachel, will signed Feb. 20, 1883, had John and Rachel Ann. When was Abraham born?
33. STORM. . . . Storm had Anson and Sophronia. What was Storm's first name?

BOODY FAMILY.

Azariah Boody (4) Robt. (3) Azariah (2) Zechariah (1) of Limington and Barrington, N. H., born Feb. 6, 1764, died Nov. 16, 1836, married Mar. 30, 1789, Betsey Chick, of Falmouth, Me. She was born June 7, 1765. Children: Daniel (5) born July 26, 1789, married Apr. 1, 1819, died Oct. 4, 1855; Stephen (5) born Aug. 30, 1791, died May 8, 1793; Betsey (5) born Mar. 20, 1794, died Mar. 20, 1874, married Caleb Cole Apr. 28, 1839; Abigail (5) born Dec. 4, 1798, married Nathan Chadburn Feb. 12, 1818; died Nov. 1875; Thankful (5) born Dec. 12, 1801, died Oct. 30, 1803; Asenath (5) born Feb. 15, 1804, died Oct. 24, 1808; Asenath (2d) (5) born Apr. 26, 1809, died Nov. 9, 1818; Mary S. (5) born Dec. 9, 1806, married Oct. 20, 1827, Pelatiah Carle (Carll) died Nov. 29, 1879. He was born Jan. 20, 1802, died Feb. 15, 1888.

Ref. *Saco Families.*

Robert Boodey (4) (3) Azariah (2) Zechariah (1) born Aug. or Sept. 27, 1768, died Apr. 1836, married 1795, Mary Storer or Mercy Stover, she born 1770, died 1834; Children: Margery H. (5) born 1795, died 1799; Mary H. (5) born July 16, 1797, died Sept. 3, 1875; Hannah H. (5) born Mar. 12, 1709, died 1839; Ruth W. (5) born Apr. 13, 1801, died July 7, 1836; Simeon S. (5) born Mar. 8, 1807, died 1839; Joseph B. (5) May 25, 1811, married Oct. 14, 1833. Ref. *Boodey Gene.*

John H. Boodey (4) Robt. (3) Azariah (2) Zechariah (1) born

Sept. 18, 1773, died July 15, 1848, married Patience Redman, Sept. 27, 1795, she died Aug. 1854. Children: John (5) born Sept. 18, 1796, died at Sea; Isabella (5) born Apr. 10, 1799, married, first Edward Murch of Portland, second Charles Bradford, third Gallop; Sally (5) born June 16, 1801, married John Emery; Lucinda (5) born Aug. 7, 1803, married Moses Saunders; David (5) born Nov. 9, 1806, died 1879; Redman (5) born Apr. 4, 1811, married 1834; Harriet (5) born Oct. 31, 1812; Henry H. (5) born Nov. 10, 1816, married Sept. 3, 1846; Alvin (5) born July 12, 1819, died Oct. 23 Ref. *Boodey Gene. Me. Hist. & Gene. Rec. Vol. 3.*

Israel Boodey (4) Robt. (3) Azariah (2) Zechariah (1) born Feb. 12, 1784, married New Durham, N. H., died Dec. 1, 1854, married Dec. 12, 1800, Hannah Strout, of Gorham, she born Oct. 26, 1783, died Mar. 1825. Children: William E. (5) born Feb. 2, 1802, died Oct. 3, 1852; Tamzon L. (5) born Sept. 2, 1807, died Jan. 30, 1810; Loraine (5) born Jan. 20, 1809, died May 17, 1841; Tamzon L. 2d (5) born Aug. 6, 1810, died Nov. 12, 1817; Israel (5) born July 18, 1812, died July 28, 1867; Robert (5) born Apr. 1, 1814, died Apr. 2, 1814; Eunice S. (5) born May 2, 1815, died May 29, 1857; Robert (5) born Apr. 8, 1818, died Aug. 7, 1836; Zechariah (5) born Aug. 9, 1819, married Abby Wentworth; Henry H. (5) born Apr. 10, 1821; Edmund T. (5) born Apr. 4, 1823; Albion K. P. (5) born Jan. 29, 1825; Hannah P. (5) born May 1829; Lydia S. (5) born May 6, 1831, married Phineas Hanscom. Ref. *Boodey Gene.*

Zechariah Boodey (3) Azariah (2) Zechariah (1) born Aug. 12, 1745, served in the Revolutionary War, and died June 14, 1821, married Mary Demerett, she born Nov. 28, 1743, died Oct. 3, 1835. Children: Bridget (4) born 1769, married Thomas Ransom, of Vt.; Betsey (4) married Joseph Gilman of New Durham; John (4); Daniel (4) died 1805; Joseph (4) born Apr. 12, 1773, died May 12, 1867.

John Boodey (4) (3) Azariah (2) Zechariah (1) born Jan. 1, 1777, died Apr. 18, 1815, married Susanna Hayes. Child: Aaron (5) born Sept. 28, 1805, married Apr. 12, 1827, Charlotte Hill, born Mar. 24, 1803. Res. Northwood, N. Y. Ref. *Boodey Gene.*

Aaron Boody (5) John (4) (3) Azariah (2) Zechariah (1) born Sept., 28, 1805, married Charlotte Hill, they were of Manchester, N. H., removed to Bedford in Oct. 1887, removed to Wellington. Child: Judith C. (6) married Dec. 11, 1867, Dudley P. Ladd; he was born Middlesex Vt. Oct. 29, 1839. Ref. *Ladd Gene.*

Compiling a genealogy is like putting a puzzle together; now, if everyone who has a Boodey piece will send it I will endeavor to fit it in the place where it belongs. The more pieces we have the fuller and better genealogy we will have.



GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XXII

THE WANDERERS

THE glad spring has come again over the land, and nowhere do the flowers spring more joyfully beneath her flushing footsteps than in the lovely valley of the Mohawk. Here the seeds of civil discord lie crushed, or, at least, inert, at present. The storm of war has rolled off to distant borders; or if, indeed, it be lowering near again, its terrors are unfelt, because unseen. The husbandman has once more driven his team afield, free from the apprehension that he may return to find a blazing roof-tree and slaughtered household when the close of day shall relieve him from his toils. The wife once more has joyed to see him go forth whistling on his way, confident that the protector of her children will not fall slaughtered in the plough-share's furrow, but return to glad her eyes at nightfall. Alas! these simple people dream not that the present calm is but a breathing-spell in the terrible struggle which, ere it pass away, shall print every cliff of this beautiful region with a legend of horror, and story its romantic stream with deeds of fiendish crime.

Clad in the deepest mourning, the orphan heiress of the Hawksnest sits by the trellised window, gazing out upon the lovely fields, of which the supposed death of her lover and relative has made her the possessor. Her wild brother, surrendering his share in the estate to her, has gone to seek a soldier's fortune or a patriot's death by fighting in the armies of his country. The green mound that covers the remains of her last surviving parent and of her only sister is seen through a vista of trees upon a swell of land beyond. It is the mellow hour of twilight, when the thoughtful heart loves best to ponder upon such mementoes of the departed. And has Alida, when her eye o'erbrims, and her hands are clasped in agitation at the thought of the cruel fate which has overtaken her household—has she no thought, no one woman's regretful tear, for the lover who had dared everything to shield those who were dear to her from harm; the lover who had thrown away his own life in the effort to snatch her from a captivity worse than death?

She *had* thought of him. She now thought of him. She had too often and too long thought of him. At least, sometimes she herself so believed, when accusing herself of dwelling more upon his memory than upon that of those who ought to be dearer to her. But, then, was there no excuse for that which her woman's heart straightway supplied? For her sister and father it was pleasurable, but vain, to grieve. It was challenging the will of Heaven ever to dwell gloomily upon their fate, which Heaven, for good or ill, had fixed for ever. But of Greyslaer she could think hopefully, as one who might still return to share her friendship and receive her gratitude. "*Her friendship!*" Yes, that was the word, if her thoughts had been syllabled to utterance when she hoped for Greyslaer's return. But there were moments when she hoped not thus; moments of dark conviction that he had ceased to be upon this earth; that death had overtaken him as well as others for whom she was better schooled to grieve.

That black death is a strange touchstone of the human heart. How instantly it brings our real feelings to the surface! How it reawakens and calls out our stiffly accorded esteem! How it quickens into impetuous life our reluctant tenderness, that has been withheld from its object till it can avail no more!

Strange inconsistency of woman's nature! Alida mourned the dead Greyslaer as if he had been her affianced lover; but hoped for the reappearance of the living one as of a man who could never be more to her than a cherished friend—a brother—a *younger* brother!

Alack! young Max, couldst thou but now steal beside that twilight window, hear those murmured words of sorrow, and take that taper hand which is busied in brushing away those fast-dropping tears, thy presence at such a melting moment might bring a deeper solace, call out a softer feeling than simple joy at recovery of a long-lost friend. Alack! that moments so propitious to a lover should pass away for naught!

And where, then, is Greyslaer! The autumn was not spent idly by his friends in exploring the wilderness for traces of his fate; and even in mid-winter Balt crossed the Garoga lakes on snow-shoes, followed up the cascades of Konnedieyu, and penetrated deep into the Sacondaga

country upon the same errand. The spot where Brant once held his secret camp, and to which his captives were carried, had been twice examined since Alida lent her aid to direct Balt to the spot. But the wigwams were long since deserted, and the snow, which beat down and broke their flimsy frames, obliterated every track by which the migrating Indians could be followed. Balt again took up the search the moment the severity of winter became relaxed. He has now followed the spring in her graceful mission northward; and the lakes of the Upper Hudson, the wild recesses of the Adirondack Mountains, that mysterious wilderness which no white man has yet explored, is said to be the scene of his faithful wanderings. Thither we will soon follow him. But first, however, we must go back some months, and take up the thread of our narrative at the squaw camp of Thayendanagea, if we would follow out the fortunes of Greyslaer from the moment when the desperado Valtmeyer so fearfully crossed his path.

The first red streaks of dawn were beginning to dapple the east, when the luckless captive found himself traversing a deep hemlock forest, with "The Spreading Dew" for his guide. The Indian girl, after reviving him from the stunning effects of the blow which had prostrated him, by sprinkling water upon his forehead, had bound up the contusion with a fillet of colewort leaves, which was kept in its place by a strip of strouding torn from her own dress; and, urging her still bewildered patient from the scene of his mishap, had thridded the swamp and guided him to the hills in the rear of the Indian camp. These hills stretch away toward the north, increasing continually in altitude as they recede from the Mohawk, until they finally swell into those stupendous highlands known as the Adirondack Mountains.

Greyslaer, though ignorant of the precise geography of this Alpine region, had still some idea of the vast wilderness which extended toward the Canada border; and when he saw his guide, after reaching a rapid and turbulent stream, turn her face to the northward, and strike up along its banks, as if about to follow up the water to the mountain lake in which it probably headed, he paused, and was compelled, for the first time, to reflect upon what use he should make of his newly-recovered liberty, and which way it were best for him now to direct his steps. His

first object must be, of course, to reach the nearest body of his friends. But, since the events in which he had been an actor, and those which might have transpired during the weeks that he was ill and a prisoner, he knew not where those friends might be found. He was ignorant what changes might have taken place in the valley of the Mohawk, or which party might have the ascendancy now that the spirit of civil discord was fairly let loose in that once tranquil region. Should he fall into the hands of some straggling band of Tories, or should he even venture to claim the hospitality of those who, but a month since, had stood neutral while the conflict was impending, he might find himself seized upon by some new convert to the royal party, who would gladly afford the most lively proofs of his newborn zeal for the crown by securing so active a partisan of the patriot cause. The city of Albany was, therefore, his only safe destination, if he would preserve that liberty of action, by the preservation of which alone he could hope to succor Alida.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(To be continued.)

BOOK REVIEWS

REFERENCES TO ENGLISH SURNAMES
IN 1601: By F. K. & S. Hitching.
8vo. LXX pp. Charles A. Bernau,
Walton-on-Thames, England. 1910.

An index to English surnames. This little volume contains all surnames found in 778 published parish registers occurring in the first year only of the seventeenth century. It shows the home of many English surnames—of many families—a quarter of a century before the great emigration to America.

It is one step in the direction of what is urgently needed to facilitate English research, viz., a complete index to all surnames of the published registers of English parishes from their beginning down to 1700 or thereabouts. Such a work will possess real scientific value.

This index is well arranged and well printed on durable rag paper. It contains, however, only a small portion of the surnames of those who lived in these parishes in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, as an examination of the registers will show.

THE INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF THE
UNITED STATES. New and Re-
vised Edition. By Katharine Co-
man, Ph. B., Professor of Economics
and Sociology in Wellesley College.
16mo. XVI. 461 pp. New York.
The Macmillan Company. 1910.
Price \$1.50 net.

As a text-book for secondary schools and colleges this volume possesses many excellent features. The assignment of space of about the same number of pages relating to the colonial period, to the American Revolution, to the period included from the War of 1812 to 1860, the period of the Civil War and the conservation of the natural resources of the United States gives proper proportion to the volume. A good working bibliography, marginal references to which are found with each paragraph, enables the student to carry his studies farther if he so desires. Useful maps and diagrams and many well-selected illustrations commend the volume to educators and students alike, as worthy of a scholarly consideration.

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The bibliography is amply sufficient to answer the purposes of all students who are not devoting years of study to economic history. For the latter class it is a guide post pointing to the original sources of information.

The publishers have spared no pains to produce an up-to-date text-book, printed, illustrated and indexed well.

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